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THE RIGHT KNOCK

A STORY

BY

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON

Author of "It Is Possible," "The Story of Teddy," "The Journal of a Live Woman," etc., etc.

"Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know"
—SHAKESPEARE.

EIGHTH EDITION

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THE RIGHT KNOCK

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH most excellent food is to be found on the table of metaphysical thought, there has never yet been a metaphysical story setting forth a picture of every-day life, in its search for, and attainment of satisfaction through the knowledge of Christ Philosophy.

Knowing the pressing need of such a book among the many inquirers and students on this theme, and with the hope of helping to fill that need, this story is told.

It is a book of facts, not fiction, although wearing the dress of fiction. Every case of healing, every seemingly marvelous experience has come under the observation of the writer and can be authenticated as a veritable fact.

That there are hundreds, yea, thousands to-day, who leave their homes and go to distant cities for the sake of pursuing the study of Christ Philosophy, or receiving the benefit of its healing ministry, is proof enough that the story of one woman's experience will be interesting and helpful to all.

While the lessons contained in Mrs. Hayden's letters are not exhaustive, they are valuable for their very simplicity, and are thoroughly practical, complete instructions for the beginning and continuance of the study of this wonderful truth.

With every lesson supplemented by personal experiences, the reader sees not only the theory but the practice demonstrated, and in this simple story he may find the mirror of his own inner hopes and aspirations, with a broader view of their possible attainment than he has yet seen.

Carlyle says: "If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts." "The Right Knock" is presented with no other apology than this; it has come from the heart.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

When The Right Knock first went forth on its mission, the writer little dreamed of the health and happiness and moral purpose it would be the means of carrying to the spiritual, intellectual and physical being of its kind readers.

It seemed such a small, simple thing, this little book, and the best that could be said of it was that it came from a heart full of eagerness to be the Master's messenger, and do something towards preaching the glad gospel of healing and true living.

The unnumbered letters of gratitude, the kind words, the warm hand-clasps, the many testimonials of sick beds forsaken, depressed spirits revived, vices discontinued, of physical and moral strength regained, prove that the work of the Spirit is not to be measured by puny human standards of judgment, prove that simple things—the things from which we expect the least, in which we put the least ambition or worldly desire may be those which will yield the "hundred fold" of real blessing.

In this edition a supplementary chapter has been added which, like the rest, is suggestive rather than exhaustive, but which, it is hoped, will prove an additional help and inspiration, inasmuch as it contains *hints* of some later thoughts and experiences of

The Author.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH EDITION.

To a new and awakened public the author gives greetings and begs to say a few more words about THE RIGHT KNOCK.

After all these years of work along the lines laid out in the book and with a wide knowledge of prevailing systems of mental training, the author is happy to be able to say with unbounded confidence that there is nothing to excel this system for beginners, for those desiring to lay a lasting foundation. The emphasis laid upon the necessity for persistent, regular and systematic practice of word speaking by audible repetition, is great, but none too great. For the faithful student this never fails to bring results, never fails to put him in the way of understanding and demonstration. With regular practice and constant application in the daily life, with good judgment as to the details of practice, length of time at one exercise, etc., the pupil is assured in one way or another certain convincing experiences which develop individuality and, with that, his God-like gifts. Thousands have proven this.

The test of any spiritual truth lies in its demonstration and in the inspiration and faithfulness with which it can be lived. Be true to the truth and you will demonstrate it. Live the Christ life and the works will follow; yet seek truth for its own sake, not for its power.

A word about Christian Science. Sometimes persons aver of THE RIGHT KNOCK that it teaches Christian Science pure and simple. With all due respect and a recognition of the grand and marvelous work done by Mrs.

Eddy, the author feels called upon to say, in justice to Mrs. Eddy as well as herself, that this is not true.

There are undoubtedly many similar statements, yet there are many differences which the careful reader will discover. Please note, for example, that not matter itself, but matter as the real substance or power, is denied. Not sickness of the body, but sickness of the Spirit, is a falsity, etc., etc.

In brief, the author of THE RIGHT KNOCK believes there is a name, place and condition for *everything*, and that the discrimination of the plane on which a thing or condition exists, is the key to placing it in the right relation to the whole.

In conclusion, the author would say most earnestly, study one writer or teacher at one time, just as you would study music of one instructor at one time. It is not the many books but *the Book within* which is to reveal all things.

God speed you.

HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

THE RIGHT KNOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"When you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world."—*Emerson.*

THERE was a brilliant light in all the windows at Terrace Hill. Even the verandahs were gorgeous with the gayest Chinese lanterns, and every bush and tree in the lawn did duty as chandelier. Flowers, too, festooned every arch and embowered every corner, while rare vases fulfilled their esteemed privilege of holding and showing fragrant blossoms.

Everybody declared the decorations superb, and agreed that no one but Mrs. Hayden could display such exquisite taste and such perfect judgment in selection and arrangement. Animated groups of gayly attired guests sauntered up and down the rose-bowered walks, or promenaded the verandahs, while sounds of music and merriment from the house proclaimed the joy that reigned throughout.

"Oh, how beautifully Mrs. Hayden entertains!"

remarked Kate Turner to her friend Grace Hall, as they stopped beside a marble fountain to survey the scene. "I wonder what place such a woman would take in society without her wealth," she continued.

"Probably wouldn't have *any* place, I am sorry to say, because there are thousands of women just as capable and bright as Mrs. Hayden, yet because they have no social position, or rather no money to buy themselves one, they are unrecognized and alone," said Grace, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone.

"I could never fancy Mrs. Hayden alone or unrecognized, although I only know her as a society lady, and that mostly through Mrs. Nottingham."

"There is no telling what a person really is till they have gone through a trial of some kind, or had something disagreeable to bear. *Then* one of two things happens: you will see either a saint or a sinner, and I am not sure which Mrs. Hayden would be. She hasn't yet seen a flame from the fire of adversity, I'm sure. See how wonderfully she is blessed with this beautiful home, a good husband and three nice children."

"Oh! it must be lovely to have everything you want," sighed Kate, under her breath.

Poor Kate! She was alone in the world, making the best of life with her talent for music and through a mutual friend had been introduced to Mrs. Hayden, who, after hearing her play, immediately engaged her for Mabel, and always invited her to the parties, more as a musical attraction, than out of any real regard, for Mrs. Hayden had an abundance of friends without

troubling herself to cultivate in any warm fashion, the friendship of a poor little music teacher, thought Kate, somewhat bitterly.

"But after all, Kate, life would need more than luxuries to make it *my* ideal of happiness. I should want every human being to be agreeably employed; every woman, no matter how much or how little she might have, should be occupied with something that she could put her heart into and speak to the world through her work, whether it be painting pictures or darning stockings."

"Now Gracious, you are riding your hobby and you ought to see you can't ride with all these fine people in your path. Come down at once or I'll desert you! Let's go in and hear that waltz," and Kate laughingly pulled the hobby-rider into the path that led to the conservatory where they could listen to the music.

"What a beautiful home Mrs. Hayden has!" said Mrs. Ferris to her neighbor with the severe collar and plain hair, as they examined the exquisite frescoing on the parlor ceiling.

"Yes, but she ought to look into poor homes once in a while. She don't use her money in the right way. Just think of the good she might do for our church, if she would contribute to the charity fund, or take some poor families to look after."

The fat neck folded itself over the severe collar and the face settled into rigid lines of judgment. Mrs. Dyke was a practical woman and talked in a practical way. Being a wonderful church worker she naturally considered it everybody's duty to give when they did not

work for the cause of religion. She belonged to the First Methodist Church on High St., and talked about "our church" as though there were no other.

Mrs. Ferris was at a loss. She had said something that had not brought forth a pleasant result. She merely wished to be sociable, and what more convenient topic than these beautiful surroundings? She was a meek little woman, who always wanted to say something agreeable or soothing, and she felt quite frightened at the mistake she had made. She wished somebody would come to the rescue, but there was no immediate prospect, and she scarcely knew how to proceed again, but ventured to ask if there were many poor people who needed attention now.

"Yes, indeed there are no less than fifteen families in the mission quarter nearest Mrs. Hayden who would consider it a privilege to pick up the crumbs from her table, and I am afraid she'll have to give an account *some* time when the reckoning day comes, for those who have not 'given cups of cold water, or visited the sick languishing in prison.'"

The air almost trembled with a suggestion of something. Little Mrs. Ferris looked longingly towards the door and just then spied her husband who was seeking her. After she was gone, Mrs. Dyke looked grimly about, and not finding any one to listen, she relapsed into a meditative silence. People always wondered what made Mrs. Dyke so popular that she received an invitation to every aristocratic party, but it was according to the old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way."

This was a *gala* night for Hampton. Such large social parties were always an event, and no one refused an invitation to Mrs. Hayden's, for it always meant beautiful rooms, carpets, pictures and *bric-a-brac*, superb refreshments, and a splendid time generally. Mrs. Hayden was a favorite with the world because she fed the world with sugar plums, and after smacking its lips it was always ready for more. And she usually had one to drop in. To-night it was a remarkably sweet one. This was a general affair, and every big body and big body's cousins and friends were there. To be sure they discussed their hostess as freely as though they were not big bodies, but with rare exceptions the discussion was complimentary in the extreme. Mrs. Hayden, what she said, what she did, what she wore, what she served as refreshments the last time, what were the probabilities next, her children, her husband, what they all did and said and how they acted, etc., were always interesting themes. Sometimes, to be sure, there were adverse remarks like Mrs. Dyke's, but few made them.

Yes, Mrs. Hayden was decidedly popular, and although no one was ever heard to tell of any particularly grand or noble deed she had done, she was supposed to be doing good all the time. There were those who, in earlier years, would have pointed her out as an enthusiastic philanthropist, eagerly helping whatever project needed her most, but gradually she had dropped it all, no one knew why, and now her principal work was to shine in society, at least this was the general verdict of the adverse few who judged from the superficial standpoint of the world. Of her inner life

they knew nothing as the world knows nothing of any one's inner life. There may be depths or shallows in any character never dreamed of by the most intimate friend, much less by the babbling world.

Mrs. Hayden moved about among her guests with a stately grace. She had always a pleasant faculty of adjusting the broken links of conversation, supplying a *repartee* or asking a question, introducing strange gentlemen and reviving timid *debutantes* with a pretty compliment or a gracious smile.

"My dear, I wish you would play something," she whispered to Miss Turner as she passed her, "I think the group in the drawing room need a little change;" and no wonder, for there was Mrs. Dyke in a hot dispute with a Unitarian over Robert Elsmere, while her pastor sat near, occasionally adding something to Mrs. Dyke's emphatic remarks.

"It's a most blasphemous piece of presumption to present such a picture as that of the church. As if it were in its last stages of decay, indeed! It was well such a weak-minded idiot as Robert Elsmere died at the beginning of his career. I could never forgive the author if she hadn't killed him," she was saying in an angry voice.

"We can take it simply as a symbol of the decay of his religion, and that is comforting," added the minister, complacently.

"I am not at all in sympathy with the holy Catherine, with her prejudice and bigotry. If it wasn't such a true picture of the many Catherines we find in real life, I should be quite disgusted, but I do love to see

real people in novels, then I know so much better how to deal with them," said a pretty young lady who aspired to be called intellectual because she liked to study character.

"Indeed, Catherine had a deep religious nature, which might be worthy of emulation in many respects, and she is certainly a high ideal of wifely love," Mrs. Hayden interposed at this critical juncture.

"Well, I didn't read the book for Catherine, but for the sake of knowing Robert and what he did to make such a stir in the world. I'm opposed to novels, as a rule, and read as little of one as I can," said Mrs. Dyke, smoothing her lap and looking at the minister. Mrs. Hayden motioned to Kate to play, and presently the rooms were filled with harmony.

Kate Turner was a natural musician, and to-night she fairly excelled herself. The little passage at arms just recorded had inspired her with emotions that could only be expressed in music, and she played some time to the continued delight of her listeners. She finished at last with a song that stirred every heart, and even Mrs. Dyke was visibly softened. "Verily 'music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,'" murmured the intellectual young lady, who was sorry that discussion of Robert Elsmere had been interrupted. She rather enjoyed Mrs. Dyke, for she was an immensely interesting "character."

This reception, like all others, came to an end at last. Everybody expressed themselves as highly delighted with their entertainment, and one by one reluctantly took their departure ; the gay lanterns on the lawn and

among the shrubbery went out, the lights inside the splendid mansion were finally extinguished, and only the quiet starlight illumined Terrace Hill.

Mrs. Hayden, from her high bay window, looked out over the sleeping city, then at the North Star that beamed so brightly above her—that unerring beacon-light that guides so many lost mariners into port. Some deep thought must have moved her, some hidden impulse stirred her mind. She sighed. There was no visible reason for it. Then she turned and went down the stairs to the nursery. Her two babies were sleeping sweetly. Mabel was asleep in her room, and all was quiet. The hush seemed oppressive after so much gay confusion. Now she was in another element. Now she was the mother, then she was a fashionable woman. She hastened back to her room, once more gazed without and then thoughtfully retired.

CHAPTER II.

"Christianity is not a theory or a speculation, but a *life;* not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process."— *Coleridge.*

KATE TURNER walked slowly along the street at the foot of Terrace Hill. She looked up at the beautiful home where she had spent the previous evening, and as she saw the velvet lawn and terraced walks bordered with bright flowers, she half pitied herself because she was only a plodding music teacher. She was not envious, but she had such longing aspirations to be somebody in the world; she wanted so many things, needed so much to complete her education, and starved herself in so many ways for the sake of completing it, that sometimes she grew discontented with her lot. Fortunately her moods did not last long, however, and especially when she went home to her artist friend, Grace, with whom she shared rooms. They were both making their own way in the world, and were a great help to each other, as well as a great comfort.

Kate was wondering what Mrs. Hayden did every day with her leisure. She should think she would be tired always going to parties and lunches and operas, or receiving calls. "But then, I am thankful to know her," she concluded, casting a last glance at the stately mansion before turning the corner. "After all, life might be worse for me, and I can be a happy nobody if not a famous somebody," she said to herself, as she

ran upstairs, after stopping at the baker's for a loaf of bread and a pot of jam.

"Well, Gracious, what noble message have you given to the world through your work to-day?" she cried, a moment later, gaily peering into the studio through the *portières* that separated their parlor from the work room.

"Is that you, Kate? Well, I've been trying the whole afternoon to make this Hebe look like a modern Hypatia, but——"

"In other words," interrupted Kate, "you would change innocence into intellect. Now, look here, Grace, just leave this dainty girl alone. She would never do to serve the gods if you gave her the aspect and bearing of a goddess. Let her alone, or the world would not recognize her as a representative woman," laughed Kate, inspecting the picture with critical eyes.

"Kate, stop laughing, and tell me truly if you think it would not do to give her a little more independence."

"You know it's the worst thing in the world to give a woman even an inkling that such a thing exists," said the mischievous Kate, with a total abandonment to consequences as she gave the artist an impetuous hug.

"Well, let us have tea, and we'll discuss the subject later," said Grace, somewhat mollified.

"I am afraid, Gracious, you are something in the same mood I was when I started home to-night, but I concluded to let 'dull care' take care of itself, and be merry while the sun shines, which means as long as

we have enough to pay our rent, and the prospect of a little more next month," continued Kate as she brought a tiny oil stove from the depths of a closet and proceeded to "put the kettle on."

"I have been so full of thoughts of the nineteenth century that I found it hard to go back to the Pagan ages, but here this picture is ordered, and I must finish it by next week, so I guess this one will have to go without my message," said Grace, a little gloomily, for above all things she loved to put her own individuality into her pictures, which she generally did with rare success.

"You mustn't have just one ideal of woman, or you'll lose the art of painting the sweetest phases of womanhood," replied the busy housemaid from the sepulchral closet.

"Oh! if I have such excellent models as you make in that checked apron and dusting cap, I can do nobly."

Grace laughed good humoredly as she cleaned her palette and set Hebe in one corner.

"Now, my dear, isn't there something I can do to help arrange the feast?" as she went into the little back room they used for a kitchen.

"Yes, wash the grapes and open the jam while I cut the bread and pour the tea."

A few minutes later they were *tête-à-tête* at the little table, and as they sat down Grace said with a comical smile: "Quite a difference between our banquet of last night and this, isn't there?"

"I should remark there is, but after all, Grace, I believe I am quite content. As I was passing along at

the foot of the hill this evening a momentary dissatisfaction came over me that I couldn't have a few advantages *like* Mrs. Hayden's, not hers of course, but similar ones," with a smile at the distinction, "and then I wondered how she spends all her leisure, for of course she has the whole twenty-four hours at her disposal, and—well, to be brief, I would not want to live without some object in life, and so I thought it best the way it is now."

"Very wise conclusion, Kate, that's just what I always say, and really who is there with whom we would care to exchange places? There are so many kinds of people and so many things for humanity to contend against, I don't know that I should want to change burdens with anyone."

"Mrs. Dyke, for instance, would you not think yourself fortunate to be like her?" said Kate, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh, deliver me from that comparison! Why, she carries everybody's sins on her shoulders; I even heard she had taken Robert Elsmere to throw at the world!" laughed Grace.

"But not his wife; she didn't read about her. Wasn't it too funny to hear her go on last night, and the way she looked at the minister to emphasize her position?"

"Yes, but how many there are like her—read just enough to know there are such and such characters and such and such incidents. Now of course she has heard the minister define Robert's crime, as he would call it I suppose, so she thinks she can use the whole argument," replied Grace, a little scornfully.

"Mrs. Hayden interposed just at the right time. I was glad she did, too. It seems she has considered Catherine's position and could speak a good word for her," said Kate, sipping her tea, thoughtfully.

"Well, if she calls her an ideal of wifely love, I don't admire the reality," exclaimed Grace, with more vigor than elegance, as she put down her tea-cup.

"I got positively impatient," she continued, "when I read about her cruelty to Robert, judging him in that inquisitor's fashion. Poor fellow! *I* think he died of a broken heart."

"But, Grace, she did what she thought was her religious duty, and it must have been hard for her to withdraw herself so completely when she loved him so much," said the more charitable Kate.

"Do you call that love which would let him go tramping off alone, with not even a word of sympathy, and so afraid that her religion would be contaminated she could not even hear him preach? I don't pretend to be religious, but any religion stands on a poor foundation if it can be swept away by anybody's opinions."

"It wasn't that; it was because she thought it was wrong to listen to heresy, as she supposed it was, and——"

"How did she know? Had she taken pains to find out? Did she study it carefully and have a reason for her cruel judgment?" interrupted the wrathful Grace.

"Well, she was conscientious and was doing what she had been taught was right."

"Kate, if there is anything that makes me out of

patience with people it is when they hang all their actions on what somebody else says, and that excuse is simply barbarous in this case."

"Remember that in religion one must follow what he thinks to be right, and Catherine Elsmere represents a large class of people; in fact, the majority of religious people."

Kate was naturally inclined to be charitable, and this, added to her early training in a religious home, as well as her position as a church member, made her understand Catherine's position from a conscientious standpoint much more than Grace. She could readily appreciate the fixed law of conscience Catherine had made for herself by pledging her sacred word of honor to her father, whom she revered as an infallible authority, as most people revere the legends and doctrines of the church.

"I admit that it is right to follow the dictates of one's own conscience, but I believe in having an enlightened conscience, and a reason for opinions. For that matter, so did Robert have a conscience, and while I don't understand his religion, I respect his honesty and effort. There are a great many beautiful things in what he says, but there must be a mistake somewhere in a religion that can not save to the uttermost, and his didn't. I haven't found one that does," said Grace, with some irony.

"Nevertheless, Grace, there is nothing to warrant your assertion in the Bible. The Christian religion is full of the most blessed promises of salvation in *everything*," said Kate, gently, but flushing a little as she

spoke, for she disliked talking religion with Grace, who was so skeptical, although if compelled to do so, it was a matter of duty to stand up for her Christian principles.

"Yes, I admit it gives many wonderful promises, but where are they realized? It seems to me the very fact that the church has not proven them, made such people as Robert Elsmere doubt them even as possible of fulfillment."

"Why Grace, surely *you* don't disbelieve in the power of God to fulfill the promises?" exclaimed Kate, deeply pained.

"I am talking from Robert Elsmere's standpoint," answered Grace, evasively.

"My sympathy is with Catherine, for to her, religion was a living answer to her deepest needs and feelings, and to doubt that answer was nothing less than sacrilege," said Kate, with a bright red spot on either cheek.

"Well," answered Grace, throwing down her napkin, "I want to see a religion that will stand infinite investigation without falling into ruins, and Robert reasoned himself away from the old beliefs and dogmas because he investigated them. He used his God-given reason, and I think that is to be used as well as the blind, unquestioning faith of Catherine."

"There are times when we need faith and times when we need reason, but faith applies to religion and reason to the things of the world," replied Kate, recalling what she had heard a few Sundays before.

"Well, to me the ideal of religion is a marriage,

a union of faith and reason — but this is idle talk. What does anybody know of such perfection as I demand anyway?"

Grace impatiently pushed her chair away from the table, and went to look at her picture again, in a decidedly gloomy mood.

CHAPTER III.

"Such is the world, understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it, with thy eye on highest loadstars."
—*Carlyle.*

IT was a week since the party. Mrs. Hayden had been to the opera and returned late. Her husband was absent on a business trip, and she felt a vague uneasiness come over her as she entered the room. She knew not why, but it seemed unusually lonely without him. She seldom went out alone, but to-night she had gone out as much to while away the time as to hear the music. After paying her usual visit to the nursery, she went to bed, but slept little for several hours.

About 4 o'clock she was awakened by stifling fumes of smoke and startling cries of fire. Was it too late? She sprang up and ran to the nursery stairs, but the scorching flames met her, and she retreated to the window, shrieking for help, only to get a glimpse of someone through the smoke climbing toward her.

"Hold on!" cried the fireman, and reached out his arms for her just as she fell back fainting. Grasping her firmly, the brave man dragged her out of the window, and began his perilous descent. When about half way down, the ladder fell, but its burden was expected, and mattress and bed-clothing saved them from what might have been worse. As it was, the fireman escaped with a few bruises and slight scorching,

and Mrs. Hayden with a broken limb. First they feared she was dead, but after a few moments she revived and moaned feebly for husband and children. Little Mabel clung desperately to her mother, and sobbingly told her "only the house was burnt. Fred and Jamie were safe, and now she must get up and be glad." Poor child, instinctively she knew the value of life above all other things.

"How did it happen, where did it start, and who saw it first?" were the queries on every side. Some one down at the foot of the hill had seen a tiny blue flame licking the corner of the roof. The fire alarm was touched, the bells set to ringing, and the observers leaped up the terraced stairways and arrived at the top just as the whole house burst into flames. The fire company had not arrived in time to do anything, as it was impossible to climb the hill with their heavy trucks, and their hose was not long enough to reach the flames, so the house was gone. Many people had gathered from all quarters in the fashion peculiar to fire crowds, but now they had seen the spectacle, and, as there was nothing further to see or do, they slowly dispersed.

Mrs. Hayden and the children were removed to the hotel and a telegram sent to Mr. Hayden, informing him of the catastrophe.

When he arrived, twelve hours later, he found his wife confined to the bed with a nervous fever and a broken limb. The children were safe and well cared for, and though his elegant home was in ruins, John Hayden was deeply thankful. Marion would, of

course, get over the trouble, and things were much better than they might have been, he said. So he tried to look on the bright side, and after a few cheering words and a loving kiss he left her, to run up the hill and view the ruins.

It was early twilight, and as he beheld the smouldering *debris*, and realized that the comforts and luxuries. possibly the necessities of life had gone up in the smoke that even now curled in sullen wreaths from the blackened heaps, he bowed his head and wept.

It was but a moment, but that moment was the bitterest of his whole life. He knew better than anyone else that this was probably the beginning of financial misfortune, for a very important transaction was even now pending that he feared would take his all. As a merchant he had an honorable reputation and position, but this unfortunate speculation would ruin him. Failure seemed inevitable. But he hoped to save enough to pay every debt and still be able to live, even though in a modest way. Now he would not even get his insurance on his house, for in his financial embarrassment he had failed to renew his policy, which had expired but few days before. He would now have little besides this spot, this beautiful hill. Yes, it was valuable, and in time could be sold for what it was worth, but not now, and in the meantime what should he do? How would Marion take it? Why had he not told her before he went away? But he had known it himself only a few days.

"Oh, my dear wife, would that we could commence life as we did when we were first married!" he groaned.

His mind went back to the past. He looked again into her sweet, girlish face, into her clear, earnest eyes. He remembered how they had both desired to live a religious life, how he, having been brought up in a religious home, undertook in vain to explain the Bible where it was dark and unreasonable to her. He remembered how fruitlessly she had tried to be converted, and that he had found even through her earnest seeking that he had naught but the letter of religion and was also as helpless as to the manner of salvation. And then they had given up trying. She sought, for a while, to satisfy herself by doing for others, giving her time and energy to the poor that found her out and besieged her for favors, while he had been satisfied to let religion alone and believe with the majority concerning the doctrines and dogmas.

As the years went on, and prosperity came to them, he had grown more and more indifferent, and finally, when they moved away from their early home and entered a new city, they had begun a new life, as it were.

He remembered, regretfully, that she had entered the competitive ranks of society, at his wish at first, because he thought it would add to his popularity as a merchant and increase the number and quality of his customers. Too well he remembered that the elegant parties and party costumes were first his own instigation, and now that these were likely to be taken away, he felt responsible for her happiness, and had a secret misgiving, born of his early religious training perhaps, of retribution and judgment. He hoped indeed that

she would be able to rise above circumstances, but he was utterly at a loss to know how she would take it, for although he knew that deep down in her heart were still traces of the early longings, he felt vaguely there was no way to satisfy them any more now than in the past, and probably they would only increase the difficulty of finding happiness.

John Hayden was kind-hearted and upright in all his ways, strictly honest and conscientious, but apt to be a little one-sided in his judgments, simply because, as a rule, he reasoned from one standpoint, thought in one groove. He had never considered the questions from this point of view, and therefore they were seriously perplexing. Like many another he lived within his own world, and knew naught of any other. In the later years of their married life he and Marion had grown a little apart in the closest confidences, but it was caused by circumstances more than anything else, and notwithstanding the present misery he was sure of her love.

"Poor girl, I must hasten back to her," he murmured, as he rose from his uncomfortable position. "After all, I can thank God for my family, my health, my honor, for no matter how much *we* may suffer, no one else shall suffer through me."

There was a little pang at the thought of the privations in possible store for the family through him, but he had resolved to make the best of circumstances and be brave as possible. Once more he looked over the scene, but there were only dim black shadows in the starlight, and he went down toward the twinkling lights of the city below.

CHAPTER IV.

"Society is like a piece of frozen water; and skating well the great art of social life."— *Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*

"TOO bad about Hayden, isn't it?" said one business man to another after the crash came.

"Yes, I am sorry for him, but he is coming out honorably, and I hope he'll commence again before long."

"Well, he is made of the right stuff if he did make one mistake, and I guess he will never make the same blunder again. Too bad though about his house. No insurance at all, and that was a magnificent property."

"Indeed it was, and I hope for his wife's sake he can sell the lot and get another home for her."

"Can't do it now though — real estate is too low for any use in Hampton."

"Yes, that's so. The only way is to mortgage, and that seems a pity in this case — " and they passed on out of hearing.

John Hayden, standing within the doorway of the open store, had overheard the remarks, and while they pained, they cheered him. From that moment his resolve was taken, and as soon as everything was honorably settled he applied for credit of his old friends in the wholesale houses and they gladly gave it, for his reputation was unimpeachable.

Then he rented a modest little store and began anew.

Mrs. Hayden lay sick seven weeks, and arose a

weak and nervous invalid, "doomed to carry a stiff limb all her life," the physicians said. They could not discover why her limb was stiff, but there was no help for it.

How did she bear the change in her life and circumstances? When her husband told her, she just put her arms around his neck and whispered; "All right, John, I shall do the best I can to help you bear it." And from that moment they began life again. She did not even complain when they were obliged to move into a small cottage in the suburbs, but it was hard for her to be ignored and forgotten by the elegant social world, where she had so recently been an acknowledged leader.

Alas! she had no sugar plums for society now, so it soon forgot her existence. There were, however, some exceptions among her former friends, and she was glad to welcome among her few visitors, Kate Turner and Grace Hall, who had grown to love Mrs. Hayden more than they would have thought possible when she seemed so high above them in the social scale.

"She is turning out a saint rather than a sinner," said Kate one evening, as they were discussing the Haydens and recalled the conversation of the night of the party.

"Just wait awhile. Many people can be heroic in great things, but are sadly deficient when it comes to the little things," said Grace, with her usual caution. "I believe I could be a heroine myself, if some grand opportunity came," she added, smiling.

"Oh, Grace, don't trifle so; you know this is a very serious matter with Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, and they are both doing nobly," cried Kate, with tears in her eyes.

"Well, queen Katherine, I don't mean any harm, and you must not think anything of my brusque speeches. As you know, there is a tinge of skepticism in me which I can not help, and my ideals are so much higher than the realities of life, that I am always painfully conscious of the difference."

"Well, what would you wish Mrs. Hayden to be like, for instance, in order to come up to your ideal of the heroic woman?" asked Kate in a softened tone.

"Kate dear, I love Mrs. Hayden as much as you do, and would not for a moment disparage her virtues, but it strikes me as a philosophical fact that as a rule, human nature can and does display wonderful courage in great emergencies, but fails miserably in details, and this ought not to be so. Nothing would please me better than to see one life prove that I am wrong."

"That is all true, Gracie, about humanity in general, but she is lovely, and I am sorry for her having to be lame all her life. It's a perfect shame that she must lose even her health, for of course she will never be strong again."

"Another defect to be noted somewhere in the universal economy. It seems to me we are pretty helpless creatures, generally speaking, for it all appears to be a matter of chance whether we get well or not, when we *do* get sick," mused Grace, bent upon drawing her own conclusions.

Poor girl! Life had been rather hard for her, and

she judged it as it appeared, and there *did* seem a great flaw somewhere which she was trying her best to solve by noting every phase of life as she found it. Naturally bright, keenly intellectual and very independent, she was a philosopher as well as an artist, and always ready for a tilt with the world on its most petted opinions. Hers was a reasoning mind that observed all inconsistencies and discrepancies in anything she studied, and there was generally a little acidity in her judgment of the world and its bigoted ways.

"I can't see why Mrs. Hayden should not be cured completely," continued Kate, ignoring her companion's last shot, "for it wasn't so bad that anybody knew of until she got up."

"My dear madam," said Grace, striking an owlish attitude, "you have not read the latest opinion expressed by one of the most learned professors in the Allopathic school of medicine in Paris. He stood before the class of graduating students and said: 'Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to listen to a lecture on the science of medicine. I must frankly confess I know nothing about it, and, moreover, know of no one who does. Any one who takes medicine is fortunate if it helps him, but more fortunate if it does not harm him.' Whether our friend is fortunate or unfortunate is a question hard to decide. I move we discuss another subject."

Kate laughed in spite of herself, and Grace got up to take another view of the "Modern Hypatia," which at last was growing into a visible creation under her skillful brush.

"Isn't that a woman for you?" she said, pointing to the picture admiringly, as she held it under the gas light.

"Yes, I like her better than Hebe. She has a look of reserved power about her that is captivating, but there is something in her face that makes me sad, something that is lacking."

"What is it? Tell me, for *I* can see nothing!" Grace questioned impetuously.

"Wait a minute, perhaps I can define it. There! hold it so. Let me see," and Kate walked off a few paces.

"Yes, it is dissatisfaction, an incompleteness, as though she had not found what she sought."

"Can you see that, Kate? Then I am at the same time the most happy and unhappy creature alive," cried Grace, breathlessly dropping into a chair and holding the picture fondly near her face.

"Why?" said the astonished Kate.

"Don't you know I am forever putting myself into my pictures? And I've succeeded too admirably with this one. The poor thing has caught my unconscious fault of finding defects everywhere. Oh, I must get it out of her some way; how shall I, when to me she looks so perfect?"

"You better get it out of yourself first, if that is the trouble," replied Kate, with a great wave of pity in her voice.

"I wish I could. Oh, why do I have to see everything in the wrong way? It seems to me life would be heavenly, if I could know only the good in every-

thing." Grace put down the picture and gazed at it with stern, accusing eyes. "I shall leave this one and begin another to-morrow," she finally announced in a subdued tone.

"I am glad you won't rub this out, for she is too lovely," said Kate, softly, as she went about, gently putting things in order, picking up her music and arranging the books.

Grace sat there brooding over her life problems with a new thought in her mind. She dimly realized that a woman must have a genuine message herself before she tries to give it to the world. And alas, her message was sadly deficient, she found. Mechanically she took a book from the table and opening it at random, read:

> "If the whole is ever to gladden thee,
> That whole in the smallest thing thou must see."

"That is not bad philosophy, whose is it?" she thought. She looked at the book. It was Goethe's poems, but she was not in the mood for reading, and she sat thinking till late at night. This was a new sentiment. She would digest it and test its practical truth.

CHAPTER V.

Take up the threads of life at home,
Let not the stitches drop;
The busy world will know 'tis done
Though ne'er it pause nor stop.

"Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."—*Emerson.*

A YEAR passed away, and Mrs. Hayden grew no better. She was not as cheerful as she had been at first, and instead of growing into the brave, patient woman she longed to become, she had grown fretful and irritable, and was in many ways different from the Mrs. Hayden Kate and Grace had talked about so enthusiastically. None knew better than she, how miserably she had failed to live the life that was soul satisfying—the life that brought forth fruits. In all the years of her prosperity, in the midst of the gayeties and luxuries, she had secretly longed for something she never found, and in one sense it had not been hard for her to give up the life of ease and idleness, because she had hoped to find in the new duties a new peace and satisfaction, had hoped to live up to her ideal of a noble woman, and it was with her whole heart she had promised her husband her help and sympathy, but in all the eighteen months, she had been but a burden; even calm forbearance and cheerfulness had ceased to be virtues. The children, not having a nursery, must

needs be anywhere and everywhere, and in spite of her efforts to the contrary, their noise annoyed her.

To-night she sat thinking it all over, in one of her most despondent moods, for be it said to her credit, things did not always appear as gloomy as she represented them to herself.

The ruddy firelight flickered over her in fitful gleams of light and shadow. The children were out romping in the twilight, enjoying the first snow of the season. Her husband had not yet returned from the store.

What was the use, anyway, pursued the relentless conscience—even the wish to be good was always choked by a complete forgetfulness; and before she could catch her breath the words were out, so, although she had believed nearly all her life that one might grow into goodness, she was quite rebellious to-night with the thought of its impossibility, and she felt bitter, too, to think of the long years of uselessness stretching out before her. Scarcely thirty-five and yet she felt like a cross, crabbed old woman, and shuddered to think of all the years to come, if they were to be like the past, and there seemed no help for it unless she could conquer herself. The doctor had done what he could to cure her dyspepsia but she was a veritable slave to her capricious stomach. She felt one of her oft-recurring sick headaches coming on and every thought grew blacker and more disconsolate. Oh! she wished supper were over and the children safe in bed, so she could be free from their noise, and here they come! she thought, as a great stamping and laughing was heard in the hall.

"Oh, mamma! such lovely snowflakes, just like a fairy's quilt, and they have been falling all over us till we're like people in frost land. Just look, mamma!" cried Mabel, who liked a romp as well as the boys, although she was thirteen. Three-year-old Jamie and five-year-old Fred came trooping in behind.

"Well, mamma, God has turned on the snow faucets," announced Fred, with characteristic importance.

"An' all 'e fevvers is tummin' down fum 'e 'ky," shouted Jamie at the top of his voice.

"And mamma, *can't* we have a sled and go coasting this winter?" queried Mabel, not noticing in her eagerness that her mamma was very sick.

"Oh, *don't* make so much noise. Take them away and keep quiet, Mabel. I can not endure so much confusion."

They went out clanging the door behind them in spite of their efforts to keep quiet, and as their voices grew fainter, she thought with another remorseful pang: "I have sent them away again. Why must I yield always to self instead of overcoming?" Presently, however, all attempts at thinking were lost in the efforts to get the camphor, bathe her head and find some comforting spot whereon to rest her aching temples.

A subdued family gathered around the table that evening and everyone felt the necessity of being quiet as possible. Even Fred and Jamie understood that they *must* keep still, and managed to keep their voices down to something less than a shrill whisper.

Mrs. Hayden partook only of a small cup of tea and was then assisted to her room, where she expected to remain for at least two days — the usual time. Her husband spent the evening rubbing her head, bathing it with camphor and keeping the house quiet as possible.

The next day dawned cloudy and grey, with a faint mildness in the air, indicating a thaw. Mabel went to school, Fred and Jamie amused themselves in the back parlor until they were tired and then flattened their noses against the window, trying to see how many drops of melted snow fell from the porch roof.

"I want a snow man," wailed Jamie, suddenly remembering what papa said about the snow long ago.

"Well, you can't have it," said Fred, with great decision, who generally opposed anything on principle.

"Yes, we can. We can go out and make one," persisted Jamie.

"Jack Frost'll bite your fingers."

"No he won't,"

"He will—"

"He won't eever—"

"He will, 'cos mamma said so," said naughty Fred.

Jamie's little face clouded and the lip began to quiver; then a sudden thought striking him, he jumped up, beaming with delight, and cried, as he ran towards the hall:

"Mamma said Jack Frost couldn't find me when I had my overcoat and wed mittens on, and my wed cap."

"You can't reach your coat an' you've lost your mittens," insisted Fred, with perseverance worthy a better cause.

"O, yes I can. I can 'tep on my high chair," dragging it after him.

"I can get my things on first," said Fred who suddenly decided in favor of the snow man, and hurriedly suiting the action to the word, rushed to get his coat which hung under Jamie's, just as Jamie reached his little hands up to get his. Fred gave a tremendous flirt and pull at his coat which overbalanced his little brother and down came the high chair and Jamie plump upon the luckless Fred, whose angry squeals and kicks, mingled with Jamie's loud shrieks of terror made a commotion that brought Anna, the housekeeper, to the rescue.

"What *is* the matter?" as she plucked Jamie from the general *debris*.

"Fred pulled me down—"

"Jamie jumped on me," said both at once as soon as they could get their breath.

"An', I aint lost my wed mittens, an' my little white leg is broke off," cried Jamie suddenly, spying the oft-mended leg of the high-chair, which in this *melee*, had completely severed company with the rest of the chair, and now mutely appealed for help to be put on again.

"There, there, papa can mend it all right again. Don't cry, little man. Now Fred, you must stop crying and play nice with Jamie and not quarrel so much. There! I hear mamma's bell; I must go see what she

wants. Run away and be quiet, for mamma can't stand a *bit* of noise to-day," and Anna left them again to their own devices. Jamie carefully laid the little white leg away in his box of playthings, and then both children went back to the window to watch the drops again.

"I see one, two, three, seven, four, ten —" slowly counted Jamie as the crystal drops fell.

"Oh, I see a ice berg, an' I'm goin' to get it for candy," shouted Fred as he ran out on the porch and seized an icicle. It seemed so nice out there that he stayed and called Jamie to come, too. They were delighted with the new plaything and new sights, and any thought of being cold or needing their coats never entered their minds, so the icicle, the beautiful drops, and finally the snow claimed their attention until they were at last happily engaged in the much-desired occupation of making a snow man.

It was near noon and the sun had finally rifted the grayest clouds, and was sending such warm smiles on the snow-laden earth that trees and fences, roofs and ridges burst into tears of joy. So, often does the sunshiny smile melt the ice-bound prison of discontent or misunderstanding.

Fred and Jamie were in the midst of their interesting creation when Mr. Hayden came home to dinner.

"Boys! boys!" he called from the gate as soon as he saw them. "You'll catch your death of cold; run into the house, quick! Why haven't you something on your heads and rubbers on your feet?" and without waiting to hear their vociferous reply, he hurried them into the house.

"Oh, but it was such fun, papa, an' we was goin' to put two coals in his head, cos' his eyes was black, you know, an' your old mashed hat for his head, an'—"

"An' me foun' a 'tick for his arm," interrupted Jamie, who must be sure papa knew all about this wonderful man.

"Yes, he looks very promising, and I guess I'll have to finish him for you; but you must not go out again to-day. Just think what would we do if you should be sick while mamma must be in bed. Poor mamma, she would feel bad and cry because she couldn't help you, and it would make her feel very sorry indeed to know her little boys went out without somebody saying they might."

"Well, papa, we didn't mean to go 'thout our things on, but two of the *beautifullest* icebergs hunged down an' we played they was candy an' all the pretty drops said stop, stop, stop, an' —"

"Yes, an' the 'no was full of 'tars 'at shined right up at us an' laughed an' played hide an' seek wiv each other."

"An' Jamie wanted to make a snow man," suddenly remembered Fred.

"Cos papa did when he was a little boy, an' he telled me sometimes so could I—"

"Oh, you little rogues, it is well you can trace it back," laughed papa, catching each small man, and placing upon his knees.

"Why, look here, your shoes are all wet, and your fingers red, and your clothes sprinkled with water. This will never do. Take off your shoes, Fred. Here,

Anna," he called, as he heard her in the dining room, "bring some dry stockings and aprons. These boys have been out in the wet snow, and must be changed right away. Put a flannel round their necks, too. I'm afraid they'll have the croup to-night." With as much haste as possible, he stripped off their wet clothes, chafed their hands and feet, and with an anxious look left them, to go and speak to his wife who, when suffering from headache could allow no one to enter the room except her husband or Anna.

That night the whole household were aroused by the hoarse and unmistakable cough of croup. Jamie had taken cold, as his father feared he would. The doctor was sent for in wild haste, and after several hours of watchful care and frequent taking of hive syrup or ipecac, Jamie was at last sleeping quietly, and every one felt that after this, at least, those children should be so well guarded that escape would be impossible, and the dreaded enemy kept out. This was always a result of exposure, and Mr. and Mrs. Hayden had often wished for the time when Jamie would outgrow the attacks as that really seemed the only thing in which lay any hope.

CHAPTER VI.

"Build thee more stately mansions
Oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free:
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

"HOW do you do Mrs. Hayden? You see I come in without ceremony as usual, but I heard you'd had one of your headaches again," and Mrs. Reade seated herself cosily on the sofa near which Mrs. Hayden sat languidly trying to read.

"Oh, I have about recovered my usual strength, but of course I must be careful and not get excited or overworked, though my work I am sorry to say, does not amount to much." After a few moments commonplace conversation, Mrs. Reade said, carefully:

"Now Mrs. Hayden, I believe there *is* a help for you somewhere. Wouldn't you like to try something new?"

"Why, you *know* I would try anything that would give relief, but I have exhausted everything that ever was heard of, and now every remedy seems very transient or of no effect at all."

Mrs. Hayden leaned wearily back in her chair and seemed to think there was no use discussing the subject

any longer. After a few moments thoughtful silence, Mrs. Reade looked up at her friend and said, timidly:

"Mrs. Hayden, have you ever heard of Christian Healing?"

"No. What is it?"

"I can't tell, only that it is just the most wonderful panacea for all ills that ever was discovered and they say it can be learned, and applied by everybody."

"Do you mean that I could learn it and could then cure myself?"

"Yes, that is what they claim."

"Why, Mrs. Reade, what is all this wonderful news, and if it is true, why hasn't the world heard of it before?" exclaimed Mrs. Hayden with an amused smile.

Mrs. Reade did not return the smile but a still more earnest look came into her eyes. She bent over her bit of sewing for a moment and then looking up, as though resolved to speak the truth at any cost, she went on:

"Mrs. Hayden, it is the fulfillment of the promises in the Bible, that to them that believe, these signs should be given. You remember the passage don't you, where Jesus gave His disciples the same power to heal that He had?"

"Well, but that was long ago, and the promise was for the disciples, I suppose."

"No, it was for everybody; and do you know, Mrs. Hayden, I can hardly wait to learn this new method, I am so interested."

"How did you hear about it?"

"When I was down to Mapleton last summer I heard something about it through a friend of mine, who was cured of chronic congestive headaches, and now my cousin, Miss Greening, from Norfolk, has come on to spend the holidays with us, and strange to say, she has been cured of weak eyes—just came straight from Princeton where she was treated, and—and—well, the fact is, I want you to come over and see her and may be *you* can be cured."

Mrs. Reade was quite frightened for having said so much, but was reassured by the growing interest in Mrs. Hayden's eyes.

"And you know these things to be true? Why, it *is* wonderful. How is it done, by prayer?"

"Not exactly, but it is by some process of thinking. Oh, I can't begin to tell you, only that it is wonderful, and you must come over and talk with cousin Helen."

"I am afraid to trust myself out in this uncertain weather. Can't you both come and take tea with us to-morrow? I hope to be well enough then, and it would be a great pleasure, for if there is any truth in this, I want to know it. Do come."

This was a good deal for Mrs. Hayden to say, but she was very earnest when aroused to interest.

"Yes, we will," said Mrs. Reade, as she rose to go, looking straight into her friend's eyes with joyful earnestness, "and I am so glad. Good bye," and she retreated as unceremoniously as she had come, leaving Mrs. Hayden to wonder why she should be so childishly pleased over that invitation. It never occurred to her

that Mrs. Reade should be so glad to come merely to tell more about this new way of getting well.

Mrs. Reade was a young housekeeper, who, living just across the street, was in the habit of often running in to Mrs. Hayden with her little vexations, her triumphs of cookery, her questions of how to manage little May, or what to do in matters of household furnishing. She was a very progressive little woman, and, perhaps owing to the influence of Mrs. Hayden, was ready at least to give everything a fair hearing. This new "craze," as some called it, had been presented to her in a way that compelled her attention and commanded her respect, and especially since her cousin's coming had she been intensely interested.

Particularly was she desirous of enlisting the attention of Mrs. Hayden, who not only needed the physical help to be obtained, but who would be an excellent advocate of the principles, providing she could endorse them, as Mrs. Reade was sure she would, if she could only be made to understand.

So it was with great anticipated pleasure Mrs. Reade introduced her cousin to Mrs. Hayden as they went in the next day.

"Now, Cousin Helen, just tell Mrs. Hayden how you were cured. I am so anxious to set the ball rolling," said Mrs. Reade, with an arch look at Mrs. Hayden after they were comfortably settled for their talk.

"Yes, indeed," added Mrs. Hayden; "if you have half as wonderful a message as Mrs. Reade fondly imagines I shall be delighted to hear it, but I would

first like to ask what was the trouble with your eyes, and something as to their condition when you first looked into this method of healing."

"I had been obliged to leave school because they were so weak. They were inflamed and bloodshot. I could not bear to go out in the wind, ride on the cars, or have any excitement whatever. The occulists said the trouble was caused by a physical defect that could not be remedied, so you may imagine my despair. Father and mother came home from a visit in Kansas, and while there they had heard of a lady in Princeton who was having remarkable success with mind-cure, as they called it. They coaxed me to go and try it. I had no faith, but to please them thought I would go. It could do no harm, they said. The journey, though only sixty miles from home, was very hard for me. When I arrived at Mrs. Harmon's it seemed as though I could hardly bear the pain caused by the journey.

"Mrs. Harmon allowed me to stay right at her home, and though only there a week, I was not only cured, but learned the principles and how to apply them. After the first treatment I felt so well and happy she told me I could use my eyes to read an hour or so. From the second treatment I could use them all I wished. It was perfectly wonderful. When I went home I was cured. That is now three weeks ago, and I have been using my eyes constantly, have taken several journeys on the cars, and gone out day and night."

Mrs. Hayden had listened with the greatest interest, her mind filled with varying thoughts. Sudden

glimpses of wonderful might-be's, mingled with doubts and hopes, had chased each other in wild confusion through her bewildered brain.

"Tell me," she found breath at last to ask, "what is it, and how is it done, and can anybody do it?"

Miss Greening was delighted to find so willing an audience, for in spite of her remarkable cure, most of her family and friends ridiculed her new "cure all."

"Oh, I wish I could explain to you as Mrs. Harmon does. I am so very new in the thought, but I will do the best I can to give you some idea. The main thing in the beginning is to know that you know nothing," continued Miss Greening, with a smile. "The world believes in the character as it appears, to be the real character, that the person who suffers sickness, sorrow, disappointment, anger or pain is the real self. We have always taken the people of the world, as they appear, to be the children of God. This truth teaches that the real child of God is in His image and likeness and in Him lives, is moved and has His being. According to the laws of thought, the thought of one individual affects another, and on this principle the treatments are given, but it is the omnipresent life Principle that does the work.

"Oh, it is perfectly wonderful, and if you could see what I saw while I was with Mrs. Harmon, you would not doubt a moment. She was busy from morning till night with patients. Hardly had time to eat or sleep. It seemed like the times of the New Testament come back again. Mrs. Harmon cured a man of rheumatism, where the joints had been stiffened and contracted for

years, in seven treatments. The first week the treatments did not seem to have any effect, but the second week he suddenly recovered the use of his arm and limbs, so that he could run and jump or do anything else that a healthy man can do.

"One young girl, who was suffering from lead poisoning so that she was given up by three or four prominent physicians, received nine treatments and, although not perfectly strong and robust, was able to walk several blocks and was so well that she did not need further treatment.

"Mrs. Harmon treated an old lady of seventy, so that she laid aside glasses and could see to sew on black cloth. A lady who had been an invalid for sixteen years was cured so that in a week she was able to ride a mile and a half to the lectures.

"All these things I saw with my own eyes, and if the evidence had not been enough in my own case, there were all these proofs. And the teaching! Oh, it is beautiful. If we could only live up to that the millenium would surely be here."

In her enthusiasm Miss Greening scarcely noticed the effect of her words, else she would have seen Mrs. Hayden's expressive eyes full of a yearning, silent and strong.

"Can it touch anyone's character or moral life?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"Yes, indeed; there is not one thing in life that is not amenable to its discipline. Mrs. Harmon says it is a great advantage in governing children, that every mother ought to know it, for the help in that direction, even if not for their health."

"What a wonderful thing it must be; and yet I always thought the days of miracles were past, if indeed they ever were," said Mrs. Hayden, thoughtfully.

"These are not miracles, as the ordinary understanding of that word would imply, but are done in accordance with Divine Law, the highest law,—not the setting aside of any law," interposed Mrs. Reade, who had been deeply interested in the conversation, but hitherto had been a silent listener.

"Oh, mamma, I wish supper was ready; I'm so hungry!" cried Fred, bursting into the room, followed by Jamie and Mabel.

"Mamma, can't we have some—" began Jamie, and then stopped, abashed at the size of the audience.

"No, dears; mamma don't want you to eat anything before supper. You know what Doctor Jackson said about the little stomachs that were overworked. Now, run away and be good; when everything is ready mamma'll call you."

"But we want it *now*. Doctor Jackson don't know everything. It's only God that knows everything," said Fred, with unanswerable argument.

"Come away, Fred," whispered Mabel, giving him an impatient twitch.

"It's so, anyway; mamma told me about God just the other night."

"He knows I want some ginger 'naps," whimpered Jem.

"Never mind; run out, as mamma says," said Mrs. Hayden, resolutely, and the aggrieved trio reluctantly departed.

"It would be an immense help to me if I could learn to manage these three irrepressibles without getting tired all out," said Mrs. Hayden, with a little sigh.

"Wouldn't it be splendid? I think, Mrs. Hayden, you better let Cousin Helen treat you, and get you all cured, and then you can go somewhere and learn how, yourself," said Mrs. Reade, as she demurely wound up the ball.

Mrs. Hayden looked up with interested surprise. "Do you think anything could be done for *me*, Miss Greening?"

"A great many worse than you have been cured, why not you?"

"Well, I don't know; it seems so far away and so intangible some way."

"Now, Mrs. Hayden, try it. Let Cousin Helen treat you," interposed Mrs. Reade.

"What must *I* do, any mysterious unheard-of thing?" was the answer, with a look of evident amusement.

"Oh, no! Just sit quietly passive, and be as hopeful as possible during the treatment. The only thing that might seem hard is to give up all medicine and material applications while you are under treatment."

"That will not be hard at all, for I have lost all faith in medicine anyway. When do you want to begin, Miss Greening?"

"Well, I am willing to try my best to help you, Mrs. Hayden, but you must understand, in the first place, that I take no credit to myself, for it is God's work.

Then I have really not tried to heal any one; since it was so recently I was cured myself, there has been no opportunity, but as I said, I will do what I can."

Miss Greening spoke earnestly and reverently. It seemed rather new to her to be called upon to prove her principles, and yet she had such perfect faith in them, she never thought of wavering.

"Then it's all settled, and you can take your first treatment to-night," spoke up Mrs. Reade, volubly. "I'm so anxious to see you strong and well like the rest of us," she added half apologetically.

"It will seem too good to be true. I can not realize such a possibility."

A thoughtful silence fell upon the little company for a few moments, and when they resumed their conversation, it was about something else.

At their usual tea time, Mr. Hayden, accompanied by Mr. Reade, came in, and all were presently called to the dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden had dropped all pretension of style in their present circumstances, and lived like their neighbors, in a modest but comfortable way. The children came trooping in when they heard the supper bell, and delightedly filed out to the dining room with their elders.

"Well, I hope you ladies have been enjoying yourselves this afternoon. I notice ladies have that faculty whenever they meet for an hour or so," said Mr. Hayden, with a genial smile, as he passed the plates.

"Oh, we have indeed had a lovely time, and a profitable one, too, I hope," said Mrs. Reade, impulsively.

"You have about converted Mrs. Hayden to your ideas, you and Helen together, I presume," remarked Mr. Reade, as he spread his napkin out to its fullest capacity.

"I should certainly like to be converted, if so many wonderful things are possible as I have heard about this afternoon," and Mrs. Hayden showed by the unusual energy in her manner and the brightness of her eyes that something had inspired her to an unwonted degree.

"Well now, tell me what all this is about. You seem to have conspired to talk in riddles," exclaimed Mr. Hayden, with an injured air.

"Why, it is this new 'craze' they call Christian Healing that seems to have taken hold of our worthy partners, Mr. Hayden," exclaimed Mr. Reade, with a half-believing, half-skeptical air.

He really believed much more than he cared to acknowledge, but until he was better informed of Mr. Hayden's opinions, he thought "discretion the better part of valor." Someway we often stumble upon such characters in life. Good-natured souls they are, and so anxious to please everybody.

"I am not sure but there is a good deal in that, Reade. I heard some gentlemen talking about what was being done in Chicago, and it is truly wonderful. After all, we know that the mind has a great influence over the body, and why shouldn't we discover new abilities and powers in that as we develop in other directions?"

"To be sure; just what I have always said, and

now I am having an opportunity to prove it since my wife is willing to listen," replied Mr. Reade, with graceful diplomacy.

"Oh, there is something far beyond what you gentlemen see — something so spiritual and beautiful, that mere intellect can not recognize it. But you will come to that after awhile, if you only seek to know for Truth's sake, though the recognition of what you see often comes first," interposed Miss Greening, with a warm flush of enthusiasm on her face.

"Certainly. I believe our capacity to recognize higher phases of thought grows with our eagerness to receive. That is true of any branch of study," said Mrs. Hayden, with conviction. She was well pleased that her husband was so favorably inclined to hear, and expressed himself so cordially. While she was quite independent in her own way of thinking, it was still a keen pleasure to have her husband on the same side. He, on the other hand, had great confidence in her judgment, and generally allowed himself to be convinced, even if he had an opinion in the beginning. They had been especially near to each other the last year.

Miss Greening was mentally congratulating herself on having found such a ready audience, and felt as though she could do anything in the way of healing, as she talked on and on, telling them the many things that had happened in Princeton. She finished by saying, enthusiastically:

"When I had such wonderful proofs right before my eyes, do you wonder that I looked with awe and

astonishment and wanted to know the secret of this power? Can you wonder that I felt anxious to go forth into all the world and preach the gospel? Oh, how delightful, I thought, to carry such blessed news and be able to give such blessed proof! So when Cousin Ruth's letter came, asking me to make her a visit, I felt that perhaps an opportunity would offer in which I might demonstrate the truth of my precious science, and here it is ready for me, the very work I wanted. Yes, just as far as possible will I use my knowledge, though as yet it is but little, to help Mrs. Hayden."

Miss Greening had waxed eloquent in her unconscious enthusiasm, and seeing the whole company gazing at her in astonished admiration, she paused suddenly, with a vivid flush on her face, saying: "Pardon me. I did not mean to monopolize the conversation."

"That apology is entirely unnecessary, for we have been listening to something so new that its very newness and unconventionality is quite refreshing, and certainly interesting," said Mr. Hayden, warmly.

"Surely, there must be some healing virtue even in your talk, for I feel remarkably well to-day," was his wife's delighted addition.

"How glad, oh, how glad I am," fluttered Mrs. Reade.

A movement from Jem caused Mrs. Hayden to notice his extra dish of sauce and huge piece of frosted cake.

"No, Jem, dear, you mustn't eat any more to-night, and you know mamma don't want you to have any cake."

"O-o-o-h, peaze, tan't I have some more?"

"Not any more to-day. You know you had to be sick all night, not long ago, and mamma had to give you some medicine. You don't want to have to take paregoric, do you?"

"No-o-o, but I want e take!"

"Mamma said you couldn't have any. You're too little, anyway. Didn't I tell you I ought to have the biggest piece 'cause my stomach's the biggest, an' I'm not afraid of stomachache. Give me your sauce, if you can't eat it," said shameless Fred.

Papa and mamma Hayden looked upon their oldest son in dismay, as he thus openly delivered his sentiments.

"Hush, Freddie, you mustn't want any more, either, nor talk that way to Jem. You have had enough for to-night."

"Well, I've had six biscuits any way," and Fred settled himself back with a satisfied air as though he could stand anything if necessary, while poor Jem was taken away from the table crying as if his heart would break at the loss of his coveted sweets.

"You see, we seldom have company, and the children are unused to sweet things as a rule, because the doctor always says their diet must be carefully attended to, in order to avoid inflammation of the bowels, which Jem once had," explained Mrs. Hayden with the old look of weariness for a moment settling back on her face.

"Just wait till you have studied Christian Healing and then see how to manage," said Mrs. Reade with sparkling eyes.

"Have you taken such a fancy to this too, Mrs. Reade?" asked Mr. Hayden, rather teasingly.

"Oh, she's almost a crank *now*," answered her husband, with a merry twinkle.

"Well, it is very good to have such an article in the family. It keeps things lively and announces the world's progress with unerring certainty," she retorted, and with this good-natured sally they rose from the table. The evening was spent in a mixture of small talk and earnestness, and before they departed Mrs. Hayden received her first treatment.

CHAPTER VII.

"Like an Æolian harp, that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes, —

"Such seemed the whisper at my side;
'What is't thou knowest, sweet voice?' I cried;
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied."

— *Tennyson.*

THE second morning after this Mrs. Hayden awoke, feeling much better than she had for months. A strange, happy feeling possessed her. All that had seemed dark and hopeless now appeared as nothing but gossamer fog-wreaths. The world seemed so joyous and beautiful. God seemed so near, so loving, so all-protecting. Why had she ever doubted the possibility of health? Surely it was easy to feel well when she felt happy; and yet, would this last? Had this delightful change any connection with Miss Greening's treatment? No, surely not. It would be too unreasonable to expect any benefit so soon; besides, she was probably no better physically, that is, her lameness and dyspepsia were not touched as yet, if indeed they ever could be. Well, how it would astonish everybody if she really were cured, and could walk like her old self again. Her stiffened limb would have to undergo a marvelous change, but time would tell — it seemed nothing was beyond reach of this extraordinary Power. Miss Greening was so sincere and earnest, she could not for a moment doubt the

truth of her statements, besides Mr. Hayden himself confessed to having heard of the wonderful works, though he had never mentioned it before, strangely enough. At the time it probably appeared so vague and visionary, that he had thought best not to excite her curiosity and hope without cause.

How glad she was that he had at last allowed her to try this without ridiculing or scolding her. How beautiful this theory was, but it seemed too good to be true. She would not be carried away with it until she had demonstrated beyond doubt, until she could see the reason and understand it.

The clock struck nine. Why, it was time to rise, and she really felt hungry, so hungry that dry toast and hot water had no attractions for her. She wondered if there would be anything on the table she dared not eat; it would be hard to resist if there were. Thus musing she dressed with more alacrity and energy than she had displayed for many months.

Her husband stood in the doorway as she left her room, and remarked as they went down stairs:

"You must have had a good sleep last night, you are so bright and spry this morning."

"Yes, indeed, I can scarcely remember when the night has passed so quickly and the morning seemed so exhilarating; please help me down this turn, won't you? It is always so hard to get down stairs."

The cane was brought into requisition, and with Mr. Hayden's help the stairs were descended, but the refractory limb was forgotten again in the interest with which she viewed the breakfast table.

"Mamma, we've waited and waited till we thought we'd have to eat something, so we each took a doughnut to save time," was the explanatory greeting of Fred, who acted as spokesman for the three hungry culprits, who had this time, at least, disobeyed the imperative injunction not to eat cake the first thing in the morning.

"Why, children, don't you remember how Dr. Jackson — "

"Well, mamma, I heard that lady 'at was here, say 'twouldn't hurt us to eat if you wasn't so 'fraid 'bout our stomachs; an' she's a doctor, too, an' ladies know 's much 's men, 'cos you said so," interrupted the irrepressible, as usual, with unanswerable argument.

"Well, we'll see this time, but you must be more careful to remember what mamma wishes you to do," said Mrs. Hayden more mildly than usual, while her eyes smiled a little.

The breakfast was brought in, and, much to the astonishment of all, she recklessly disregarded the dry toast and hot water, mutely appealing to her from the side of her plate, and ate heartily of beefsteak, potatoes, and pan cakes. "I am so hungry, and will risk it on the strength of Fred's reminder," she apologized, as she sent her plate the third time for cakes.

"Don't tell me you've no faith in Fred's newly-acquired wisdom," laughed Mr. Hayden, and then added, with some concern, "but, really, my dear, you ought to be careful. Remember the condition of your stomach."

"That is just what she told me to forget."

"Well, it beats all how things can be turned upside down," mused Mr. Hayden, as he rose from the table preparatory to going to the store.

"It certainly is strange about this, for you remember yesterday, I even walked over to Mrs. Reade's and back without any unusual fatigue."

"Oh, yes! I've noticed various daring breaches of the old code, and, more than all, I've seen the best color in your face that has been there for many a month," and he went out with a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Mamma's well now," said little Jem, timidly, "'cos she puts me to bed."

"Yes, an' we can make a noise when we dress, an' talk 'bout Christmas," added Fred, as he was walking about, wiping his hands, in his usual restless manner.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." — *Shakespeare.*

OF course Kate and Grace were told about the new way of being healed, and Grace looked on at first with her usual incredulity, but when she saw Mrs. Hayden getting so well and looking so happy, she began to wonder and then to exclaim. Then she wanted to learn something about this new "doctrine," and Mrs. Hayden had Miss Greening come over and meet the girls one evening so they could hear her explain a little about it. Grace was delighted, saying that was more reasonable than anything she had ever heard.

"I really should like to learn it," she said for the third time as they walked home.

"Why, you are really enthusiastic about it," said Kate, giving the artistic arm a gentle squeeze.

"I must confess, Kate, that it is nearer my idea of religion than anything I ever heard, and it *is* marvelous to see Mrs. Hayden. Did you see how bright she looked to-night? More like her old self than since her sickness. I can't understand it."

"She said her limb was actually growing natural again so she could bend it," added Kate.

"If *she* could be cured, it would be a wonderful demonstration or proof of the theory," remarked Grace.

"Oh, I don't know, Grace, I am afraid, after all,

it might be wrong. You know it says in the Bible we are to beware of false doctrines, and the miracles of anti-Christ, and this may be that very thing," said Kate, with a sudden smiting of conscience and reproaching herself that she had not thought of this before. She had been brought up a strict Methodist, but had grown rather careless of religious matters, till all at once she realized the mighty import of her backsliding.

"I don't think if there is such a thing, it could do so much good, and good power must come from the God of goodness," answered Grace, with unusual gentleness. They walked on in silence, each pondering her own thoughts.

Three weeks after, Mrs. Hayden was known as a restored invalid, was daily answering a thousand questions as to how it was done. Was it really so? Could she walk as well as ever? Didn't she get tired? Had she any faith after all? etc.

She patiently told them the truth of the matter, that her limb had become well and pliable as ever, that her stomach was perfectly sound, her head free from nervous aching, her nights a joyous rest and her days a round of delightful labor.

For the first time she learned there had been many cures, and several classes taught in Hampton, but no case had excited the attention, public and private, that hers had.

The various members of society wagged their wise heads, and cast mingled glances of pity, wonder, ridicule or disdain upon the poor deluded victim of the

"latest humbug." Even the select circles heard of it as a report finally reached the daily paper, which appeared with a glaring head and ridiculous comments.

One of the weeklies contented itself by reprinting a scathing denunciation from a prominent religious paper. Another contained clippings from an Iowa paper giving an account of the arrest and trial of a so-called Christian Scientist for illegal practice. But it failed to add that "the judge instructed the jury to return a verdict for the defendant," remarking that "under the constitution and laws of Iowa it is no crime for a person to pray for his afflicted neighbor."

Among the worthy M. D.'s, a miniature storm arose and spent itself in the characteristic fashion of storms, now carrying everything before it, in its impetuous fury, now quietly subsiding into a ripple of condescending concession, or languid comment, now breaking out with renewed force into explosive epithets or vindictive rage.

Dr. Crouse expressed his astonishment that anybody should have the audacity to practice medicine without a diploma, as this woman evidently did, and demanded that the authorities enforce the law at once with the utmost rigor—"Such quacks ought to be dealt with without mercy, as an example to other upstarts!" and with an angry growl the doctor recklessly spat the whole width of the sidewalk.

Dr. Jones admitted that the mind had a great deal to do with the body, and possibly this mind cure might help nervous prostration or hysterical women, but if

Mrs. Hayden's limb was healed, depend upon it, the medicine taken all those months was the cause.

Dr. Bundy considered the matter too absurd to even mention.

Dr. Hone went up and down the streets, loudly denouncing such "humbugs," while his partner, Lapland, laughed at the preposterous idea of learning all about materia medica in three weeks! "It is simply ridiculous, sheer nonsense! Ha, ha, ha!" and the office fairly shook at the outburst of merriment.

On the other hand, Dr. Wilson was deeply interested, and went so far as to call on Miss Greening, and to her he frankly admitted there was an unaccountable power in the mind some way, and if it did the work for suffering humanity he was quite ready to welcome it, and anxious, for his part, to investigate the matter.

Kind, liberal Dr. Jackson, Mrs. Hayden's former family physician, shook his head wonderingly, but said nothing. He was a careful thinker and needed time for his conclusions, but as every one well knew, he had the friendliest, most charitable heart that ever was, and very candid, withal, in his judgments, and fair in his investigations. So in time they would know what he thought. It was whispered about that he had already invested in some books, and was quietly studying Christian Healing in his leisure moments.

Among the churches no less of a tumult raged. Rev. Rush preached a stirring sermon about the evil days in which even the very elect should be deceived by the miracles of anti-Christ, and warned his hearers against being beguiled.

Rev. Long openly denounced Christian Healing as but another form of spiritualism, and admonished his flock to beware of ravening wolves.

Rev. Morton mildly preached about being steadfast to the old faith, avoiding investigation in anything new, while from the gentle, spiritually minded Prof. Mill was heard an eloquent disquisition on the promises and the all-abiding power of God.

All shades and phases of ministerial sentiments were expressed, and whatever was grand and Christ-like sprang up as dainty, fragrant blossoms amid the wayside weeds of falsity and Pharisaical bigotry.

The ladies' sewing societies discussed the subject to its fullest extent with widely varying opinions, some exclaiming with wonder and awe that it certainly must be a higher power that would perform such miracles; others that it was nothing but mesmerism. A few reverently expressed their conviction that Mrs. Hayden was extremely fortunate to be chosen for such a favor, while still others of quite a contrary mind declared it was nothing more nor less than the devil, who was stealthily taking possession of the weak.

One timid little woman ventured to say that it could not be Satan, for he was never known to do anything good. Another said there must be something uncanny about it, for she had experienced the most peculiar sensations when shaking hands with Mrs. Hayden.

Mrs. Dyke had waited for a more practical time to give her opinion, and now she concluded the whole matter for herself, at least, by saying in a most practical way:

"It is the devil's work from first to last, and I am not surprised that that woman, Mrs. Hayden, has got into his clutches, for she never did her duty to the church, and such people can't expect he will always let them go their own way. Christian Healing has no right to its name or its pretentions. It is only the magician's rod, and I, for one, don't propose to look at it," with which profound announcement she went to the other room to oversee her charge of sewing girls.

"Oh, how righteous we are!" giggled one very young lady, with a mock look of reverence.

"Well, now, see here ladies!" declared Mrs. Grant, another "practical" woman, but of a different type from Mrs. Dyke, "we may as well look at this matter in a sensible and candid light. Here are the facts: Mrs. Hayden is a lovely and reliable woman. She has, as we all know, suffered everything from her headaches and dyspepsia, besides the limb that was broken at the fire. We see her well, and ought to believe what she says. They often say, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' An example has come to our door, and why should we refuse to believe, when the proof is so plain? For my part, I can believe though I do not understand, and I want to know what there is in Christian Healing."

Mrs. Grant had spoken, and as she usually did, turned the tide of thought in her direction.

"Why, yes, we all want to know if there is anything in it, but there is an if—"

"*If!* There it is again! I've no patience with people who always tumble over an *if*. You can bar the very gates of heaven with that nipping little word.

It means doubt, and doubt is the destroyer of faith which we *must* have in this world, if we live at all."

Mrs. Grant unwittingly preached a little sermon, which not only served to quell the confusion, but gave them a helpful thought to carry home. Scattering good seed seemed to be her mission, and many a good word dropped into fruitful soil, and took its time to bring forth.

CHAPTER IX.

"Soul, receive into thyself the warm and radiant life of heaven, to breathe it out again as spiritual fragrance over other lives, and so change this wilderness-world into the garden of the Lord! This is the lovely moral which hides within the roses of June, and makes more than half their sweetness."—*Lucy Larcom.*

AND Mrs. Hayden? The old expressions of joy seemed utterly inadequate to describe her feelings. It seemed that she was veritably dreaming of heaven, such a sense of largeness, of freedom, had come over her, so much wider was her horizon, so much more clearly could she see and understand the hard questions that had always puzzled her, and yet she had, as it were, just come to the edge of the beautiful flower-dotted, dew-besprinkled field that seemed spreading out before her. So long hopeless, so long hungry as she had been after this taste, she only hungered the more. Wonderingly she looked at herself walking about without pain; with an elastic step and the springing freshness of health; wonderingly she remembered the dull, nervous throbbing headaches, contrasted with the refreshing clearness, the joyous comfort and peace of mind which made thinking a tonic, and labor a luxury.

What a glorious strength of exhiliration seemed flowing in to her with every breath; how it expanded and thrilled her with its power! If this was life, what joy to live, to know and feel the gladness and beauty

of God's beautiful world, and it must not be for her alone, but for all hungering, thirsting mankind. She must impart it to those who had been suffering and helpless like herself. It was even now flowing into her own family. Although Miss Greening had given her but the first and fundamental principles of the method, she had in many instances already demonstrated their worth and power. It soon grew to be a regular matter of course to treat every one in the family who seemed in need of a remedy for anything.

Mr. Hayden had frequently come home with neuralgia in his face, but after one or two attacks the unwelcome intruder vanished. The family medicine case, which had recently been replenished for the winter, was left to its own devices, and dust gathered on the necks and shoulders of the cough remedies, paregoric and hive syrup bottles, until they would have looked quite pitiful in their desertion, if anybody had seen them. Jamie's one attack of croup yielded more readily to his mother's silent treatments than it ever had to hive syrup, and it was with a deep thankfulness, not unmixed with awe, that Mr. and Mrs. Hayden felt their little one at last free from his old, dreaded enemy. Never before had the children been so free from colds or ailments common to childhood, as this winter. Never before had there been such a seemingly reckless carelessness in wrapping them up, keeping them out of the draughts, or letting them eat just what was on the table.

"Why, it is like living in another world altogether," said Mr. Hayden, enthusiastically to one of the neigh-

bors. "The children are so much happier, quieter, more peaceable. I tell you, it is like getting free from prison to come into this way of living, and my wife is getting stronger all the time. Of course you want it," he continued. "Come over some time, and we'll tell you more about it." Saying good night he walked away, leaving his friend to wonder if the entire family had not turned lunatics.

Enwrapped in the seamless robe of Truth, the sharp winds of worldly criticism seldom reach us, because we are no longer susceptible to their sharpness. A gentle mildness beams from every face, for beyond the veil of outward appearances we learn to discern the pure, perfect holiness of God's child — the divinity behind the bars. Not, however, till we know how to put on this wondrous robe are we invulnerable.

Although Mrs. Hayden had learned much and lived much in these last few months, there came a time, as the summer drew near, when it seemed that everything was slipping away from her. Not her health, except that her old headache occasionally threatened her, but things did not seem as clear to her. Many problems were only in a partial state of solution, and a vague dissatisfaction, a helpless discouragement took possession of her at times, very hard to bear, especially when contrasted with the light she felt had so long guided her. Of late even her treatments seemed almost fruitless. Her old-time impatience had manifested itself on several occasions, and one warm June morning she went about her work in a decidedly old-fashioned mood.

It was Monday, and in addition to the washing to be seen to, the little extra help to be rendered the girl, her husband had sent her a large case of strawberries to be put up, manlike, forgetting that this day at least was full. She was hastening to get them ready before the dinner hour, and the "picking up" of the sitting-room, so essential Monday mornings, had been left till a more convenient season.

Mabel had gone to school, while Jamie and Fred were playing in the sand in the back yard.

With her hands in the berries, and her thoughts busily engaged, she was suddenly roused from her reverie by the noisy entrance of Fred, who just came in for a drink of water. As he turned to go out, he threw his arms around his mother's neck and gave her a boy's impetuous hug, and a kiss that ought to have rejoiced any mother's heart, but this morning it annoyed her. "Run away, now; mamma hasn't time this morning," and she pushed him impatiently away. Just then the door bell rang, and Fred sprang to answer it. In another moment he ushered into her presence a shabbily dressed, poor, miserable looking woman, who immediately asked for a drink of water. "I can get it," said the ready Fred. While he was gone, the woman began her request:

"Plaze, Ma'am, would you be wantin' some garters to-day? They are warranted by the very man as made 'em. My boy is layin' sick, and his father is dead, and all my health has been took away carin' for him, and a friend of mine, she has been in this business a long time, and says it's very good some days, and she let me

take her place to-day, so if you could take a pair or two to-day it would be very thankful I'd be, and I'm sure this boy would need a pair; they are only 25 cents, and will just fit; ain't they nice, my boy?" She poured her story out, as though there were no end to it, as she held up some brilliant red and blue elastics that quite dazzled Fred, who claimed them at once.

"I have not time to examine and choose this morning, and Fred, you do not need them now," said Mrs. Hayden, with some annoyance in her tone.

"Now, mamma, you didn't see my old ones, they ain't red and blue, nor stretchy, an' my stockin's come down all the time. See how wrinkly they are," and he held up a dusty little shoe with a sadly demoralized stocking above it, rich in holes as well as wrinkles. The stocking had been torn on a nail, he volubly explained. In his excitement Fred raised his voice, thus summoning Jamie to the scene with a rush that upset the dish of berries just picked over.

"*I* didn't mean to, and I can pick them up again," and he swept his dirty little hands into the soft mushy pile, gathering berries, dust, stems or whatever happened to be in the way, dashing the miscellaneous mess into the clean berries that had escaped.

"Jamie, you careless child! how can you be so naughty? Go and wash your hands this minute! Fred, leave those things and stay out with Jamie, I can not have you around when there is so much to do!" and with an impatient gesture she brushed Jamie aside and began sorting the berries as best she could.

Fred started toward her with the elastics, saying:

"But, mamma, you haven't looked yet;"

"Well, you see my hands are full, and I can tell you just as well without looking."

"You always tell me to do as I am told," pouted Fred as he reluctantly departed.

Mrs. Hayden was ashamed and yet reckless with discouragement, and scarcely noticed the anxious pedlar, who stood waiting for some decisive word from her.

"I have no use for the supporters at present," she said at last. But as she noticed the look of despair slowly settling on the woman's face, she added, "but, if you are in such distress, I will let you leave two pairs. Take the 50 cents lying there on the shelf," pointing to the place. The woman was very grateful and soon went away with a brighter face.

For a long time after she was gone, her picture remained in Mrs. Hayden's remorseful memory, though she put it away as much as possible and went on with her work. Jamie and Fred had quarreled several times, but even in peace, the fires of war were likely to burst out afresh, for it was always so when she felt this way.

As Mrs. Hayden sat in her own room that evening, reviewing the events of the day, which seemed the culmination of many days, it seemed that the Marion Hayden who had been so happy these last few months, improving in health and strength and ability to live a more useful life, and the Marion Hayden who had so miserably disgraced herself to-day, were far apart — in fact irretrievably separated. Where, indeed, had gone

her power of self-control, her wisdom and tact in governing the children? Why had she so harshly told Fred to run away from her when the dear child was only showing his affection according to his own nature? Such an active, impulsive yet loving child must be wisely dealt with, and she had often realized that with Fred, love must be the governing power, not force. To give way as she had to-day would be to lose her influence over him, not only because of repulsing the child himself, but because his critical eyes noticed every weakness and failure in her, to live up to her own code of morals laid down for him to follow.

Her accusing conscience asked why she had not questioned and tried to help that poor woman who, with all her ignorance, was doing the best she could, to solve life's problem.

After all, what had she, Marion Hayden, to offer the world while she had not yet conquered herself?

Oh, the bitterness of regret, the repining for wasted moments and lost opportunities! but here she was in her old groove of thought. Could she not try the new way, now that she so sorely needed it?

She would try; she would begin to look on the other side of these questions. She *would* regain her footing in spite of her humiliating downfall, although there might still be a lingering sense of shame over her defeat.

Later, her husband came home. He tossed her a paper saying: "Here is something that will clear you up. Read it aloud. I just glanced over it, and found it very good." He threw himself upon the sofa, wait-

ing for her to begin. Mechanically she took up the paper.

"'The Ubiquity of Good;' is this the article?"

"Yes, there are several just as strong as that one."

"Oh, I see; yes — I can hardly wait to read aloud," she exclaimed, running her eyes over the pages, instantly imbibing the spirit of the writer. She began with an awakening interest which increased till she was fairly electrified with delight.

Her husband looked at her in astonishment although it had much the same effect on him. "I thought you needed something like that;" he said, sitting bolt upright and looking at her. "You see, Marion, if you could only be as enthusiastic all the time as that woman is, you could do the works that she does, and be as positive too."

"I know it, and if I understood as well as she does, it would be different, but I know so little comparatively. Oh, if I could take lessons of the teacher she had — just listen, she says: 'I have just had the privilege of going through a class in metaphysics taught by one who is conceded to be the best teacher in the world,' but," continued Mrs. Hayden, "I've looked all over the paper and can't find the name of the teacher; queer, isn't it? Mayn't I subscribe for this paper, John, and I will ask her who this teacher is, when I send the subscription?"

"Well, yes, I think if you could get the benefit from every number you have from that, it would be money well invested," replied Mr. Hayden. In fact he was as much interested in this subject as she, and

desired her to "go to the bottom if it," as he expressed it.

That night she retired with a new hope. If others could learn and demonstrate and keep, why could not she?

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth, the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!"—*Carlyle.*

THE very next morning the letter was written and the money sent for the new paper.

Mrs. Reade came over on one of her bird-like errands, and of course, must hear something of the great help that had come so unexpectedly.

"How fortunate it came just now, for I have noticed several weeks you have been losing courage, and as for myself, I don't seem to know what to do in any case any more," she exclaimed, after hearing a few extracts read from the paper. Now you will find out who the teacher is and—"

"I shall go away to take lessons as soon as possible," interrupted Mrs. Hayden. "Yes, I must go," she continued, "and see what there is in it. I have already experienced too much physically and spiritually to be able to give it up."

"Indeed, you have certainly had as much of a proof as one could wish. If I could only do as much as you have, I should feel that it would be better to go without many other things rather than this."

Mrs. Reade forgot that she had been able to keep little May in perfect health; that she herself had ceased worrying over trifles and learned to make the

best of everything. To her, the change had been so gradual that she hardly knew in what it consisted. In the meetings held by the few who were interested she had, unconsciously almost, given many glimpses of her private efforts and success, which showed how faithfully she used what light she had.

"I wonder what Mrs. Grant would say to this," she resumed, after looking over the paper. "I think she ought to take this paper, too. Of course, I expect to read yours," with an arch smile.

"As you certainly may, I will let you have this number this afternoon; I can't spare it yet. You can't imagine the abyss I fell into yesterday. It seemed that I had not only lost the ability to hold myself up, but the self respect that would help to regain my footing."

"'It is always darkest before the dawn', they say," quoted Mrs. Reade, merrily, "and now the dawn of our delivery is at hand, we shall know what to do before the twilight comes again. But I came after your jelly mold and must not stand here all day talking about things so utterly unlike—well, good-bye! I can hardly tear myself away when I talk with you," and she ran out with a gay smile.

Nearly every week these last few months Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Reade, Mrs. Grant and occasionally one or two others had met to read and talk on the all-absorbing topic and gain confidence and strength by an exchange of ideas and experiences; but they knew not how to draw from the fountain of knowledge itself, and while they had learned much and gained

much, there was a lack which, in the moment of trial, they knew not how to supply.

In a few days Mrs. Hayden received the coveted information as to the identity of the wonderful teacher, and that she was to teach several classes in Marlow, only two hundred miles away, which quite set her on fire with impatience to go at once.

But circumstances were not propitious. There were many details to be arranged, much to be considered. What should be done with the children? Could she afford it? What could she wear? In her eagerness she could have overcome every obstacle within an hour, but her better judgment told her to be patient a little longer, a decision her husband quite approved.

In the meantime she tried to live more faithfully up to the light she had received, but the first flush of faith that had brought forth the works, seemed gone, and she knew not how to bring it back. Not that she was not just as earnest, not that she had lost a whit of her faith or interest, but the fire of impulse, unclouded by doubt, had disappeared. She thought about it every leisure moment, but concluded at last to let go such intense effort that must necessarily be blind, and live more in the "holy carelessness of the eternal Now," as George MacDonald so beautifully expressed it in his book she was reading.

In one respect she fared as comparatively few women do, who hunger after spiritual things; she had her husband's full sympathy and co-operation. Afterward, when she had seen more of the world and knew more about other women's lives, she realized the

value of it, realized that without it she would have starved before she could have feasted. Oh, the sweet influence of a sympathy that unites and harmonizes two natures, no matter how opposite in character and tendencies.

CHAPTER XI.

"As out of a dream, paths impossible to sense and every day show plain and sudden transit into distant places, so from your shut souls widens out an entrance way into God's everlasting joy!"

—A. D. T. Whitney.

AT last the time came. She was to go for the last class in Marlow. The last problem as to what to be done while she was gone had been solved. The children were to be under the kind care of Anna, who agreed to do her best in looking after them.

Mrs. Hayden's wardrobe had received the necessary additions, the question of affording was not asked again, for it was like asking if she could afford food or clothing.

It meant a great deal to her, going out in the world to get this wonderful knowledge. It was a new way of seeking the kingdom of heaven, and it must surely teach the right knock that would open the door. The little light that had already come to her proved that, for never before in all her years of hungry longing had she been so well fed, so visibly nourished. Surely her soul could not be mistaken in thus dictating her quest.

"It seems too good to be true, John, that there *is* a way and that I am going to find it," she said a few days before she went away.

"I am very glad, dear Marion, for your sake, that you are so happy in this. It certainly is a beautiful religion as far as we can understand it."

"Yes, the very thing we tried so hard to find during all those years of darkness, and I have begun to actually feel thankful for our misfortunes, because it seems they have led us into this knowledge. What would we have known or cared for Miss Greening, had we been living in the mansion on the hill? Or what would we have believed, even if we had read something about Christian Healing?"

"It is hard to tell, but if you are content I am, wifie, although I should like the old home again."

Like many others he was able to appreciate the material good things, but knew not that the material are but emblems or symbols of the spiritual.

"We shall posses something far better than all the palaces and kingdoms of the earth, if we get this 'pearl of great price.' I know now what it means for the rich to hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. It is because they are so satisfied in their rich possessions they feel they have everything worth having and need nothing more. That very indifference and apathy keeps them from getting spiritual treasures."

"How true that is, Marion," said her husband, stroking his mustache thoughtfully.

Just then the door bell rang and the girl presently ushered Grace and Kate into the room.

"Why, how do you do? I am more than glad to see you," said Mrs. Hayden, warmly grasping a hand in each of hers.

"It is such a lovely evening that we felt we should like a walk, and as we generally gravitate toward your house, here we are," said Kate, laying aside her hat.

"Do you know I am going to Marlow to take the Christian Healing lessons?" asked Mrs. Hayden, with a bright smile, as they were cosily seated for their chat.

"Are you, really? I am so glad, Mrs. Hayden," said Grace. "When are you going?"

"Monday, on the afternoon train, and I shall be gone three weeks. It seems a long time now, but I hope it will be so profitable and pleasant that it will not seem long while it is passing."

Kate looked very grave. Finally she said: "Well, Mrs. Hayden, I am sorry you are going."

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Hayden.

"Why?" echoed Grace, and the host looked the interrogation he did not verbally express.

"Because I am seriously afraid it is wrong. Just a few days ago I had a talk with the minister, and he is very decided in his denunciation of it, saying it is plainly contrary to the teachings of the Bible, and I have been reading an article this afternoon that is very convincing in its arguments against it. No, Grace, you needn't shake your head. I have been cowardly and lazy long enough about my religion, now I shall stand up for what I think is right, and I love Mrs. Hayden too well not to warn her of what I believe to be a most dangerous heresy."

She had evidently nerved herself to say this, but her voice trembled with earnestness, and when she finished there were tears in her eyes.

"I thank you, dear Kate, for your sincere regard, and appreciate your motive most deeply, but of course, that can not change my mind now," said Mrs. Hayden, much touched.

"That, of course, is for you to decide, but I have suddenly realized my religious responsibility as never before, and have been earnestly considering this matter. At first it seemed all right and very beautiful, but I believe it is only the work of the devil to get people into his net of wickedness."

Grace was too astonished for speech; now she understood what Kate had meant by her disinclination to talk on the subject since that night they had heard Miss Greening. *Now* her thoughtful spells were explained, as well as her eager desire to come here to-night.

"I do not see why the ministers should oppose it as they do," said Mr. Hayden, after a short silence.

"If you look back over the history you will find they opposed giving freedom to the slaves; they opposed the temperance movement until it was forced upon them. Many of them now oppose woman's suffrage, though their audiences are often composed almost entirely of women. It seems a great mystery why they should oppose any of these good and necessary reforms, but I think it is because they are only mortal men, and have many mortal faults and a great deal of mortal ignorance," said Grace, recovering her tongue at last.

"It seems to me if everybody would read the words of Jesus and follow his example they would never be harsh, or critical, or uncharitable, and above all, they would not judge anybody or anything without a righteous reason. The whole burden of his teaching is expressed in the sentence: 'Little children, love one another,'" was Mrs. Hayden's opinion. Kate looked at her gratefully.

"We would have a very different world if every one followed that law, and we have never heard a better one. The only difficulty is to know *how* to follow it," added Mr. Hayden.

"We must know the whole truth if we would be free from all error, and we can only get truth by earnestly seeking for it, is my firm conviction," said his wife.

"If the truth makes us free, certainly we ought to search for it, and as we get it we can not be moved from our position, for by the nature of truth it is forever the same. Imagine anybody telling me two times two are five. If they argued and talked forever they could not prove it, for a lie can never be proved true."

"That's capital reasoning, Grace," exclaimed Mr. Hayden, admiringly.

"Then if these ministers are in the right," she continued, "why should they need to be so active and emphatic and malevolent, as they sometimes are, in their denunciation of what they call a lie, because if it is a lie, won't it prove itself? And if their position is assured, and the truth must necessarily be assuring, since that is the essence and nature of it, if their position is assured, why is there any need of such resistance? Jesus plainly taught the *non*-resistance of evil, if I read my Bible correctly this morning. I have been studying religion somewhat, too, the last few weeks," she concluded, glancing at Kate rather apologetically.

"It would be well if we studied it a great deal more earnestly than we have before," said Kate, flushing warmly.

"Well, Kate, isn't one of our best ways a thorough investigation of it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I intend to look into Christian Healing at my earliest opportunity, and see what there is in it. If there is nothing, it can not hurt me. If there is something, it will prove *itself*, and I shall gladly accept the help it gives," and Grace rested on her oars.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Mr. Hayden, "and that is that Mrs. Hayden write us a report of each day's lecture, and you can come down and we will read them together, or I can hand them to you after I have finished them."

"Capital!" exclaimed Grace. "Will you do that, Mrs. Hayden?"

"I will do the best I can, and be delighted. It will help me as well as you; but they will be nothing but ordinary letters, for I would have neither the time nor the ability to write lectures." Then she added, turning to Kate, "You will read them, too, won't you, dear? for I do want you to understand that this is the true Christ-religion, and as Grace says, if it is true it will prove itself."

"I do not object to reading your letters; indeed shall be glad of the privilege," replied Kate, with a deprecatory gesture.

"You must be sure and give us the practical part, so we can learn by practice as well as theory," said Mr. Hayden, playfully.

"Yes, and I will promise to be a faithful student, if that will be any inducement," added Grace; "and I know Kathie will, too; won't you?"

"Don't say any more, please. You all know I want what is true and good," she replied, huskily.

It seemed hard to say the good-byes, even to go on this little trip. Mrs. Hayden looked at the children and home through blinding tears as her husband helped her into the carriage. They did not say much as they drove away to the depot, and both were deeply moved. There seemed such a momentous meaning in this journey.

'You must promise to write often, John?"

"Yes, dear Marion, and don't worry about us."

"I shall write every day, John, and I *do* want you to grow with me. Read the lessons please, very carefully."

"Yes; good-bye."

A kiss, and he was off. She waved her hand as the train started.

Like a leaf on the rippling river, gently touching the stones or mosses in passing, but hurrying on to a broader outlook and a straighter pathway, we float in the varying current of life, now dallying with youth's pleasures and playfully touching the problems before us, then sent adrift by a deep desire to *know*, we go out on a voyage of discovery, and be the winds rough or gentle, we go on till harbored at last.

Nor would we leave thee, gentle Truth. May thy voice guide and strengthen and cheer; thy sweet knowledge be the lamp to our path; thy words of wisdom our armor and shield, and all the sweet enchantment of thy presence be with us forevermore.

CHAPTER XII.

"Our weary years of wandering o'er,
We greet with joy this radiant shore;
The promised land of liberty,
The dawn of freedom's morn we see.
O promised land, we enter in,
With 'peace on earth, good will to men,'
The 'Golden age' now comes again,
And breaking every bond and chain;
While every sect, and race and clime,
Shall equal share in this glad time."

—*E. B. Harbert.*

MRS. HAYDEN immediately sent a few words to her husband informing him of her safe arrival, but said nothing concerning her plans until later in the week, she wrote:

"I attended a reception last night that gave me a good idea of the great interest manifested in this new subject by people from all parts of the country as well as this great city. Many who have been attending a convention of truth seekers this week were there, and I met, among others, Mrs. Harmon. She is lovely, with such a sweet pleasant face and clear mild eyes. I do not wonder Miss Greening was charmed with her. We had quite a chat about mental healing. She gave me an interesting account of how she came into the work and what she is doing. I also met many others. One thing noticeable about these people that seems peculiarly characteristic, was the bright, happy faces so full of repose and trustfulness contrasted with the dull,

sluggish care-worn expression of people in general. It really rests and cheers wonderfully to look upon countenances that carry the gospel of healing with them.

"After a pleasant social time, Mrs. Pearl, in whose honor the reception was given, was called upon for an address, the substance of which is about as follows:

"It is an unexpected pleasure as well as privilege to thus meet face to face so large a body of people who are working or desire to work for the uplifting and healing of humanity by this new yet old Christ-method.

"While there are so many thousands of the world's best workers engaged in lifting the burdens of sickness, sorrow and sin, there are none who accomplish more marvelous or speedy results than Christian healers. Indeed they have already demonstrated this philosophy to be a most powerful means of reclaiming the sinful and adjusting social relations as well as healing the sick.

"It already promises a better method of dealing with intemperance than that of any other class of reformers. Why? Not because earnest, devoted women do not give time, labor and hearts' blood to the temperance cause; not because wise, honest men are not doing their best with tongue and pen, in legislative halls and political conventions, but because neither women nor men have learned the true principle of moral reform.

"The wise mother knows that the best way to keep her child from mischief is not to talk about his temptation but cause him to forget it by thinking of other and better things. She encourages him to do better by

recognizing his higher nature and showing him a better way. She 'overcomes the evil with the good.' Thus his moral nature gradually gains ascendency over the lower. This, and this only is the true reform; but the same mother fails to carry out the same principle with larger children. She must learn that the same management which corrects and improves the child will correct and improve the sinner, for a sinner is only a child of larger growth.

"Thus far, the world has been most attracted to the healing of bodily ills, and all discomforts of the flesh, but the material demand is only a forerunner or symbol of the spiritual, and the signs of the times are even now ready for the keenest readers. People are beginning to enquire if this wonderful power for healing the body can not be used for the healing of vicious minds, the curing of depraved appetites.

"Since religious teachings and ethical lectures seem to be so inadequate to meet the crying need, why not try this new method which claims to be a panacea for all ills, ask the moral philosophers.

"'The world moves slowly,' it is said, but the world awakes slowly, it should be. We are ministering angels to one another, in our process of awakening. If we have not enough realization of truth to keep ourselves awake, some one comes along and wakes us up, by telling us more and we, in turn, wake some slumbering neighbor.

"Invisible and silent are the workings of Truth, and none may judge what best teaches the law. None may know what has given this or that insight into a

broader truth, but all at once some one has the new light and hastens to impart the knowledge.

"All efforts for truth point to one end—Truth. All reforms, all religious point to a higher standard of living, a clearer realization of the highest and best, a broader vision of truth, a breaking away from the false and a bringing about of the true.

"Mankind is conservative and must needs consider many things in many ways. Old opinions are not easily relinquished because they are more of our mind and flesh of our flesh, and not till we awake to spiritual as well as intellectual knowledge, shall we realize that we are free—free to love, learn and live.

"As in the history of every reform, we find opposition and persecution facing the Christian healer, but as time goes on, even the unbelieving and conservative shall be brought to a knowledge of the truth. Many things unaccepted and unestablished to-day shall be proven practicable of tomorrow.

"We who have a clearer vision of the better way, who are demonstrating our position with such wonderful signs must realize more and more the importance of the first and only law—the law of love. Judge not. Be a unit in Truth.

"We come together as many, but should go away as one. We now have thousands of Christian healers all over the country who are striving as never before to live a higher life, to work for humanity according to the Master's teachings, and it becomes us, as true disciples of such a leader to so live that we shall see the fulfillment of that blessed promise 'Greater works than I shall ye do.'

"Let us recognize the use and beauty of unity. Let us be as one, and then, like the brave and faithful Joshua, we shall be able to break down the walls of any Jericho.

"Christ followers, truth seekers, friends! Make use of the golden privileges of to-day, use every moment for the furtherance of good, make every silent thought or uttered word a stream of influence that shall cause the desert to blossom like the rose. Send your thoughts out to the grand reformers, the women workers and the men workers, the tired mothers and the anxious fathers, the faithful teachers and the innocent children. Sow the seed diligently, no matter what the soil. Never mind the coldness, the indifference, the slighting disparagements, for bye-and-bye will come the harvest. Do in all ways as you would be done by.

'Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth wouldst teach,
Thy soul must overflow with truth, the true results to reach.'"

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER XIII.

"One Holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

"From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

"Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up,
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion cup.

"The Truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage."

—*Longfellow.*

THE next day Mr. Hayden, with great interest, read the letter containing the first lecture, which was given the day after the reception reported in the last chapter. Pertaining to the lesson he read:

"How I wished you were with me yesterday, and could see the fifty eager faces as they gathered in the class room and waited for Mrs. Pearl.

"Some sorrowful and careworn, some filled with the marks of suffering and pain, some hopeless and despairing, some careless and gay, some merely curious, but all expectant and interested.

"It matters not with what varying motives a mass

of people meet together, there is a common chord of sympathy, which, if rightly touched, will cause the many to think and feel as one, and herein lies the secret of a teacher's power. Mrs. Pearl has this faculty of gathering and holding the thoughts of her audience, and I could not help noting the calm and satisfied expression as they went out after the lecture.

"The first lesson is about The True Foundation, and while much of it is what we have known and believed, it is stated in a new and interesting way. I will give it, as nearly as possible, in her own words:

"It is necessary to have a common premise in order to sustain a harmonious argument, and the first thing is to find a base or foundation from which and upon which to build. Our doctrine is to be established by sound reasoning and scientific argument, and we must go back to the beginning and learn something about the First Cause of all things.

"In ancient times students devoted themselves to the study of pure reasoning, and they found that by putting themselves in harmony with First Cause, they attained a power, by certain lines of thought and through the speaking of words, to perform wondrous works, healing the sick, having dominion over all creation.

"They discovered the different results of speaking words of science, which are words of truth, and words of error or words contrary to reason. Right, true words brought forth right and true conditions to everyone around them, but deviation from this line of reason, would bring discord and trouble and undesirable

conditions. These wise thinkers declared Mind to be the First Cause of all creation, and announced the study of Mind and the words and ways of Mind, to be the profoundest theme that could engage the attention of man.

"We find this philosophy and these conclusions corroborated by the Bible, which we shall consider and prove to contain revelations of changeless, eternal truth.

"Truth is universal, and whatever is true in one part of the universe must be true in all parts. That which has been understood and conceded to be true in all ages and climes is what we call universal truth.

"Because the first chapter of Genesis, then, agrees in all essential particulars with the accounts of other nations and among other peoples we consider it universal truth.

"Because it is so beautiful, logical and spiritual, we revere it; because our own inner consciousness of truth agrees with its statements, we concede it to be as accurate and reasonable an account of Creation as we have, and we are therefore willing to use it as the basis of our argument.

"We read: 'In the beginning God created,' but a more literal and spiritual rendering would make the pivotal statement, 'God creates.' Now we know there can be no beginning or end to Omnipotence, hence there must be a continuous creating, and thus the term 'beginning' could only refer to the manifestation of what had already been created. How was the creation manifested? By the Word. 'God said,

let there be light, and it was so,' and by every 'God said,' was manifested the thing which He said was to be.

"The word God is an abbreviation of the Anglo-Saxon of Good, the two words in that language being identical. To many this will be an aid to realizing the omnipresence God, and add to the reverential sense of that personal nearness which makes the Deity a Father and an ever-loving Friend.

"God is not person as to form or personal limitations, yet personal in the sense of Presence and intelligent communication with intelligent beings. Jesus said truly, 'No man hath seen God at any time, because the eye of the flesh cannot perceive spirit.' Through the quality or influence of Good, Intelligence, Love and all we may name as soulful, we perceive and feel God's presence.

"Thus in the spiritual sense, the 'pure in heart may see God.' We can, too, perceive the quality of God in Good, as we perceive the attributes of the sun in its light. As the light of the sun warms the dark earth, making it fruitful, so the divine Light (Intelligence), shining upon our earth nature, makes it fruitful because of the presence of its Creator.

"Some there are who call this ever-present Intelligence or Good the living Principle. As the Infinite, it wears all phases and adapts itself to every conception of the Finite, so in the sense of omnipresence and unchangeableness it might from this point of view be called Principle. This is the cold, mathematical conception of God as Law, which without Love would be incomplete. We must, therefore, know the duality of God if we are to understand either Law or Love. Some things can only be known by intuition, without the aid of the senses, and because of an inherent idea in our consciousness. For

instance, every nation worships Deity in some way. Since we cannot know God through the senses, by which we gain knowledge of visible things, how can we know there *is* a God?

"As Paul says: 'Likewise the spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God;' and what better answer could we have?

"Spirit, according to Webster, is: 'Life or living substance considered independent of corporeal existence —vital essence, force, or energy as distinct from matter.' God is the vital essence, God is spirit, and God is substance—'the real or existing essence,' 'the divine essence or being.'

"God, therefore, is the Divine Power that creates and sustains all things—the All-Power, the All-Intelligence, the All-Mind, the All-Love, the All-Substance, the All-Harmony, the All-Life, the All-Good, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent. This is the one Creator, 'one God who is Father of all, over all, and in all.'

"Though we cannot see this God or Good Principle, we can apprehend it through the signs or manifestations that we see. As we look about, we everywhere see the signs of life—not Life itself, but the signs of it —that tell of the presence of God or Good. Now Life is Good in and for itself.

"We often see the divinest love manifested through every deed of love, every heroic act of higher living, every grand sacrifice of self-comfort, pleasure, even life itself. Jesus says: 'Greater love can no man have than to lay down his life for his friend.' Such love is a manifestation of the one, only Love, which is God—Good omnipresent.

"Every glimpse of Truth which the whole world seeks to know and wherever found, is a realization of the omnipresent Truth, which is God.

"Intelligence, in its highest or lowest form, is but a manifestation of God as Intelligence; for whence comes our intelligence if not from the great and only Intelligence, which is ever flowing to us and through us, which is ever being generated in us, whenever and wherever we are willing to let it manifest itself.

"Emerson says: 'There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a free man of the whole estate. * * * Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.'

"So we reason about health and strength and justice, or any of the divine qualities, which we may claim as a part of our inheritance, because they are inherent in the All, in which 'we live, are moved, and have our being.'

"Having something of an understanding as to the nature of this divine Creator, we can, to some extent, apprehend that the essence of all things manifesting it, and manifested by it, must be good like itself, must be of the same quality as itself; as light emanating from light, must be of the same essence and quality as that from which it emanates. God, like light, is always the same, and cannot send forth or create anything opposite Himself.

"The nature of God embraces every good quality of

masculine and feminine character, as also the impersonal life Principle. It is therefore proper to use the masculine, feminine or neuter pronoun when referring to Deity. As different phases of the one Love, we see manifested, the strong, all-protecting, intelligent father-love, the tender, restful, patient mother-love, the innocent, confiding, trustful child-love, each complete in the whole, which can be recognized by all or one of these attributes.

"The great Mind of which the ancient philosophers tell us and which Emerson so plainly realized, is the the Origin and Force of all Creation, the Mind for which we have found so many synonyms and so many offices, the Great Invisible of which all visible things are but signs or symbols.

"There is but one great Mind, one great Thinker. All thoughts of this Mind, which is Infinite Goodness, must be infinitely good, and man is the crown and apex of the wonderful creation—is made in the image and likeness of God.

"If we concede the Creator, God, to be omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, the only Power there is, perfect, unchangeable and eternal, we must necessarily concede that all which He creates is good, and must remain so because everything connected with, emanating from, or similar to Him is, and must be like Him in quality and essence.

"The true man is spiritual, perfect like his Father, and can only be subject to perfect conditions. If we continually and persistently recognize the true creation which is invisible, we make manifest the perfect condi-

tions in the sign of the true, which is the visible. In doing this, we are, in the most essential sense, acknowledging God, worshiping the one Deity.

"Because we have so long recognized the other powers we have become idolators, and must now turn back to the only true God. 'If thou return to the almighty, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles. . . For thou shalt have thy delight in the almighty and shalt lift up thy face unto God.'

"We have become filled with false beliefs, because we have judged according to appearances, and hence drawn false conclusions. How can we know spiritual truth without spiritual knowledge? How can we have spiritual knowledge without spiritual perception; how can we have spiritual perception without recognizing Spirit, Substance, God, as the supreme Essence back of all visible forms?

"This is the fundamental principle of healing—this recognition of spiritual being and spiritual law. Grasping only the surface meaning of this grand truth, we recognize and admire the mental power which produces cures, hence it is frequently called mind-cure, because, through the agency of mind, the cure is wrought, as we say, water-cure or sun-cure for the same reason; but as we proceed in the study, we will go beyond an intellectual to a spiritual perception of what is meant by *met-a-physical*, which pertains not only to a science of mental phenomena, but the science of real being, and has to do with the spiritual or real self of man.

"Now John, if you don't understand, just wait and

study, for really we must study these statements, without prejudice, too, for that is the only way, and of course we cannot expect to understand at once. The great essential is to keep uppermost the *desire* for truth, but I need not tell you that, for what an earnest truth-seeker you are, nobody knows better than myself.

"This is the best I can do toward giving the first lesson, but you must think well upon it and get a good foundation laid for what is to come next. This science is to be developed rather than learned.

"I want to put in every moment I can get for study, so must close. Hand this to Kate and Grace. I do hope they will be interested.

"Tell me all about your progress, and the precious little ones—how are they?

"Your loving MARION."

CHAPTER XIV.

"How shall I know if I do choose the right?"— *Shakespeare.*

"Truth is one,
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity."
—*Whittier.*

"THAT is a very clear statement," said Mr. Hayden, as he handed the letter to Grace when she called the next evening.

"Do you think we can get much of an idea from it?"

"O yes, indeed we can; but you take it home and read it with Kate."

Grace went straight home with her prize for she was more interested than she cared to admit just yet, and Kate was still reluctant and fearful about the possible wrong.

Grace had awakened in the night, just after Mrs. Hayden had gone and found her crying. "What is the matter, Katie?" she asked.

"Oh, Grace, I am so worried about this Healing, and I am afraid I did wrong to even promise Mrs. Hayden I would read her letters," sobbed the poor child.

"Why, Katie dear, we could never know anything if we did not look into it and use the reason God has given us. Surely you are not afraid to examine into

what claims to be such wonderful truth. You do not necessarily accept by examining it, and I am glad we can have the privilege of reading what Mrs. Hayden says, for she has such a fair, unprejudiced mind, and will give us the matter just as nearly right as she can; then we can judge for ourselves."

She reached over and drew Kate into her arms, but the sobbing did not cease at once. Grace was naturally kind-hearted, and respected people's feelings. To-night she was very gentle, as Kate gratefully realized.

"Come Kate, put away your fears. There's nothing can change the truth you have, and if it isn't truth, the sooner you change your mind the better. What makes you feel so, all at once? Has some one said anything?"

"Yes, Mr. Narrow gave me such a talking to when I asked him if it was wrong; for someway, I got so troubled that I did not know what else to do."

"Well, what of it; you don't see anything wrong in it yourself, do you?"

"N—o, not exactly."

"What are you afraid of, then?"

"I—I don't know," with a hysterical sob. She was ashamed to admit that she was half afraid of eternal punishment, something she had been in vague terror of all her life. It had been impressed upon her so vividly, and now she was suffering from a keenly reproachful conscience, because for so long a time she had been indifferent and neglectful of her religious duties.

Grace finally persuaded her it would be all right to give the matter a fair investigation. Then she went to sleep, comforted, for half her misery had been caused by her indecision and wavering.

When they read the letter together, Grace was delighted and Kate not much less so, though she demurred a little about some things.

"What beautiful ideas of God! It seems plainer than anything I ever heard. To say God is Principle, not person, makes it easier to apprehend His omnipresence," exclaimed Grace, laying down the letter.

"Y-e-s, in one sense," slowly assented Kate, "but in the Bible He is spoken of as Person, or at least as having personal attributes, and you know they frequently refer to what He says and how He talked with Abraham."

"O, I think that is figurative, if it is true at all. How can a being with a definite or outlined form be everywhere at the same time?"

"But surely, you believe His thoughts can be everywhere, and that is what is meant by this omnipresence," said Kate, earnestly.

"Then do you think of Him as sitting on a great golden throne, listening to the petitions of men below, and able to hear and to grant or refuse at the same moment every prayer that is sent to Him by the millions of His children on earth?"

"'God's ways are not our ways, and with Him all things are possible.'"

"But is it not much easier to say this is Principle, which is everywhere waiting for our recognition of its

presence to become manifested to us?" pursued Grace.

"Yes, I don't know but it is."

"Now Kate, I am truly in earnest and mean to study this very earnestly. I know very little about the Bible, because it has been a sealed book to me every time I ever tried to read it, but during these three weeks that Mrs. Hayden is gone, I am going to put away my preconceived opinions as far as possible and see if I can learn something, and now let us get the Bible and see what it says on these questions. You have a concordance. Let us look up the word omnipresence and read some of the passages in which it occurs."

Kate was well pleased, not only to make the Bible the foundation of this study, but to find Grace so changed, and so ready to look into sacred things. "Perhaps she will be converted," she thought, and from that moment she, too, resolved to look fairly into Christian Healing. She brought the concordance and found there was no reference to omnipresence.

"We'll look for present or presence," suggested Grace. She glanced rapidly down the columns and found a reference to Ps. cxxxix. and turned to that.

"Yes, in the seventh verse it says: 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit or whither shall I flee from thy presence?' and here is a marginal reference to Jer. xxiii: 24. 'Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth?' Now it seems to me that carries the idea of a personal Being," said Kate.

"Well, let us look up the references to God," suggested Grace again. "Here's one in Deut. xxxii: 4. 'He is the rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he.' Yes, there He is compared to a rock. Of course that is symbolical, but find another. Isn't there one that tells of Him as spirit?"

"Yes, 'God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth,' that is in John iv: 24, and in the first chapter of John it reads: 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God.'"

"Ah! there we have it very plain; word is not flesh and blood or person. Doesn't it say in the letter that God is Intelligence, which is only another way to express the same thing?"

"Yes, and I remember when Jesus prayed for His disciples, He said: 'Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth;' and some place in the Bible it speaks of God as truth," said Kate, quite willing to give all the corroborative testimony she could.

"Truth can only be considered as principle, so we have that statement confirmed by the Bible, and that would agree with what Pythagoras wrote," said Grace, quoting: "'There is one Universal Soul diffused through all things, eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like truth, in substance resembling light; . . . to be comprehended only by the mind.' Now it is comparatively easy to see manifestations of the Good. By the way, I think it a volume of explanation in itself to say Good instead of God, don't you?"

"Well, yes, it does seem peculiarly expressive, but the old way sounds a little better yet."

"Of course," pursued Grace, "it doesn't matter so much what we call this omnipresent power, as whether we understand it. All humanity worship the same Deity in the sense of recognizing an omnipotent Power. I once read something comparing the ideas of God among the different peoples, and it was really wonderful how similar they were, excepting, of course, each nation had a different name for Deity. I believe I have that book now somewhere;" and Grace went to look for it, but presently returned without finding it. "Well, it made such a vivid impression on me that I remember a few of the principal statements. One was that the Hindoos teach of an omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent Being called Brehm who is the creator of all things, from whom all things emanate and by whom all things are sustained. The Persians, Egyptians, Greeks held similar ideas. The Persians called God, Ormuzd, the Greeks, Orpheus, the Egyptians, Osiris."

"I did not know the Pagans held such ideas of Deity. I always thought they believed in many gods," said Kate.

"They did, but as Edward Everett Hale, says: 'The innumerable Gods of the Pantheon are but manifestations of the One Being,' that is, they had special names for the different manifestations of God, as He appeared to them in the sun, the air, the earth, and also the different qualities of human character. They all alike believed in a Supreme Being, and made

statements almost synonymous with many in the Bible. That is what may be called universal truth, and if this philosophy is what is consistent with fundamental truth, it will be just what I have been wishing to find." Grace leaned back meditatively, adding, "Mythology used to have a peculiar charm for me, and many of those old stories are coming back with a new significance."

"'There is but one foundation, other, can no man lay,'" quoted Kate, earnestly.

"Yes, my dear," and Grace rose and paced back and forth in deep abstraction. "There is but one Truth and we can not establish a falsity. But I want to carry my reflections a little further concerning this universal worship. To my mind, the power inherent in everything and recognized in some way by every individual is the supreme, perfect Power in different phases of manifestation. The man who trusts an unseen power to bring the seed he plants to full fruition, is believing in the true God, though he may not know it.

"The whole world lives on faith from one year to another, for there is not enough food produced in one season to last more than one year, and if men did not know every succeeding season would provide, they would be desperate indeed. What is this but believing in a supreme Power? Even materialists admit that the great First Cause is beyond matter. Herbert Spencer speaks of it as the 'Universal Reality, without beginning and without end.'"

"All people reverence and admire the sentiments of

love and justice and truth and mercy. Let us agree they come from the same cause and are everywhere present, and we shall come nearer to worshiping God in spirit and in truth, than we ever have before. Now let's have your opinion, Queen Katherine," concluded Grace, looking at Kate with a playful smile as she finished her long dissertation.

"There is nothing I can add to that, and it seems a very good conclusion to our first lesson. I did not know you had thought so much about religious things, Grace."

"I always had a fondness for looking on the forbidden side of things, and I am afraid I was more curious than religious, but I am rather glad if there is an explanation to these things that have always puzzled me."

CHAPTER XV.

"A lie can not exist—it only appears. Truth is consciousness consistent with itself in every relation; error is consciousness inconsistent with itself in some relation."—*Judge H. P. Biddle.*

"And what an end lies before us! To have a consciousness of our own ideal being flashed through us from the thought of God! Surely, for this may well give way all our paltry self-consciousness, our self-admiration and self-worships! Surely, to know what He thinks about us will pale out of our souls all our thoughts about ourselves!"—*George MacDonald.*

"MARLOW, September—.

DEAR JOHN: I hope you are as anxiously awaiting this letter as I awaited the second lecture. It was splendid, so comprehensive, and above all, so practical. It throws light on many puzzling points, and I am delighted so far with what seems so plain and true.

"Some of the members of the class seemed quite shocked at some of the statements, but it is not strange that they should seem startling to one who has never thought on the subject, for indeed, I should think it would take a good while to get used to reasoning that is directly opposite the world's first conclusions; still we are looking for results that are quite contrary to what the world looks for, so we can afford to collide with its opinions. When Mrs. Pearl came into the class room, all turned to look at her and every ear was ready to listen.

"In yesterday's lesson we made a statement of God as the only Mind of the universe, the Great Reality

beside whom there is absolutely nothing in existence; but as we look around at the scenes of suffering and poverty and ignorance, we are mightily tempted to disbelieve such a statement.

"'Talk of omnipotent Light in the midst of midnight darkness!' you exclaim. Ah, but you are to remember we are talking of the real creation; the invisible and unapparent instead of the visible and apparent; the changeless and eternal instead of the evanescent and decaying.

"If God is the only Reality, His creation is the only real creation. The word real is applied to that which actually exists, which forever is, not to that which seems or appears; therefore, in speaking of the real we mean the changeless and invisible.

"If God is the only Mind, His are the only real thoughts, and thoughts are invisible to the eye, but discernible to the mind or consciousness.

"If God is everywhere, there is no possible place or space in the universe where God is not; hence He is all there is. One of our modern prophets wisely wrote: 'Has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every clime and age that the Where and the When so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial Everywhere and Forever. Have not all nations conceived their God as omnipresent and eternal, as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now?

"'Think well, thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of our human sense, so likewise Time. There is

no space and no time. *We* are—we know not what; light sparkles floating in the ether of Deity. So this so solid seeming world, were, after all, but an air-image—our *me* the only reality.'

"This me is the spiritual self, the individual idea of God, His image and likeness.

"What then, about this body, which is not spiritual, you ask? What about the material universe?

"Wait a moment. Think of the premise. As God the invisible is the changeless, what is the variable, fleeting, visible unreality? The real is everlasting, the unreal is transitory. The real is called Spirit, the unreal matter.

"What is Spirit? The underlying omnipresent substance that we call God.

"What is matter? The counterfeit, shadow, emblem, showing that Spirit exists or is.

"We read in a very ancient Hindoo Scripture: 'Those who have understanding, whose thought is pure, see the entire universe as the picture of Thy wisdom;' and the thoughtful Carlyle said: 'All visible things are emblems. . . . Matter represents some idea and bodies it forth.'

"These thoughts are in perfect accord with the principles laid down in our premise, hence we find that as we believe matter, believe the body to be the real creation, we are believing a falsity. This is the idol we are worshiping instead of the true and only God. The grand visible universe in which we see so many beauties, so many charms, is but the mighty object lesson before us by which we may learn of the infinite,

invisible All. As Theodore Parker said: 'The universe itself is a great autograph of the Almighty.'

"The characters used in mathematics do not constitute the science but merely represent to the senses the invisible ideas of the principle of mathematics. The visible does not constitute the invisible, but may carry its messages as we learn to read its poetic and mystic pages. The visible speaks to the mortal nature, but the invisible beyond and above, speaks to the immortal nature.

"Since we find matter to be so totally opposite the real, there is no other name for it than as the unreal, and the unreal being a counterfeit of the real, must be a lie, as the nature of a lie is to make false claims, pretending they are true.

"Matter is a counterfeit because it is not genuine or of God, because it is changeable and fleeting, because being limited to a visible form, it must have finite limitations and can merely give finite conceptions.

"Taking it as a *sign* of something infinite, we learn of the infinite. All the students, teachers, learned men and women of the world have added to the world's spiritual ideas revealed by their study of the finite as well as their intuitive knowledge of the infinite. Charles Kingsley gives us a hint of how to learn: 'Do not study matter for its own sake but as the countenance of God. Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it.'

"Our ideas of matter must then be entirely changed, and we must learn to look beyond the seeming, to the

true. We have believed in the reality of matter and material environment because of reasoning from the false basis that man is material or that he is a mixture of material and spiritual. To believe that the flesh and blood of our sister or brother is their real self, is to believe God capable of creating something utterly unlike himself (John iii, James i.) which may suffer, sin and die, and if He is all perfection, He can not know imperfection. If He is all spirit, He can not know or be matter. Keep before your mind the perfection, omnipotence, omnipresence of Spirit, God or Principle, and you will see more and more clearly the inconsistency of anything opposite Him emanating from Him.

"Believing in matter as a reality, we have endowed it with all the power of the real, have ascribed to it life, substance and intelligence, when it possesses neither.

"Where is the life when the body dies? If life were inherent in the physical body, could it ever cease to be? God the eternal life principle can not cease to be. The life manifested through the body is the life which is God and can not be affected by the decay or disappearance of the body.

"The invisible essence of life is also the true substance, the reliable and changeless something, upon which we may forever depend. We use the word substance in its etymological sense (from *sub*, under and *stare*, to stand), and since Spirit or Mind is the reality that underlies every material or sensible object, there is no substance to the object itself.

"Plato taught that '*ideas*, are the only *real* things.'

Ideas are expressions of thoughts, and thoughts are expressions of mind, and this reasoning brings us back to God as Mind and Mind as Cause. Admitting Mind or Spirit to be the life and substance back of or expressing itself through the body, we may easily see that intelligence can not exist apart from Mind, and hence can not belong to matter.

"That the mind or intelligence is seated in the gray convolutions of the brain, is held by the materialists, and yet Dr. Laycock affirms 'that matter is fundamentally nothing more than that which is the seat of motion to ends, of which mind is the source and cause.' Professor Huxley crowns the statement by saying, 'That which perceives or knows is mind or spirit, and therefore, that knowledge which the senses give us, is, after all, a knowledge of spiritual phenomena.' Professor Faraday held to the immateriality of physical objects.

"In the language of Jesus the Christ, we are told, 'Spirit is all, the flesh profiteth nothing;' thus from all classes of conscientious but confessedly diverse thinkers, we find statements of universal truth, and this is what the hungry, starving world is seeking with more earnestness than ever before.

"Since there is no life, substance or intelligence in matter, it will be comparatively easy to prove that there can be no sensation, for where there is no life in the body, there can be no feeling. Even the physiologists tell us mind must know pain before it can be located in the body. We state therefore a theorem which is practically demonstrated; there is no sensation in matter.

"As we visit penitentiaries, reform schools and hospitals, as we read and hear the startling statements of press and pulpit, we grow disconsolate and heavy-hearted over the awful power and reality of evil, forgetting again that He who is perfect goodness can not behold evil or in any way permit its existence, any more than heat can permit cold, or light can permit darkness.

"Granting the omnipotence of Good, where is there any room for its opposite?

"If there is but one Power, and that omnipotent and perfect, there can be no evil *in reality;* hence we are dealing with another lie when we judge according to appearances, which Jesus said we should not do. It is really disloyalty to God to impute to Him all misery, pain, sickness and suffering caused by the evil and ignorance of man. We are told: 'Let your soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God.' Because we have not done so, but have believed in every claim power, we suffer from 'evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,' as Milton wrote, or, in the words of Emerson, 'we *mis*create our own evils.'

"Jeremiah said: 'It is your sins that have withholden the good things from you.'

"According to Webster, 'sin is a transgression of the law of God.' There is but one law—the perfect and unchangeable Truth. Any deviation from Truth is error, and error is sin. In proportion as we deviate from the strictly true, then, we sin. Because we admit things to be true which are not true, we *admit*, then *commit* sin, and hence suffer for sin. 'Know ye not

that to whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are, whether of sin unto death or obedience unto righteousness,' wrote Paul. We first think wrong. Sin is of the mind, not of the body.

"To acknowledge the reality of sin or evil is a transgression of the law, because, according to our established premise, it cannot be true.

"Through a misconception of our relation to God, and a belief in the power of evil, we are obliged to admit the existence of sin, sickness, and death, neither of which can be true in the presence of God, as the only Reality, in which or in whom are all things that eternally are, not that temporarily appear.

"We have believed in a mind or power of thought opposite and contrary to God, when in reality there can be nothing opposite or contrary to eternal Mind. We have believed ourselves endowed with a mind separate from God, and ourselves subject to temptation from some cause not Good. We have believed in minds, when there is but one Mind.

"This false force, this false mind, is variously called the evil or carnal mind, the mind of the flesh, the old man, the serpent, the devil, the adversary. It is simply the opposite or contradictory of the Good, the god of evil.

"Beside every true or positive statement there is a false or negative claim, and in so far as we are ignorant of the true, we are in bondage to the false. To *believe* the claims of error is to be bound; to *know* the reality of truth is to be free. To believe in a mind or power separate or opposite from God, is to be subject to any

suppositions or beliefs formulated by that mind or negative thought.

"That we are spiritually perfect is true, but it is necessary for us to prove that fact by 'working out our own salvation,' by manifesting the positive or God quality of thought through our life and actions, and the only way to be filled with good thought is to recognize and acknowledge the Good only as the real.

"This error, tempter or devil, was spoken of by Jesus as having no truth, as being a liar, and the father or cause of lies (John viii: 44). Instead of devil (which is only another name for evil or the slanderer), or 'carnal mind', as Paul called it, we find mortal thought a better term for the expression of this power of thinking.

"'Why have we this power of thinking wrong thoughts when there is but one good and only Mind?' you ask. As God's idea, in the image and likeness of Mind that thinks, we have the power of recognition, the power to be or not to be, the possibility to become sons of God. We have the power to distinguish, to judge, to know; we have the spirit that ever leads us on and on in truth.

"But here is where we fail. In our ignorance or limited state of unfoldment, we have mistaken the symbol for that which is symbolized matter is the symbol, as also the body, we have judged according to appearances instead of righteous or strictly true judgment; we have yielded to a belief in sin, hence are servants of sin.

"The conception of matter as having power, is based on appearances, and because we have delegated to it a power,

have acknowledged it as an entity, separate from the eternal mind, it has enslaved us.

"Reasoning in this way we find everywhere two opposites or contradictories to be recognized and judged, as the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual, the false and the true, the mortal and the immortal, the unreal and the real, the negative and the positive.

"Judging of the true by that which is changeless and eternal, we can decide at once on those qualities or attributes belonging to or describing what is true, and by knowing what is true, we can readily distinguish it from the erroneous.

"We have considered these great errors or negatives which the world has believed and still believes in, and they must be dealt with according to scientific law.

"Through all the ages of Christianity have been heard the words of the Master: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me;' but who has understood it? The letter of the law has indeed been observed by many earnest followers of Jesus to a degree not considered necessary in this age, but what has it demonstrated? What has come of all the fasting and renunciation, the cruel asceticism and severe discipline?

"Do these conscientious disciples give an unmistakable proof of their discipleship by showing the signs that must follow the true believer? How can they when they talk of sin, sickness and death; of things contradictory to the nature, power and presence of God?

"Then they must not have understood the spiritual import of these words of Jesus to 'deny himself.' Deny means, according to Webster, 'to contradict; to declare not to be true; to disclaim connection with; to refuse to acknowledge; to disown.' Jesus meant deny the mortal thought, the false self; refuse to acknowledge it as having any authority; and it is only as the Christ follower proves this to be the true mode of denying self, that he can speak with authority as to the scientific method of dealing with all the errors to which mortal thought gives birth.

"No other way has brought the desired result; hence we confidently assert that all these mistakes agreed to and participated in by mankind must be emphatically, persistently, scientifically denied.

"Systematically and repeatedly we say:

"1. There is no life, substance or intelligence in matter.

"2. There is no sensation or causation in matter.

"3. There is no reality in matter.

"4. There is no reality in sin, sickness or death.

"5. There is no reality in evil.

"6. There is no reality in mortal thought.

"This is denying the self recognized by the world. This is the life that must be laid down, that must be sacrificed, lost.

"Humanity has proven its subjection to these errors. Now, by its faithful rejection of them, let it prove them lies, for the force of a lie is always annulled by rejection. This proves the law referred to by Jesus when he made a denial of self the first duty of his disciples.

"In denying, it is necessary to say the words over and over again; it may be mechanically at first, but say them over, several hours at a time, if possible.

"More is accomplished by concentration than anybody is aware, and the repetition of the words helps to concentrate the thought. First repeat the whole list of denials, then select one on which to spend most of the time for several days. The denial of matter, for instance, makes us more spiritually minded.

"When denying, try to realize there is no space, but that anywhere you send your thought it will go, and as you think or say the words, you will be denying error for the world as well as for yourself, as every thought is world-wide in its influence, and helps to free or bind humanity, even as it is truth or error.

"To deny is to put out of mind, to erase, as it were, the false beliefs. Be earnest, be faithful, and you will have an abundant reward.

"This, dear John, is the substance of the lecture as nearly as I can give it. After Mrs. Pearl had finished the lesson, she requested the class to sit in silence a few moments and together hold the thought, 'There is no reality in matter;' after which we were dismissed with this benediction: 'May we realize that God *is*, that spirit is the only reality.'

"The lessons are always opened by silent prayer, which I have forgotten to mention before.

"Please, dear husband, observe these rules and study every assertion as carefully as though you were in the class. You, and Grace, and Kate, can accomplish a great deal together; but by all means don't pass

judgment till you have carefully examined all the evidence.

"Tell me all about the children. Such details will greatly comfort me, for I must confess that to-night I am the least bit homesick.

"Good night,

"Your loving MARION."

CHAPTER XVI.

"God is commanding us off, every hour of our lives, toward things eternal, there to find our good, and build our rest. Sometimes He does it by taking us out of the world, and sometimes by taking the world out of us."—*H. Bushnell.*

"THE second letter has come," said Grace the moment Kate entered the room, after her day's lessons were over.

"Has it? Let us hurry and get the tea over so we can study it."

"Don't you want to hear it first? I haven't looked at it because I wanted to wait for you, but I can't wait that long," cried Grace, pulling it out of her painting-apron pocket.

"All right, then read away while I start the fire."

"No; come and sit down like a good child, you can't half listen when your mind is filled with stoves and tea-pots."

Kate smiled, and drawing her chair up beside Grace, she listened to the reading, while her face alternately brightened or darkened.

"Well, it sounds very beautiful and very plausible, but I can't see how any one can say there is no evil when the world is full of it, and to say there is no sin, sickness or death! why, that is blasphemous! I know the Bible won't corroborate that," she said, in a horrified voice, at the conclusion of the letter.

"Hold on, we must not be so fast; there are good

reasons for every statement, and she says it is necessary to say these denials over and over. It is harder for me to believe there is no matter, but if there is a way to prove there is none, then I will submit. But first let us see what the Bible says," said the more moderate Grace.

She got the Bible and concordance, but could find no reference to matter as pertaining to physical creation, but she found under the word "flesh" an allusion to John i: 12-13, and iii: 6. "The first reads," began Grace, "'But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.' That evidently refers to a creation possible to all, but where is the authority for saying 'there is no matter'?"

She pondered a moment, then referred to the letter—"Oh, I see! She says, 'no *reality* in matter,' and then goes on to explain about the real. Yes, now I see. Do you understand it, Kate?"

"I can understand that the body is not the real," replied Kate, thoughtfully, "for Jesus said 'the spirit is all, the flesh profiteth nothing,' but—"

"That's so. Why didn't we think of that before? Besides, it was taught by the ancient philosophers as much as 4,000 years ago, that matter has no reality. Yes, its plain to see how it can be, theoretically, but where they can demonstrate it practically, puzzles me. Here is a reference; let us see if that will tell us something."

She read Heb. xi: 3: "'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.'"

"That seems quite conclusive," said Kate.

"Yes, it does. Now we will consider your problem," replied Grace, running her finger down the references, "and see if we can find anything in that. Let us bear in mind," she continued, "she does not say there is no appearance, but no reality in evil. Among the first references, I find one to the twenty-third Psalm: 'I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.' How plain that is! Of course there can be no evil where God is, and God is everywhere. God is Love. In Love there is no evil."

"But just think of the awful crimes that are committed every day, and the wicked people who commit them," demurred Kate, with an incredulous look.

"We haven't got far enough to solve everything; listen to this: 'Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked,'" read Grace.

"That must mean that with the carnal mind we see all things opposite God, and with the mind of the spirit we discern spiritual things; that is in Romans somewhere," exclaimed Kate, with a gleam of understanding in her face.

"What word shall I look for?" asked Grace, intently pursuing her search.

"Mind, I think; shan't I look for it?"

"No; here it is in the eighth chapter and tenth verse: 'The carnal mind is at enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.'

That is plain enough. It means that all thoughts opposite God and God's creations are of the animal man, hence at enmity with God, and since there is nothing real but God and His creations, of course there is no reality in them. Now you are satisfied, aren't you, Kate?"

"I suppose I ought to be, for I don't see any other way to understand those passages," she admitted, with a sigh of relief.

"Just one more, and we'll go on to the next denial, which will hit me, I'm afraid," continued Grace.

She turned to Isa. xxxiii: 15–16: "I declare, Kate, here is the essence of the whole lesson," and she read: "'He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly' (according to the true creation), 'he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hand from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.'"

"I really did not know there was such a passage in the Bible, and I don't see why other people haven't found it before," said Kate, quite won over. "But how strange it seems to deny this way."

"Yes, that is the most unreasonable part of it, and yet I think Mrs. Hayden has explained it very clearly. Now what is next?" asked Grace.

"There is no life, substance or intelligence in matter," answered Kate, glancing at the letter.

"I must confess that puzzles me," mused Grace, thoughtfully.

"Oh, that is easy enough to understand, when you remember the spirit is all, besides, when a person dies the organs of the body may be perfect, but there is no life or feeling, and according to this new understanding, no substance," explained Kate, in her turn.

"I can see it well enough as a theory, but what all this has to do with practical every-day living, is a mystery to me."

"'We haven't got far enough to solve everything,' somebody said to me once, and here it is for you," remarked Kate, with a spice of mischief in her tone.

"All right, what next?"

"No sensation or causation in matter; but I think that is answered the same way as the other. But this last one; I do wonder if the Bible corroborates it?" Kate looked troubled again, as she read: "'There is no sin, sickness nor death.'"

"The same reasoning applies to that as to all the rest. There is no reality to anything but God's creation, and that is changeless and perfect. But we will see what the Bible has to say; I. John iii: 2–10. In the second verse it reads: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be;' that of course is an assertion of our spiritual self. Then verse nine says: 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him and he can not sin, because he is born of God.' Then it seems plain there can be no sin to the spirit, neither can there be sickness nor death."

"It is wonderful," murmured Kate.

"What is next?" pursued Grace, with the concordance open before her.

"That is all, except she explains the use and necessity of denial, and suggests to Mr. Hayden the benefit of denying for hours at a time."

"Well, we can do that, too. If it is good for him, it must be for us. I mean to do it," said Grace, shutting her book with a snap and pacing back and forth excitedly.

"Oh, well, take it calmly; we can do that while we are getting supper, and I am hungry now. Do you know it is seven o'clock?" Kate exclaimed, looking at her watch.

"Two hours we have been studying," said Grace. "Really, this is as interesting as painting. I don't see one thing but what is reasonable, do you, Kate?"

"Not the way it seems now."

After everything was put away they began making earnest application of the rules. Each sat silently thinking, according to directions: "There is no reality in matter, there is no reality in matter," etc. For two hours neither spoke. Then Kate said: "I feel so light; as though there were no weight to my body. What does it mean?"

"I don't know, unless it shows you are realizing what you say."

"That is it. I can feel that there is no obstruction to spirit or thought; that spirit is limitless and God is everywhere."

She seemed lost in her new thoughts, and went to bed as though she were dreaming. Grace had experienced nothing but a sense of dullness and extreme sleepiness.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence or God is not a relation or a part, but a whole." — *Emerson.*

"MARLOW, September—.

DEAR HUSBAND: I was made very happy this morning by the messages from home, and especially Fred's and Jamie's baby efforts. They wanted to send mamma their love, and the straggling characters meant for words, convey as much meaning as though they were in good English, for they speak to me in unmistakable language. Why do I understand so well? Ah, John, I see. Because, being filled with love for them, I recognize the same quality in what they feel for me, and only need a sign to read the meaning back of it.

"As I write, new light comes to me regarding the real meaning of signs and symbols. Until we are filled with a desire and love for God, we can not perceive or understand the real meaning of the universe, can not read God's love for us. Until we have a conscious apprehension that there is a spiritual knowledge, we can not recognize spiritual truth.

"Oh, I can not help wishing you had been here to-day! It was simply grand; such an uplifting, such a glimpse of the wondrous Now. We learned about

what *is*, what we *are* and how to prove ourselves God's children. Mrs. Pearl opened with a few words on the use and necessity of silence, after which we were all silent awhile, when she commenced:

"Garfield said, 'The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, the philosopher, the historian and the humble listener, there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.'

"What has made possible this divine melody but the spirit of love and truth that ever animates the children of God? Were it not for this vein, nay this wholeness of the invisible spirit, what could we have on which to found hopes of 'halcyon days?'

"Not from the visible man of flesh and blood do all things beautiful and true emanate, nor from the material and unstable, but from the one source that is God, as apprehended and realized by His idea, the real, invisible, spiritual man. Beauty, worth, can only be in idea or understanding.

"What made Milton, Shakespeare, Emerson, truly great was their appropriation and manifestation of the invisible inheritance of spirit, mind.

"What is man without intelligence, without love, without life, without truth? The real man is spiritual because he is the idea of Spirit, Mind, God, the only Creator. All that is grand, noble, true in an individual

is a manifestation of the God-power and presence. There is but one real Mind, and all real or positive thought or intelligence is the manifestation of Mind, which is God. There is but one real Intelligence, and the intelligence manifested by the individual is the Intelligence which is God.

"God is absolutely one Verity, the primordial Essence. But how shall we know this as a fact? How shall we prove it as an incontrovertible truth? you ask.

"By persistent acknowledgement of God and His creation, we become one with Him, and to be one with God is to know absolute Truth. We are conditioned by the thoughts we think and by the words we speak. By thinking and speaking right words we manifest true conditions; by thinking and speaking wrong words we manifest false conditions. 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.' If we desire to manifest strength, justice or wisdom of God, we must 'acknowledge God in all our ways.'

"'The only salvation,' says George MacDonald, 'is being filled with the spirit of God, having the same mind as Christ.'

"In order to realize the essence of these words, in order to realize the essence of any truth, we must enter into its meaning by becoming one with it, by making ourselves the expression of its harmony, the picture of its idea.

"Knowing the potency of the word, we say the true words over and over again, silently or audibly, we think of them in every possible way, with varied expression if we will, as it is the thought, the prime idea that we are seeking to manifest.

"We want the true salvation; 'we want to be filled with the spirit;' we want the truth that makes free; we want strength, justice, wisdom. To secure these we have only to rid ourselves of the false and be filled with the true.

"By the positive denial of a lie we annul the lie; by the positive affirmation of truth we establish truth, or rather our consciousness of truth is established; thus, as we deny error or affirm truth, are we carried forward and upward. These are the 'wonderful words of life' that clothe us with righteousness.

"The words that we use first are statements of fundamental Truth, acknowledging who and what God is, what we are, and in what relation we stand to our Father.

"1. God is Life, Truth, Love, Substance.

"2. God is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent.

"3. I am the idea of God, and in Him I have my being.

"4. God is my sufficiency in all work and my will in all ways.

"5. I am subject to God's law and can not sin, suffer or die.

"Over and over again we speak the words, and by marvelous law new meanings flash upon us, new thoughts are born, new interpretations come to efface the more obscure ones of the past. It may be easier to follow every denial with its corresponding affirmation; if so, study the lesson that way.

"*Hold to each affirmation till it yields its pearl.*

Take the first, 'God is Life;' say the words over and over, think of them in every conceivable way. Make every tiny leaf and slender blade of grass tell you something of the infinite Life. Bear in mind that every where life is manifested, whether in plant, animal or man, wherever we look there is omnipresent Life.

"God is Life. This same Life is our life, which can not be taken away from us. This Life is good, and in It we live even as God lives in us. Oh, wondrous life that flows on and on, without beginning, without end, even as the river sings: 'Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.'

"God is Truth, all truth, wheresoever or by whomsoever recognized, is the everlasting Truth that must forever be.

"There is not a community or church, not a society or family, but is organized and held together by some phase of the all-embracing and perfect Truth. The different sects and parties are only different because certain people see the same side of Truth, and preferring to be of one mind, they separate or unite and build their respective sanctuaries.

"'Truth is always present, and we only need to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles,' said Emerson. When the 'iron lids' are lifted we shall see as one, we shall belong to the Church of the universe and the oracle shall reveal to us its deepest secrets and most sacred mysteries.

"Truth *is*. All that we have, can have, or will have or can conceive of, exists in the ever present Here and Now. It only remains for us to recognize and acknowledge it.

"God is Love. To realize the mighty sea of omnipotent Love that enfolds and blesses humanity, would be to plunge into the healing waters of Bethesda. Like the sick man, we wait until the majestic Christ commands us to arise — help ourselves, instead of waiting for others to put us into the cleansing current. Let us recognize, then, the allness, the tenderness, the sacredness of this divine Love by submerging ourselves in it, until all thoughts of evil, suffering or hatred are lost in its embrace.

"'Lift up the gates that the king of glory may enter in,' sang David, and we too cry aloud with earnest aspiration that the gates shall be lifted away, that into our consciousness may come the high tide of omnipresent Love. 'Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power, and when love seems to fail it is where self has stepped in and dulled the potency of its rays.'

"God is our substance. True substance alone is reliable. God is our rod and our staff. Firmly relying on the Rock of substance which is God, we can not be shaken, can not be destroyed. Though all seeming powers totter and fall around us, the One is ever the same, indivisible, unchangeable I Am. When we are one with the eternal Substance, weakness, danger, failure shrink into cowering nothingness.

"Study to know, and know to live, should be our motto. Deny all error and affirm all Truth is the way to appropriate whatsoever we desire to manifest. Deny weakness and affirm strength, deny discord and affirm harmony, deny sickness and affirm health. Why? Because we erase the false beliefs of weakness,

discord, sickness, by the denial, and appropriate strength, harmony, wholeness by affirmation.

"Can the spiritual self be ignorant, weak, sick or sinful? we argue. Impossible, for God is our sufficiency, is all there is. We refuse to admit any belief of dullness and ignorance, but gratefully acknowledge our likeness to God our Wisdom. We refuse to entertain anything contrary to the Good, but fellowship only with God-like qualities. They are ours by right of inheritance. We gladly claim them and prove our claim by our manifestation.

"Cleansing our consciousness from false conceptions, what wondrous power may we not reflect! Our sufficiency is of God, not of ourselves, and to Him we ascribe all honor and glory.

"The Master taught the divineness of yielding our will wholly to God, 'Not my will but thine be done,' He prayed. This is the highest conception of the denial of self. The mortal self is to be set aside, our immortal consciousness awakened into oneness with the Father.

"MacDonald has beautifully said, 'Oneness with the mighty All is the one end of life — God or chaos is the only alternative.' We say God works through man to will and to do, and implicitly trust the divine Intelligence that guides every waiting child.

"We choose the Good and reverently await our leadings. In every stormy trial, in every doubtful moment, in every hard-pressed circumstance we stand aside and let the divine will work through us. There can be no mistaking this standing aside. It is not to

sit down idly with no thought of responsibility or effort, but it is to do the best we can so far as we know, constantly awaiting more knowledge of God's will and more strength to do.

"When the will of man is at one with the will of God, when man realizes his mortal nothingness and the allness of God, there is divine and perfect healing. The poet was right when he wrote,

> 'Our wills are ours we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine.'

"'I am subject to the law of God and can not sin, suffer nor die.' The real *I* is governed by spirit, as an idea is governed by the mind that thinks it. The real creation, being spiritual, can not be subject to mortal beliefs or 'carnal mind which is at enmity with God.' With spirit there can be no sin, sickness nor death, for these are enemies to be overcome by the Son of God, the Christ within. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' 'The last enemy (belief) to be overcome is death.'

"Until we persistently refuse to judge according to appearances, and acknowledge the true and invisible, we will continue in our old code of beliefs and be at the mercy of the consequences.

"When we recognize the Christ or God principle within, we are then truly the sons and daughters of God. Spiritual insight gives a logical and to some, a new meaning to the term Christ. Christ means Truth and Truth means God. 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God, and the Word was made manifest in the flesh, or the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.'

"'Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.' Jesus said of Himself, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' But He did not speak this of His physical body, He referred to the spirit or Christ within, which was one with the Father, that was and is, literally the way, the truth and the life. If you will substitute Truth for Christ any place in the Bible, with this understanding, you will be able to read and apprehend as never before. In this line of thought read the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, the title of which is 'The joyful flourishing of Christ's (Truth's) kingdom.' With this understanding, we so much more clearly see what Paul meant when he said such things as 'Your life is hid with Christ in God,' 'Christ in you, the hope of glory,' 'Until Christ be formed in you,' and many other similar expressions. In the eighth chapter of Romans, especially the first verse, it is much clearer by reading with this new spiritual signification. 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus (Truth), who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.' Who could ever believe the physical Jesus was meant? No: Christ was exactly what the first chapter of John says He was, the Word (or Truth) made manifest in the flesh, and the name of the flesh was Jesus.

"Jesus Christ means Jesus, the manifestation of Truth, and this explains many hitherto obscure passages, which are exceedingly hard to understand, when the flesh and spirit are regarded as one.

"What vast possibilities unfold to the human being persistent in his search for truth! What a glorious

realm of knowledge, what wonderful power, what blissful peace, for he will have 'put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that creates him.' He will have attained the clear vision of liberty, for he will no longer be bound to the 'letter that killeth' but be filled with the 'spirit that giveth life.'

"The silence at the close seemed like a baptism of peace. To me came the realization of the intimate relationship of God's children to their Father, whose love ever comes as a benediction to those who will or can, recognize and appropriate it.

"With love to you all, I am,

"YOUR MARION.

"P. S. I take great pains to have the quotations accurate, and fortunately I have made the acquaintance of the shorthand reporter in the class who sits next to me; she takes notes and as a special favor, reads the quotations for me after the class is dismissed.

"Once more, good-bye. M."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Got but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."—*Lowell.*

"HOW are you getting on in your study of Christian Healing?" asked Mr. Hayden, meeting Kate as he was going home, and handing her the letter.

"It is getting plainer, but Grace seems to catch the reason of things much more readily than I. In fact, I am afraid I should have given up in disgust had not she helped me out, for some of the statements seemed so unreasonable."

"They are rather inconsistent in some respects, I must admit; but if we will only be patient, and not allow prejudice to color our judgment, everything will straighten out," replied Mr. Hayden, smiling. "You notice Marion is careful to warn me not to judge hastily. She knows how I am in religious matters, always insisting on the one interpretation. But I am growing some, I hope, so I trust my judgment is broad enough to make a fair and impartial investigation."

"Do you follow directions about denying?" Kate asked, as they walked along.

"I am trying to, but of course my days are busy, and evenings somewhat taken up with the children. Still, I deny matter as being inert, having absolutely

no power of itself, except what is delegated to it by the senses. I know it has no life, intelligence or causation of itself, but only as man in his ignorance allows it to have. This has been held by wise men of all ages. I have an idea this way of thinking will help me in business as well as socially and religiously."

"I am glad to hear that," said Kate; "though I must confess at first I was very much afraid to look into this; but last night I had a very clear assurance that there is something in it. Grace and I denied a long time, and I had a most peculiar experience. Such a strange, exalted feeling, as if there were no weight about me, and it was very clear that there is no reality in matter."

"Remarkable!" murmured Mr. Hayden. "Suppose you come down Sunday and we'll compare notes," he suggested, as he turned the corner toward home.

"We will," she promised, and went on with a hurried step, anxious to read the letter, for she was now as interested as Grace. When she arrived at their rooms she found her friend had gone out, so she went about the domestic duties, resolving to have everything ready when Grace returned.

"Isn't that a beautiful lesson?" exclaimed Grace, when they finally sat down to study, later in the evening.

"Perfectly grand; but I want the Bible corroboration, though I am not afraid it is not there this time."

"Of course everything that proves the theory helps to establish the consequent facts, and I suspect all things prove it when we understand it. Well, here is

the first statement about God that is about the same as in the first lesson," said Grace. "Look up the references to life."

"Here is one in Psalm xxvii: 1. 'The Lord is my life and my salvation, whom shall I fear?'" read Kate; "and here is another in Acts xvii: 25: 'God giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.'"

"That is good; see if you can find another," said Grace.

"Here is one, but I hardly understand it—John xi: 25, 26. 'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' What can that mean, Grace?"

"Wait a moment," said Grace, silently pondering. Then she looked again at the letter. "Why, of course! How could we forget so easily? I had it just a moment ago. Jesus never referred to his flesh and blood when he spoke of himself as life, resurrection, truth, bread, but always meant the Spirit of God that was manifest in him, and the Spirit of God which is the Christ, is Truth, and whosoever believes or apprehends Truth, shall be whole and live."

"But it says, 'shall never die,'" interrupted Kate, still unsatisfied.

"I don't know, then, unless it means 'the Spirit is all.' Find another passage."

Kate read John vi: 51–64, and then added, anxiously, "it seems to grow more mysterious all the time."

"Never mind, let us be patient. Read the fifty-first and sixty-third verses again."

Kate read, "'I am the living bread which came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. . . It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing, the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.'"

"That last clause is the key to all," exclaimed Grace, eagerly. "He was the Word, idea made manifest in the flesh. Flesh was a symbol of Word, and he said they were to eat his flesh, which meant they were to eat his word. Now let us look up Word, since so much hinges upon that."

Rapidly turning over the leaves, Kate read again, John xv: 7: "'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.'"

"There we have it. Christ, we must remember, means Truth. If we abide in the Truth and the words of Truth abide in us, that is, in order to eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ, we are to abide in the spirit and speak the words of Truth. Oh, how beautiful!"

"Yes, it is. Here is another passage, Col. iii: 3, 4: 'For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. . . . When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.' Even I, can see that," cried the delighted Kate, "and I remember a verse in Ephesians, iv: 18, that will make it still plainer. Here it is: 'Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the

ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart' (mind). Ignorance is the opposite of truth, and one who is ignorant of truth is subject to the carnal mind which leads to death. When we know truth, we know the opposite of death, which is life, so when Christ the Truth, which is life, shall appear, we shall be glorified with the knowledge of eternal life, and just as far as we realize truth we manifest it, do we not?" She appealed to Grace, as if the thought were too good to be true, and must needs be confirmed before she could believe it.

"Manifest it? Why yes; I suppose so; that means in the body," answered Grace, thinking deeply; "manifest truth in the body. Of course," she continued, "we will show forth a more perfect body in proportion as we acknowledge and realize more perfect thought. How strangely we lose our premise! If this could not be reasoned out so clearly, I should get all tangled up; as it is, I don't keep out of snarls."

"Just think of poor me who seem to have no reasoning faculty at all in these matters. What should I have done without you to help me out?" queried Kate.

Grace smiled as she replied: "In one sense you will get on faster than I, for you can get it spiritually or intuitively, while I get it only intellectually, and the intuition flies where reason walks. You had a perception of the unreality of matter last night and I had nothing at all but stupidity and sleepiness. But let us go on. I am more deeply interested than I can tell, and the Bible is a new book to me. I never dreamed

there were such treasures of truth in it. No matter where I read in the Bible before, I could not understand, and then I stopped trying, but it is very different now."

"What is the next point in the lesson?" asked Kate, taking up the Bible again.

"I am the child of God. Look for child."

"Yes, in Rom. viii: 16, 17: 'The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs of Christ; if so be that we suffer with him.'"

"That means," said Grace, "we prove ourselves heirs if we suffer with him, mortify the flesh, lay down the life of appetites and passions and talk continually of spiritual things; in short, live the life that Jesus did."

"Here in Gal. iv: 1: 'The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he is lord of all,'" read Kate.

"While he has a child's ignorance of his inheritance, of course he could not enjoy its possession, and the longer he remains ignorant, the longer will he have the station of a servant," explained Grace, readily.

"But there is a seeming conflict in the two passages. The first says the spirit itself tells us we are children and heirs, and the second says, as long as he is a child, even though an heir, he is nothing but a servant," said Kate, in perplexity again.

"But isn't there a place in the Testament somewhere about being born again?" inquired Grace.

"Yes, replied Kate, wondering what that could have to do with it. Yes, that is where Nicodemus went to Jesus by night—"

"Find it," interrupted Grace, who was determined to be thorough in this study at least.

"John, iii: 3–7, reads: 'Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God. . . . That which is born of flesh is flesh, and that which is born of spirit is spirit.'"

"Well!" said Kate, as she finished.

"Didn't we learn that the words are spirit and life, and does it not mean we are born into the spiritual knowledge by abiding in the words of truth?" reasoned Grace.

"Why, that is it, I do believe, and one of the last verses of the third chapter of Galatians says, 'for ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.'"

"By faith in the Truth," amended Grace, for the sake of the clearer meaning.

"What a stupid I am!" cried Kate. A moment later she said thoughtfully, "there is a text in the first chapter of James which reads: 'Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we might be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.' My youthful Sunday school training is not quite in vain," she added, meekly.

"It would not take us so long if we knew the Bible as some people do, provided we want to take that as sole authority," remarked Grace, referring to the letter again.

"I don't know about the advantage of knowing the passages unless you can interpret them, and that is certainly essential to the understanding," replied Kate, thoughtfully, as she drew her hand slowly over the open page.

"Mrs. Hayden refers to the liberty brought by the spirit. Suppose you look up a reference to liberty," suggested Grace.

"Yes," said Kate, a moment later, "here in verses 17 and 18 of II. Cor., third chapter, it reads, 'Now the Lord is that spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. . . . But we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.'"

"Why, Grace," exclaimed Kate, shutting the book in her eagerness, "I see it all now. By denial we take away falsities that bar us from looking into the face of God (Good), and by the affirmation we acknowledge Him, which is turning an open face to Him and reflecting His glory. Isn't that the way you understand it?"

Kate's face was all aglow with enthusiasm. A new light had come to her, and she was lifted to a higher plane, both in conception and feeling.

"That is a beautiful interpretation, but I don't want to stop to think about it now," said Grace, with a yawn, betraying fatigue for the first time.

"Why, Grace, a little while ago you said you were 'so interested.' What has come over you?" was Kate's rather discomfited answer.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" rejoined Grace hastily, "only you know one *can* be surfeited with good things, but never mind. I shall not stop till we get through with this looking up, and then I must have a good long think." She playfully chucked Kate under her

chin, and asked her "to go on," but the searching was not so spontaneous as before, and in the spontaneity of study lies the acquisition of knowledge.

Grace, it must be confessed, was compelling herself to a thorough intellectual investigation which, till now, had been a novel pleasure, but was getting a little monotonous, although she was deeply interested and more pleased with the Bible readings than she would have thought possible, because, as she had said herself, the Bible had been a sealed book to her before. She was very careful to conceal this new feeling from Kate, for at least, she would not lay one obstacle in *her* path, and after a few moments' desultory conversation, they went on as before.

"The next affirmation is about the will, what can you find for that?" asked Grace, as they had resumed their study again.

"I have found it already," replied Kate, with her finger on the passage. "In Phil. ii: 13: 'For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' That subordination to the will of God runs all through the New Testament."

"Here is the last one," resumed Grace, referring to the letter again. "I am subject to God's law and can not sin, suffer or die," she read.

"Oh, that does not sound right; I do *not* see how it can be right to say such things," interposed Kate, darkening again.

She looked up a reference to sin and turned to the sixth chapter of Romans. "I don't see very clearly yet," she faltered, after she had finished the chapter.

"Yes, in the 16th verse is the key to it all," said Grace, looking over the page with her. "The idea is, if we admit sin or talk about it, we are committing sin, for it is wrong to do either."

"I understand a little better now, but it is not an easy matter to be so good," sighed Kate.

"But we are given these rules in order to know *how* to be good. Let us sit as we did last night, and say these affirmations," suggested Grace, determined to do her duty, for Kate's sake at least.

Diligence and faithfulness never fail to bring forth fruit, and they were laboring hard. both with soil and seed.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Each of us is a distinct flower or tree in the spiritual garden of God,—precious each for its own sake in the eyes of Him who is even now making us,—each of us watered and shone upon and filled with life for the sake of His flower, His completed being, which will blossom out of Him at last to the glory and pleasure of the great Gardener. For each has within him a secret of Divinity; each is growing toward the revelation of that secret to himself, and so to the full reception, according to his measure of the Divine."—*George MacDonald.*

"MARLOW, September ——.

DEAR HUSBAND: Your letter seemed the only bright spot in my yesterday's experience, for, strange as it may seem, I awoke with the same old headache and pain in my limb, and felt so dull and stupid, that I was almost doubtful whether I had ever known anything. In vain I tried to treat myself, but the more I tried the more perplexed I became, until about noon, when I began to feel better, though the whole day was a novel and rather disagreeable experience. When I went into class to-day, from nearly every quarter was heard a similar story of how the day of rest had been passed.

"It was more and more astonishing. Dr. Bright had hardly recovered from her sick headache; Mrs. Dawn was still feeling stupid; two ladies were not able to attend class; Dr. Johnson and Dr. Lorimer actually looked angry, and the two ministers in the class were gravely discussing the knotty points and knitting their

clerical brows over 'doubtful explanations' as they called them, while a perplexed and troubled air seemed to settle on everybody. But there are a few old students in the class, and they looked at us with a knowing smile, saying: 'This is only chemicalization; you will be all the brighter after you get over it.'

"They did not explain further, but I knew something about it from the experience we have had, but had never thought of it in that light. 'It is a comfort to know there is some prospect of an end to our darkness anyway,' said Mrs. Dawn, with a long-drawn breath of relief, voicing the sentiments of all.

"The kind and gracious look Mrs. Pearl gave us as she came in, sent a wave of peace and satisfaction over me, for I felt that she understood the situation and would lift the curtains and let in the light.

"After the usual silence, which seemed longer than before, Mrs. Pearl began in a calm clear voice:

"We have come now to a point where it seems necessary to explain the process of growth, and the phenomenal changes which take place at certain stages of our development, whether known or unknown to the individual.

"Hitherto we have recognized material ideas, objects and processes. We have looked upon our physical being as the indisputable creation subject to all changes, circumstances or conditions. Having experienced a material birth, we conceive of no other as being either possible or necessary, and like Nicodemus we go in the night of our ignorance to ask the divine Teacher, Truth, questions concerning spiritual things, only to be told

we must be born from above if we would know the things of the spirit. 'That which is born of flesh is flesh, and that which is born of Spirit is spirit.'

"We are covered with the cold, hard shell of material beliefs, which must be broken and cast away before the sweet and tender germ of spirit can spring up. We are born like the flowers, and blossom like them. 'Consider the lilies of the field, *how they grow.*'

"Seed typifies the desire for truth planted in the conscious and unconscious being. The more constantly and persistently we hold the desire, the more rapid and perfect will be the development that produces the fruit. The hard little kernel must first lie in the dark earth, while hidden forces make it swell and sprout until the outer shell dies and falls away, leaving the pure white germ to push its way up and up through the cold dreary earth. At this period it is very delicate and tender, and yet it must pass through a trying stage, for when the white spire just peeps above the ground it has to encounter elements that at first seem bent upon its destruction.

"Will the sun's rays now prove too hot for it? Will the winds be too rough and stormy? Will the cold air bite, or the storm beat and bruise it unto death? Pointing ever skyward, does it stop to shiver at the prospect of dark and cold and heat, or windy violence?

"Let us see. Bravely the young shoot goes its way. As soon as it sees the light it displays new beauty, and the reflected glory clothes it in a brighter robe — the fresh, dainty green of spring's supernal dress, emblem

of everlasting youth. But a storm of wind and rain assails it. Dense cloud-curtains hide the sun, and the air is cold and chilling. Sometimes for days this benumbing coldness lasts. But after the storm our little friend is greener and brighter and larger than ever. It has withstood the storm and wind, by using them for its own advancement. Everything has been turned into good by recognizing only the good.

"When the sunshine comes again the little slip is baptized with dew and warmth and light, and joyously springs on toward budding time, and then another and different experience befalls. Instead of rolling every new leaf outward to be bathed in the light and kissed by the wind, there is a rolling inward, a curling up and shutting in of the new and delicate leaves. A hard, unlovely roll or lump now displays itself on the green stem, and every day the roll becomes larger and harder. The green stalk never questions, though for a time her face is veiled. She lives in the waiting silence, content with what is. One bright day she looks at her ugly bud and finds it a rare blossom of surpassing beauty and sweetest fragrance. Thus is born the fair-robed lily, pure emblem of the child of God.

"But we have many and various symbols of divine thought in the many and various flowers, from which we learn divine lessons. There are the violets that come so early in the spring, with their wildwood fragrance and dainty blue cloaks, and the lovely roses of summer, the goldenrods and asters of autumn, while among the rarer kinds we have the night-blooming

cereus, the beautiful but slow blossoming century plant, and many others. These are types and symbols of ourselves and our process of birth and unfoldment.

"The new birth is a development from material to spiritual knowledge. The individual corresponds to one or another plant, but none may know at what particular stage.

"Some blossom early, some late, some manifest a nature like the violet, others the rose, the water lily or the century plant. I can not tell, you can not tell, none can tell. Even the Master said, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit.'

"The wonderful seed (desire for truth) we have planted must be moistened by the water of right words, warmed by the sunshine of faith, fed by the dew of patience.

"Our trials will be similar in character to the flowers, and the outcome will be the same in proportion as we follow their example of unquestioning faithfulness.

"The very desire to grow is a challenge to the elements that *seem* to oppose growth, but the plant overcomes all obstacles by its non-resistance, and herein lies one of our most valuable lessons.

"In our progress we meet with many conditions and circumstances that try us, that seem indeed to call in question our earnestness in thus starting out, with new assumptions. Sometimes these adverse conditions are called trials of faith and they may come to us in

one way or another, sometimes in sickness, sometimes in misunderstandings, sometimes in grief, sometimes in disagreeable duties.

"Peculiarities of disposition that we thought overcome, may manifest themselves very unexpectedly and cause us great annoyance, not only because we may have congratulated ourselves on having risen above them, but because it would be a mortification to us to have our friends know that we who believe in the possibility of such high moral attainments, should be guilty of these old weaknesses and follies. In every way, the tempter—mortal thought—may show us the fallibility of human nature and tempt us to disbelieve in our high ideals.

"The forty days' temptation in the wilderness is the soul history of every human being who starts out to lead the life of Jesus. Tempted in everything as we are, he was the type of strength, purity and faithfulness to principles, which we most earnestly should seek to follow. After his baptism, 'He was conducted by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the enemy.'

"We are baptized by the spirit when we have come into the realization of our sonship and daughtership, our true relation to the divine Father and Mother Love, and have consecrated our lives to the service of Truth. In order that we may be fully aware of the magnitude of our desire, we are, as it were, led by the spirit to the desert which literally signifies forsaken, where every means of comfort and companionship are gone, where we must learn to choose between the ever pres-

ent but invisible things of God and the transitory but gratifying pleasures of the visible world. Having a glimpse of the power and blessedness conferred by the knowledge of Truth, we are tempted to keep hold of the power, at the same time fellowshipping with the world, which by our recognition and fellowship will be greatly pleased through the acquisition of our society and talents.

"When tests are required of us similar to the turning of stones into bread, healing the lepers, raising the dead, will we realize our dependence on the word of God which is the 'bread of life?' Temptations to dare the protection of the power, give us an insight to the very same trial of Jesus, and when we are led up to the mountain of knowledge from which we may view the pomps and vanities of the world, realizing the superior insight that gives power, then comes the decisive question — shall God or mammon gain our allegiance? Shall we forego the seductive allurements of mortal thought (which is really only the negative thought or the false power called the world's beliefs reflected upon us), or shall we, in ringing tones cry out, 'Get thee behind me, adversary (or opposer). Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve.' Then the enemy leaves us, and behold, angels come and minister to us.'

"After the long forty days, which with some seem longer than with others, after the darkness and desolation of a desert night, we are ministered unto by the blessed angels—good thoughts—and the glory of the Most High shines round about us. The struggle is

ended, the Good which is ever ready to be our guide when we choose, leads us into many sweet experiences that bring us nearer and nearer to the 'promised land,' the true inheritance of God's children. We begin the ascent of the mount of transfiguration, and though we come to many steep places, though we sometimes stumble over rocks of ignorance, though we encounter clouds of doubt that veil the glorious peak from our longing view for a time, though we meet wild beasts, (untamed human nature), though we cross shadowy valleys and dark ravines, lighted only by the torch of faith, we shall have transcendant glimpses of the fair Beyond, shall breathe the perfumed air of Zion's Hills, and be transported with delight at the never ceasing revelations made to the true seeker after eternal wisdom.

"After faith, comes knowledge. If we were overcome by the tidal wave, when wading out a little way from shore, and a rope were thrown us, we should at least catch hold the rope, hoping to be delivered from the danger. After several successful experiences, we should have faith in the rope, so when we feel the tidal wave of trial overtaking us, we are to catch hold of our denials and affirmations which correspond to the saving rope. An invariable rule in Christian Science is to deny the undesirable and affirm that which can be predicated of spirit. *No matter what inharmony* assails you, whether it be pain, poverty, sickness, loneliness, fear or anxiety, *deny* it positively and repeatedly and *affirm* the opposite. Like Jesus, we must speak of that which is true, but not visible.

Thus when called to raise the daughter of Jairus, he said: 'She is not dead but sleepeth.' The appearance of death was denied, and its opposite, life, affirmed.

"When talking to the Jews, Jesus said: 'If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' It is continuance in the word that brings the blessing, mark that.

"And now let us enter into the silence with one accord, saying: 'For Thy blessed words and example we thank Thee, O, beloved Master, and with Thy words we enter now into Thy faith.'

"An impressive ten minutes, and then, with reverent voice and gesture, Mrs. Pearl dismissed us with the words: 'It is finished. We have received that which we asked, and are filled with the peace that passeth all understanding.'

"While we sat thus, just before she spoke, I had one of those peculiar experiences they tell about, coming so often in the silence. It seemed as though I was in the cool quiet of early morning, watching the signs of a summer dawn. All at once the creeping rainbow colors shot up toward the zenith, and the most glorious sunrise I ever beheld flooded me with a dazzling glow of gold. The moment she spoke it vanished, but oh, how lovely it was! What could it mean unless the dawn of the 'Sun of Righteousness?' I must wait and see, for surely the understanding of these things will come when I am ready for it.

"Several of the class have been having strange signs

or hints of something on which they have been studying deeply. Dr. Bright said that everything turned black before her one day when she was denying, and when she could see again it seemed as though there were no walls to the house and she was gazing into empty space. This is on account of denying till material things seem immaterial, and we begin to realize the reality of spirit.

"The saying of the affirmation for strength, Mrs. Dawn says, makes her body feel almost electrified with vitality, and she can realize that the words bring to her what they claim.

"One young man, who sits just back of me, told his experience in denying the reality of matter. He was quite rebellious at first about saying what seemed such a huge lie, but finally concluded to do the best he could, and so said it over and over one day till he fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by the words sounding in his ears, 'Be not afraid, but trust,' and opening his eyes, he saw written on the wall the very same words, and immediately a restfulness and satisfaction came over him, so that he no longer demurred at the thought of saying the words and, though he did not yet understand, he felt willing to wait.

"Oh, how I wish the great busy world would listen to this beautiful doctrine. It seems that we must compel it to come to the feast. I think we all feel like a child delightedly showing its new toy to everybody. But the little experience I have had before, will teach me to withhold where there is antagonism to the truth, beautiful though it is, because my work at home

even with my cure, did not interest or convince some who would shut their eyes and ears to all. I remember so well how I felt like shouting to everyone in my joy the glad story of my recovered health, but the cold, incredulous looks, and the averted faces chilled the tidings on my lips, and I learned that only when the world is thirsty, will it appreciate the cool and sparkling waters of truth.

"Well, dear John, I have not answered your letter at all because I was so afraid I would forget the substance of the lesson to-day, but I am so glad it seems plain to you as I present it, and it is such a help to know you are glad I came here. How we shall grow together when we *begin* together. Continue to write your opinions and ideas of the lessons, for you have such a clear way of expressing yourself. Don't let Jamie forget to write again when you all write. Bless his dear little self! I would so like to see him, but then, I know all is well with you, for Good is everywhere.

"Good night and good-bye, "MARION."

CHAPTER XX.

"But when every leaf is dropped and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tenderer foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul."— *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

SATURDAY no letter came. All the forenoon Grace tried to do her duty by saying her denials and affirmations while Kate was out giving lessons, but she seemed so stupid and felt so cross that in despair she resorted to her painting, but only succeeded in spoiling the picture she had spent hours and days upon before. When Kate came in at the usual hour, feeling so gay and light-hearted that she scarcely knew how to contain herself, she was astonished to hear Grace say:

"Oh, I am glad you have come at last! Such a day as I have spent! Thought I'd have so much extra time while you were gone to give Millie's lesson, and here I've wasted the whole afternoon and spoiled my 'shipwreck' besides, and I'm in a villainous humor. Now, I'm going to pour it all out on your innocent head." She smiled grimly, as she tossed her painting apron aside and spitefully turned the picture to the wall.

"What in the world ails you, Grace?" cried the astonished Kate. "Have you lost your senses? I was congratulating myself coming home on the good time we would have again to-night."

"I anticipated it so vividly this morning I could

hardly wait, but really, Kate, I feel ugly, and perhaps it would be as well not to talk to me. I will go out for a little walk, while you get the tea," and she went forthwith.

A tumult raged within her that she had not conquered. One moment filled with the most exhilarating sense of freedom and joy, the next the direst disgust with herself and her failings; one moment clearly understanding the many problems that had come up for solution the past week, and the next with no ability to reason about anything. This had been going on all day. She had even felt unreasonably irritable because Kate had so quickly overcome her prejudices. What right had she to give away her own for some one else's opinions so easily?

Grace gave her glove an impatient twitch as she thought of it, but the next instant she wished she, too, might be as childlike and receptive as her companion.

To Kate the Bible was final, unquestioned authority; to Grace it was a corroboration, not a foundation. It was more interesting, she must confess, than ever before, but then she must have better reasons than had yet appeared for taking it as Kate did.

After all, perhaps this religion was but another mirage that had come into her moral vision, as many another had come in all the years she had been seeking truth and happiness. Happiness! Had she forgotten that for two years that word had been dropped from her vocabulary? That she had resolved to live on the best intellectual food the world could offer, without tasting its heart viands? She walked on with an

unwonted energy. No, she would not be deceived; the best and sweetest in life was not for her, but she ought at least, to help poor little Kate.

It was a calm, quiet evening. The sun was just disappearing over the distant hills. The sky was radiant with delicate pink and blue tints. She was walking toward the east, when, glancing at the scene in front of her, she saw what seemed to be a brilliant fire, not only in one place but in many. Somewhat startled, she looked more closely and discovered every window ablaze with the sun's reflected glory. Like a flash it came: "I am walking away from the glory of Truth. Oh! how shall I turn my face to God?" she cried, with unspeakable yearning.

An agony of suspense seized her. She looked up at the calm, beautiful sky, and its rays of radiance seemed to send down upon her a benediction of peace. Like a soft whisper the words, "Lo, I am with you always," fell upon her ear. Blessed words that filled her with a new-born awe, but they brought a realizing sense of ever-present nearness of Truth, such as she had never had before, and she was so filled with peace that all the world looked like a new world. The turbulent waves of doubt and unrest had been divinely stilled.

She walked on, so filled with her new thoughts that the twilight deepened into starlight before she thought of home, and then it seemed that every star beam was an angel of love sent to guide her on her way. She entered quietly as Kate was playing one of Beethoven's symphonies, and never had music seemed so sweet. It was like a welcome into heaven. It was the heaven within her that made a heaven without.

To Kate had come such a realization of divine harmony, that her soul poured itself out in music she had never dreamed of before. All the struggles and pains of the past years, all the disappointments and unhappiness found expression through the wailing tones of the piano only to be swept away or swelled into sweeter and more joyous strains. More and more clearly a conception of joy and peace unspeakable filled her heart. She wandered again, a happy child, in country pastures gathering violets and buttercups. She could scent the clover and hear the birds. The water rippled over the pebbles and the air was filled with leaf music. Now, again a child, she "walked in green pastures and beside the still waters." The sun of love was shining down upon her, and its rays warmed her, clothed her, fed her. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever," she sang softly in an awed, hushed voice, as the music grew more divinely sweet, and the realization of a nameless Presence filled her. It was the presence of impersonal, omnipresent Truth, ever flowing into the heart ready for its reception, and though at first it may be but a tiny stream, it grows to a swelling tide, and all the words in the universe can not name its sweet influence, or describe its wondrous allness.

Oh, Katie darling, what wouldst thou have put away from thy life, if thou hadst obstinately refused admittance to this heavenly Guest? . . . At last the music ceased. She bowed her head and gave herself up to the inexpressible thoughts that welled into her

mind. For some moments she was not aware that Grace was in the room, but as she finally arose and turned around, she saw her. Their eyes met, and silently was told the story of experiences too sacred to utter A silent understanding and a heartfelt sympathy bound them by closer ties than they had ever known before. To be at one with Truth is to understand humanity, and understanding is a voiceless language.

Sunday afternoon they called on Mr. Hayden and found the fourth letter awaiting them.

"I did not send it up because Kate promised you would come over to-day, and now let us have a little experience meeting," he said, as he found chairs for them, and seated himself, seemingly awaiting a reply.

"First let us read the letter," suggested Grace, who was more interested than ever since her yesterday's experience.

"Read it aloud," said Mr. Hayden, settling himself back to enjoy it.

Grace had scarcely begun reading when Jamie came in, screaming that his finger was "boke."

"Never mind, Jamie, it will soon be all right. Shall papa treat it?" taking the child in his lap.

"Teat it, papa," and he laid his little head on papa's breast with perfect confidence that the pain would soon be gone. A few moments of silence and he looked up innocently, saying with the brightest smile:

"It's all gone now. Papa telled the good Jamie to tome home," he explained to the girls, "and here he is, papa," he added, holding up his sweet mouth for a kiss.

"How beautiful is a child's faith," exclaimed Kate, after the little fellow had gone out to play again.

"Indeed I have learned more than I can tell you from the children," said Mr. Hayden, thoughtfully. "Mabel is old enough to understand a good deal, but Fred and Jamie are very quick to apply what they learn. Last night Jamie complained of the stomach ache. Neither of the children knew that I was near, but I overheard Fred telling his brother that he would treat him if he would keep still. Jamie consented and I peeped in a moment later, curious to know what they were doing. Fred sat there grave as an owl, with his hands over his eyes, and Jamie in a chair opposite, his eyes shut tightly and an air of expectancy on his face."

"Now you're all right," said Fred, very positively, after a few minutes. They were soon playing and not once did the child complain after that. When going to bed, Jamie told me about it, and I asked Fred what he did when he treated.

"W'y," he answered, "w'y, I just 'membered what you said to Mabel that everybody has two kinds o' thoughts, and one kind *thinks* you're sick, and the other kind *knows* you're well, so I thinked about Jamie till I thinked the *know* thoughts, and *course* he got well then."

"It was a lesson to me, and I have tried to emulate their receptiveness and childlike trust. I don't know how well I am succeeding, but it is pretty hard sometimes to get the problems all worked out."

"We wouldn't have to work them out if we had the faith of a child," said Kate, warmly. These little incidents touched her deeply.

"Well, there is nothing better to learn from than living examples, and yet we can only take them as guides, they will not do our work for us. Every one of us must go through his own experience, and prove his right to an inheritance, by claiming it on trust as the child does. Now, yesterday," continued Mr. Hayden, leaning back and stroking his chin, "I worked hard all the forenoon, and everything seemed to go wrong with me," — Grace glanced at Kate — "I was not willing to live a moment at a time, as the child does, with no thought or care as to where its next day's supplies are to come from, but I was tired and cross all day. The consequence was, in the afternoon my old enemy, the headache, began to assert itself. Then I got Marion's letter and that helped me, because it threw some light on the cause, but when I heard Fred's explanation of a treatment I just applied it. I 'thinked,' till the 'know thoughts came,'" Mr. Hayden concluded with a grave smile.

"I believe that is what it means to 'work out our own salvation,'" said Grace, "and how beautiful to have the children learn! It will make different men and women of them."

"Indeed it will; I have already seen some change in the children. But are you not going to read the letter, Miss Grace?" asked Mr. Hayden.

"Yes, I am anxious to read it, but I have learned a great deal without it."

She took it up again and read without interruption to the end.

"Well, that *is* quite an explanation of your experi-

ence of yesterday, Mr. Hayden," explained Kate smilingly.

"And mine, too," added Grace. "It is comforting to know that there is a scientific reason for it though."

"I think my darkness came earlier in the lessons, for yesterday and to-day have been very bright to me," replied Kate, soberly; "but," she continued, "there is so much about this to admire and so much to prove that the system is founded on Christ's teachings, I can not see where doubt could enter."

"We might not doubt the principle where we would often doubt ourselves," suggested Mr. Hayden.

"Yes," said Grace, "I believe that doubts will come as long as we consider it a personal power."

"Which it is not, of course," interrupted Kate.

"Certainly not, but we must grow into a realization of Truth, we can not change our old natures in a day, and it is only natural at first to feel that it is a personal power because we are given so much personal responsibility."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Hayden, quietly, leaning back as if thinking deeply. "You mean it is hard to forget self, and I agree with you. This mind of the flesh claims so much wisdom and power of its own that it is hard to attribute everything to a higher power, and let that power work through you; but when we can do that, we have the kernel of the whole system."

"It is a wonderful thought to me, that we reflect *all* things spiritual, as we divest ourselves of our false beliefs," remarked Grace, earnestly.

"In other words, when we know ourselves as we are, and not as we appear, we shall recognize that all things we desire are already ours," added Mr. Hayden.

"How could it be otherwise? The sun is always shining behind the darkest clouds. All I ask is that the ignorance may be removed," replied Grace.

"Well, I want to understand and believe truth, but it seems strange, after we have declared our willingness to believe and acknowledge God to be all, that we should be tempted. Why couldn't our acknowledgement be sufficient?" queried Kate, in perplexity again.

"Why isn't the simple act of joining the church sufficient to make Christians? Although some seem to think it all sufficient, it is not. It is the daily life of overcoming, and denial of self that constitutes true acknowledgement," said Grace, laying her hand upon that of her friend.

"Not denial of self in the old way, either," said Mr. Hayden, "but denial of the mortal thought, or as Paul would say, the 'carnal mind.'"

"Yes, and in the temptation of Jesus, we read our own temptations," interrupted Grace, "and it is all important that we should deal with them as he did. Over and over he met the opposing thought, represented by the tempter or opposer—error always opposing truth—and gave it either a plain denial or an emphatic command to get out."

"That is very plain and very true," said Kate, with a little sigh, "but still I can not see why God should allow us to be tempted after we have fought the battle once as Jesus did."

"But he fought it more than once," explained Mr. Hayden, earnestly "He was continually overcoming, and at times found it necessary to withdraw into the mountains where he fasted and prayed."

"That is a good thought to carry home," suggested Grace, rising, "for we need to follow his example."

"I need it more than anyone else," said Kate, feeling a lack of spritual understanding, and wishing she could get on faster.

"You are doing grandly Miss Kate, just think how you opposed it all at first." said Mr. Hayden encouragingly.

"Yes, I know I did," flushing a little, "but even thus far I have seen enough, or rather experienced enough to make me anxious to understand it, and I only ask so many questions because I am determined to get every speck of light I can."

"If everybody would lay aside prejudice as you have, Miss Kate, they would have no difficulty in seeing the truth as you do," he replied.

The tears came into her eyes. Neither Mr. Hayden nor Grace knew how much it had cost her to 'lay aside prejudice,' but she could thank God that she had done so, and indeed believed it was Providence that had led her into this study in spite of herself.

"I want the truth," she said simply, and turned away to join Grace, who stood at the open door waiting for her.

CHAPTER XXI.

"People imagine that the place which the Bible holds in the world it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book."—*Emerson.*

"MARLOW, September ——.

DEAR HUSBAND: The first thing I heard when I went into the class to-day was Mrs. Dawn telling how she had treated a severe belief of headache last evening and how marvelously soon the terrible pain ceased. She was quite rejoiced because it was the first time she had tried to demonstrate the principles.

"They all have plenty to tell now, and are growing more and more interested. Every day somebody has some new experience. Little Mrs. Dexter, who has been so long treated by the old method, says she fully believes she will be cured, is feeling much better, and has such an assurance all the time that she has found the true healing. She has had several quite remarkable demonstrations with others.

"The whole line of argument is unfolding so naturally and beautifully that it seems like a piece of fine mosaic, with every form and color interwoven with the most exquisite exactness. Mrs. Pearl gave us a lecture on inspiration and the Bible, which I consider one of the most useful and interesting of any she has yet given:

"In studying the very fountain springs of Truth, and basing our ideas upon a God who is the unexpressed and inexpressible essence of Truth itself, with whom is 'no respect of persons,' and to whom we owe *all* knowledge, it becomes us to inquire a little into the manner and means of gaining that knowledge.

"That all peoples in all climes and ages have developed similar ideas and expressed them in like terms, as philology shows, is an indisputable fact, strengthened and corroborated by our broader conception and higher understanding of God, the omnipresent Good.

"But how have these ideas come to them? Have they come through what is known as inspiration or revelation? As the one fountain of Intelligence is open to all alike, this must be the case, because Truth comes only in this way. Inspiration means an 'inbreathing,' a breathing in of true knowledge, and because the omnipresent Good comes into every consciousness prepared to receive it, there is an inbreathing in accordance with the readiness to receive. Intelligence is like the air, to be breathed by every living being. Thus far, humanity has expanded its lungs of consciousness only enough to have inhaled fundamental truth, or what is recognized as such, but we are constantly receiving more, and in proportion as we receive, do we know what we receive.

"All truth is inspired or revealed, because whatever is true is of the great Truth. This must be so, yet many people consider inspiration as confined to the authors of the Bible and that with them, inspiration ceased. The immortal Job said, 'There is a spirit in

man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' The inbreathing of the Almighty, All-powerful Truth, giveth understanding. No truer words were ever uttered.

"As inspiration is inhaling or breathing in Truth, we can readily understand that 'God, Truth, Principle, is no respecter of persons.' That it is a 'miraculous influence which qualifies man to receive and communicate divine truth,' is in a sense true, for the works of God are always 'wonderful,' but there can be no setting aside of divine law, as some erroneously suppose, for the performance of these things that seem unaccountable to human reason. It is a lack of understanding as to *how* Truth works, that has caused a belief in supernatural or miraculous ways. Could a fish judge according to appearances, he would regard the creatures that walk on land as gifted with supernatural power, because it would be utterly beyond his conception to know *how* they could do so.

"Revelation and inspiration are frequently used interchangeably, but that which is revealed, is the manifested result of inspiration rather than inspiration itself. Whenever we are ready to breathe or absorb Truth into our consciousness, we get a revealment —'inspiration giveth understanding.' This breathing-in process lifts us above ordinary knowledge and gives refreshing glimpses of heavenly Truth, it is like breathing in fresh air, after having been in a close suffocating room. We say this or that scene, person or object inspires us; we mean that some beautiful thought or conception of Truth is revealed to us, through or by

our seeing these objects, because they hint of something better and higher, and the moment we get the higher thought, we are conscious of knowing higher Truth. This is revelation.

"Revelation and inspiration are the usual terms for expressing spiritual processes but are necessarily inadequate to express accurate spiritual meanings. How ideas are born is a question of questions. Whether they come from without or within, they must establish the oneness of God and man in mind and idea. The only 'without' there can be is that which is without the consciousness, the only 'within' is that which is within the consciousness. Development, growth, unfoldment, better express spiritual consciousness. What is consciousness but a recognition of itself? Then would not 'recognition 'more fully describe the birth of ideas? As we grow able to recognize harmony and love, harmony and love are revealed to us.

"The more spiritual our thoughts and desires, the more spiritual our revelations. To think and talk of God, to desire knowledge of Him, creates a receptivity which sooner or later brings the revealment of more truth, and that of the highest quality. But it is not always by what we see that we are lifted into this consciousness of new knowledge. In various ways is the Truth expressed to us, and whether we know how or why it should be thus and so, matters not if we receive the message.

"The wisdom of our Father has provided that none of His children should be without a knowledge of Him, without a power to recognize and appreciate Truth,

and in the way or language best suited to the capacity of each to understand, are the revelations made. Sometimes this knowledge comes into our consciousness like a direct message from God, and so vividly are we impressed, that no other words could express the nearness and clearness of it, than the expression 'walking and talking with God.' Sometimes wonderful pictures appear before our mind's eye, and reading their symbolic meaning, we catch hints of higher wisdom that would otherwise have been hidden.

"By persistently ignoring the spiritual and cultivating the intellectual faculties, mankind has well nigh lost the highest means of inspiration, but now that we again, like the prophets and apostles of old, seek for signs of the Infinite, we are gradually recovering the key by which they unlocked its mysteries.

"As to the infallibility of what is thus revealed, we must remember that while truth is always infallible, there is a possibility of its recognition or conception being tinged to a greater or less degree, with our erroneous judgements, and as the light, pure in itself, is colored by the glass through which it passes, so is the divinest truth colored with the quality of mind through which it comes to the world. As Heber Newton says, 'Inspiration can not do away with the limitations of the human individuality.' Thus, in our discrimination of so-called inspired literature, language or thoughts, we must learn that whatever is opposite God, the universal idea of goodness, is the chaff that must be blown away. In other words it is the assumption of mortal thought instead of absolute knowledge of divine mind.

"It would be an utter impossibility to describe infinite truth in finite language. Words are inadequate to express the grandeur of sacred revelation.

"With this view of inspiration, we can readily see how far short we have come in our conceptions of the Bible, and now that we are to use and understand this wonderful book as never before, it is well that we consider it a little more closely.

"There are three general views held in regard to the Bible as an inspired book. 1. That it is verbally inspired; *i. e.*, that every word is direct from God. 2. That it is partially inspired; and, 3. That it is no more inspired than any other good book. The first two of these views have been and are accompanied with the idea that everything going under the name of inspiration, is infallible, hence the idea that every statement made throughout the entire book is absolute truth.

"The Bible itself makes no claim to infallibility, though there are frequent references to inspiration and the influence of the Holy Ghost in moving men to speak, but the principal text on which is based this claim of infallibility is II. Tim. iii: 16. At the time this was written, there was only the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha, that could be referred to as Scripture, so when we read Paul's assertion that, 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness,' if we take it to be infallible, we have a reasonable ground for regarding the Old Testament and the Apocrypha as infallible. But a more

literal rendering of the Greek text would be, 'all scripture divinely inspired is indeed profitable for teaching, for conviction, for correction,' etc., and by simply changing the position of the little word *is*, we have a vastly different sentence.

"Regarding the interpretation of scripture, Peter says: 'All prophecy of scripture is not of its own solution.' The literal Greek is, 'all prophecy of a writing, of its own loosing not it is,' meaning, of course, that sacred writings can not always be interpreted literally, but must be understood according to their spiritual meaning. Great writings are not confined to any private or local meaning, but refer more especially to great principles, to universal truth.

"If we consider the origin of the Bible, we shall learn what comparatively few of us know, viz., how the Bible grew into a book. In a necessarily brief outline it is impossible to give anything but a bird's-eye view of this very interesting and important subject.

"As we look back to earlier times, through the various channels, we find that much of what is considered history is merely legendary; that long before the art of writing was known, these legends and myths were handed down from generation to generation, and from age to age. Familiar as we are with human nature, we may well imagine the additions and subtractions and divergencies introduced by each succeeding narrator, copyist or editor in every age. This is a very important feature to be considered in interpreting ancient scriptures, but there are also others. History reveals the fact that the books of the Old Testament

were not written nor arranged in the order in which they now appear in the Bible. For instance, while it has been generally considered that the first five books were written by Moses fifteen hundred years before Christ, the best authorities have found at least a portion of them to have been written, or compiled rather, in their present form 600 to 700 B. C.

"Whether Moses or some one else wrote them detracts not the least from the value of the truth they contain, for whatever is true, can not lose its value or be effected by the authorship. This is only one of the many facts that might be produced to show that the Old Testament came in the most natural way, and not at all through a miracle or by miraculous interposition

"Referring again to the best records we have, we find the books of the New Testament were written from 50 to 175 A. D., thus showing the liability to mistakes, and the reason for many of the discrepencies in the New Testament. That the time between the writing of the oldest and the latest parts of the Bible covered a period of more than a thousand years, should have much significance in our judgment of both the writers and their writings.

"Dr. Heber Newton says: 'We are not to read the Biblical writers as though they were all cotemporaries. They are separated by vast tracts of time. The later writers stand upon the shoulders of their prede cessors and see farther and clearer. We are not to view the institutions or doctrines of the Bible as though no matter in what period of development of the Hebrew Nation, or of the Christian Church they were found, they were equally authoritative to us.'

"Though the prophets and apostles were inspired, we must remember that they necessarily had to use the language and methods of speech prevalent in their time in giving their divinest revelations to the people. The language was rich with Oriental imagery, strong figures of speech, and allusions to manners and customs of other nations. Unless we understand something of the literature and customs, the religious ceremonies and laws alluded to, we are very much in the dark as to the original meaning.

"For instance, unless we know the custom that prevailed in ancient times of putting the sins of the people, figuratively speaking, into a white cloth, dipping the cloth into blood, tying it to the horns of the scapegoat, and turning the animal loose in the wilderness till the sun, air and rain had bleached it white, we can not appreciate the expression, 'though thy sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be washed white as snow.' Until we realize that the ideas and language as well as the customs and rites of barbarous and ignorant heathendom influence every page of the Bible, we shall not know how much allowance to make for the revelations of the Divine, and the suppositions and possible mistakes of the human. Until we know that the Bible has gone through many hands since its words were first spoken or written, we can not realize the possible loss of its most spiritual meanings.

"Moses, Isaiah, David, John, Paul had the grandest revelations possible to man, experiences not 'lawful to utter,' not possible to clothe in words. The unspeakable can not be put into speech. To attempt it is to color it

with finite meanings. To describe the Infinite is but to limit or confine God.

"When we consider that no very ancient writings have reached us without the marks of many pens; when we consider the impossibility of exact translation, the difficulty of perfect copying all the years before the art of printing, the method of canonizing the books and formulating creeds, we must know that something besides God's message has come down to us. And yet a message is there notwithstanding.

"Yes, the authors of the Bible were inspired. Whatever of Truth they revealed is infallible, but as men with finite conceptions and abilities, they could not comprehend nor reveal *all* of God.

"'God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever,' and talks to man face to face to-day even as with the immortal Moses.

"'I know that the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book,' said Coleridge.

"All candid students of sacred Scriptures agree that there is a spiritual meaning back of the literal. The question with us is, how can we get at this spiritual or esoteric interpretation.

"If you will let the spirit of Truth guide you, it will bless you with keener discernment, and clearer understanding, than has been possible for you heretofore. It is when you look for the spirit of religion that you find it and understand it, and the fact that so much has been said against our Bible as a book, does not and can not detract a particle from its value.

'There is a light that lighteth every man!' Every one of God's children has the power to distinguish truth from error, and only needs to assert that divine privilege of knowing and acknowledging truth in order to to find it.

"Humanity is so under the yoke of traditional opinions that it has not dared think for itself, but the time has come when 'ye shall of yourselves know what is truth,' when each must prove his individual liberty by claiming it. Is not the wisdom to know and understand God's revelations given to every one who asks, or rather appreciates what he already has?

"There is no reason for depending upon any but the wisdom in ourselves, for searching the meanings of any Scripture. Whatever is true, we shall understand and hold as infallible. That we have a rich storehouse of precious gems, even the most adverse thinkers admit, and above all else we should search for them, prize them, and use them. Study the Bible for the sake of its wonderful and sacred truth, catch the inspiration of its writers, and you will soon discriminate the inspired from the uninspired. With the statements of the true is necessarily more or less error; the Truth we want, the falsity we leave behind. Whatever is good and pure and ennobling is of God; whatever is evil, erroneous, degrading, is from man's misconception of Him.

"Goethe, who highly valued the Bible, said: 'With reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands

in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our higher development? What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow which brings no fruit.'

"If you do not understand, wait. Do not judge hastily or allow yourself to be biased by the opinions of others. What may seem hard, unreasonable dogma, may later prove but a veil over the sweetest, spiritual truth. Reverence to read, patience to learn, wisdom to understand — all these we want, and then, more brightly than before shall shine the sacred diamonds that stud inspired pages.

"We refer again to what Dr. Newton says in his grand essay on the Right Critical use of the Bible: 'Successive generations of men, struggling with sin, striving for purity, searching after God, have exhaled their spirits into the essence of religion, which is treasured in this costly vase.

"'The moral forces of centuries devoted to righteousness are stored in this exhaustless reservoir of ethical energy. At such cost, my brothers, has Humanity issued this sacred book. From such patience of preparation has Providence laid this priceless gift before you. In such labor of articulation — spelling out the syllables of the message from on high, through multitudinous lives of men dutifully and devoutly walking with their God, does the Spirit speak to you, O, soul of man. Say thou: 'Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth!'"

* * * * * *

"Thank God, Marion has at last found the key to the Bible," murmured Mr. Hayden, as he finished the letter.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Not in Jerusalem alone,
God hears and answers prayer,
Nor on Samaria's mountain lone,
Dispenses blessings there.
But in the secrecy of thought,
Our silent souls may pray;
Or round the household altar brought,
Begin and close the day."

—*James Montgomery.*

GRACE was busily engaged with "Hypatia." She felt for the first time she could bring out the peace and reposeful strength of character Kate had thought so sadly lacking, and one afternoon, a few days after the memorable walk, she sat down to her work with a pleasurable anticipation of bringing out her ideal. As she put the touches here and there that changed the expression, now adding to this feature, now taking from that, she was thinking of the changes needed in herself, and wondering how or by what process they would be wrought by the invisible Artist.

She was mixing some paint on her palette, when a rap was heard at the door. Before she had time to say or do anything, in walked Mrs. Dyke with a timid little woman who came in like a martyr, but one resolved to die at her post if necessary. Grace was too astonished to speak for an instant, then rising, she put down her palette, wiped her hands and went forward with an invitation to the ladies to be seated.

"Is this Miss Turner?" began Mrs. Dyke, with a critical glance about the apartment, and then at Grace.

"No, madam, Miss Turner is not in. She generally returns about five, but to-day—"

"Very well, we can come again, for it is very important business. Are you the young woman who lives with her?" asked Mrs. Dyke, as she seated herself with deliberate dignity. "This is Mrs. Linberger, and we have called as the church committee to look after Miss Turner's soul," she continued, waving her hand majestically toward her companion-in-arms.

"Indeed," gasped Grace, bowing slightly toward Mrs. Linberger, and coughing a little as she put her handkerchief to her mouth to hide a smile.

"She belongs to our church, and we have heard she is being led astray by this blasphemous kind of healing," pursued Mrs. Dyke, looking severely at Grace from under her thick grey veil which hung like a lowering cloud just above her eyes. "Mr. Narrow requested me and Mrs. Linberger to call and examine into the matter. I hope *you* don't encourage such wickedness, young woman?"

"Certainly I am at enmity with any kind of wickedness, but I am not aware of any particular wickedness in Christian Healing," replied Grace, bracing herself for the storm she saw brewing.

"What! you don't see anything wrong in such awful heresy!" exclaimed Mrs. Dyke, again pushing her veil up, and looking with horrified eyes, first at Grace, then at Mrs. Linberger. "Perhaps you don't

understand about it," she added, softening a little as she settled back in her chair.

"I must confess I know but very little about it, but what I do know only increases my desire to know more," said Grace, flushing, as she sat down in the nearest chair.

"Let me warn you not to read or hear another word about it then, for it will simply be the means of worse than death to you," continued Mrs. Dyke, raising her finger solemnly.

"It destroys the most important doctrines in the Bible, even taking away the belief in the devil and hell," added Mrs. Linberger, speaking for the first time.

"Yes; they even deny there ever was a devil or that there ever will be any future punishment. Just think of it," reiterated Mrs. Dyke. "I guess they will see, some time!" she added with a sort of steely satisfaction.

"Do you really believe they lay aside all future punishment?" asked Grace, willing to waive the application to herself, and anxious to hear Mrs. Dyke's views.

"Yes, they say there is no evil and no devil, so of course there is no need for punishment."

"But do they not regard the devil as Jesus did, after all?" asked Grace, again pursuing her advantage.

"U-m, well, Jesus recognized him and talked to him, telling him to get out, and he often referred to the everlasting punishment," added Mrs. Dyke again, with a solemn face.

"But, he did not mean a literal fire, did he, when He spoke of everlasting punishment?"

Mrs. Dyke was the catechized instead of the catechizer, and it was an unaccustomed *role*, but she bore it like a soldier.

"Of course he did; several places in Matthew he described the lot of the wicked, and referred to the danger of hell-fire. Haven't you studied the Bible, Miss Hall?" suddenly turning to look straight at Grace with some severity.

"I am very much interested in it, Mrs. Dyke, but when I read that 'God's mercy endureth forever,' and that 'Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil,' I am inclined to think there must be some mistake about the dreadful wrath that is to last forever," calmly replied Grace.

"And you don't believe in eternal punishment?" cried Mrs. Dyke, in a shrill voice of astonishment.

"Don't believe in eternal punishment?" echoed Mrs. Linberger.

"I did not say that. I *do* think there is punishment so long as there is sin, but when we believe Christ has destroyed or can destroy sin, sickness, sorrow or death, which are the devil's works, they *will be* destroyed. It *must* be so if we trust the words of the gospel."

"Well, I am thankful to find Miss Turner in such Christian company at any rate," said Mrs. Dyke, as she adjusted her veil, preparatory to her departure.

"Yes, indeed; it is a pleasure to see such an earnest young Christian," added Mrs. Linberger, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"But, ladies," began Grace, "I am not such a ——"

"We shall be pleased to have you accompany Miss Turner to our meetings some time, Miss Hall," interrupted Mrs. Dyke, not heeding what Grace was saying. "Here is a card announcing the regular weekly services, and here are some tracts for you to read." She dealt out a liberal supply, which Grace took as she again started to explain, but a sudden haste had seized her visitors, and they left, saying they would try and call some other time, when Miss Turner was at home.

As Grace turned to go back to her painting, she caught a glance of her reflection in the glass. After looking at it a moment with a quizzical expression, she suddenly burst into a merry laugh, saying: "I did not know you had turned Bible teacher. Well, well, it *was* funny, but I could not help it, that she went away with the wrong impression of me, for she would not listen to my explanation."

When Kate came home she brought another letter from Mrs. Hayden, but before it was read Grace told her all about the call by the "church committee." Kate looked a little grave at first, but finally straightening up as she took off her gloves and hat, she said:

"Well, Grace, it is not very pleasant to be waited upon in this fashion, but I suppose if they take me in hand I can't help myself, and so I will be resigned to fate." She smiled and spoke cheerily, but a little tremor of the old fear touched her, notwithstanding.

"Let us read the letter now," suggested Grace, thinking that would be the best thing to revive Kate's dampened courage.

"Yes, I am anxious to read it; Mr. Hayden told me it is on the Bible, and very helpful."

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed, when it was finished. "Now I can interpret more freely myself, as I plainly see we must use our judgment about the Bible, as well as anything else. But what does it mean about the creeds?" she added suddenly, appealing to Grace with the old anxious look in her eyes.

"It means," said Grace, "that the ordinary orthodox interpretation of doctrinal points was voted upon by bishops, presbyters and laity generally, and because the majority of votes indicated a preference for a certain interpretation, it was adopted and became the established creed, and thus we have what is called the Apostles' Creed, which is the basis of all orthodox churches throughout Christendom. "And so with all creeds; they are all established by majority vote."

"I should never have known anything about this," she continued, "if I had not been searching so eagerly for some religion that would satisfy, and in my rambles I came across this information."

"Are you sure it is reliable?" was Kate's almost feverish question. It seemed that she must hold on to something or the last straw that bound her to the teachings of childhood, would break.

"It is a matter of history, and you see Mrs. Hayden has touched upon it, though very lightly. But it is the grandest historical truth I ever read, for it gives personal liberty. I shall never forget how happy I was to learn that the creeds were simply man-made or man-expressed opinions, for in that case, I too, had

liberty to read and think for myself, just as well as those who voted upon these various interpretations."

Grace was handsome when filled with enthusiasm, and as Kate looked at her at this moment she thought her face perfectly angelic, but one more question she must ask of this noble friend, who knew just what she needed to know and could tell it when she needed it most. "Do you think Christian Healing does away with the creeds of the church?"

"No, not necessarily. So far as I can see, it merely seeks truth, and whatever of truth is found anywhere is retained. It is only the husks that are thrown away. Indeed I can see more in the church than I ever could before I knew anything of Christian Healing," replied Grace, thoughtfully.

"Why, how is that?" asked Kate in surprise.

"The fundamental oneness in their search after God. What is back of the creed but a desire to reverence Deity? That was the origin, no matter into what it has degenerated now, and we must judge according to the spirit, not the letter. Oh, when will the world worship in the unity of the spirit?" sighed Grace, longing for the time when questionings and controversies would be at an end.

"Here is Mrs. Dyke, for instance," she resumed, presently, "what is she striving for but to live the true religion as she understands it? I can respect any honest people who live up to their belief, and the Christian who moans and sighs and looks doleful because he thinks it is his duty to do so, is much higher in my estimation than the one who believes it to be right, but fails to live accordingly."

"The spirit of religion washes away all differences in the letter," concluded Kate, with a lighter heart than she had when they began their conversation.

The vague terror that had occasionally thrust itself upon her during these last few weeks had loosened its hold upon her, and she realized, as never before, that fear, more than anything else, had kept her back; fear of deviating from the traditional and accepted opinions. The Bible lesson was especially valuable, because it touched these very points, and after this little conversation with Grace on the subject she was like another person.

When Mrs. Dyke called a few evenings later, after a similar interview to the one with Grace, she left the battlefield a wiser soldier than when she entered it, for Kate had so beautifully proven her religious earnestness, and more than all had shown such a Christ-like spirit, that the "sword was beaten into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—*Tennyson.*

"MARLOW, September, ——.

DEAR HUSBAND:

"Your letter was so full of interest. How glad, oh how rejoiced I am that we are privileged to know this beautiful truth. Don't you ever feel like stopping in the midst of your work and giving thanks that you were born in this age? As my eyes open more and more to God's goodness and love and power, I am so full of thanks, there is no room for petitions; indeed, I should feel as though I were begging, to ask God for what He has already given me, and of course He gives every child alike, being 'no respecter of persons.' Just think of it: 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' Negative thought, carnal mind *can not* know these things, but as we are

cleansed and purified, the new baptism 'creates 'in us a new heart,' the loving child's heart turned to its father, and love shall teach us more and more to read the signs of love.

"Oh, divine mystery of childhood, of parenthood, that brings us into closer and sweeter knowledge of our Father whose love is infinite. Out of the deep silence around us, filled as it is with the all-abiding presence of God, may we ask for a manifestation of whatever gift we choose to have. These thoughts filled my mind as I went to class this afternoon, and what was my surprise and pleasure to find the lesson to be on the subject of prayer.

"There is no theme or word so constantly in the mind and on the lips of the Christ follower as prayer. The oft-repeated injunction of Jesus was, 'watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.' 'Pray without ceasing.' As we study more closely into the life of the Master, we find him on all occasions communing with the Father in prayer. Thus we find that this is the most sacred and necessary of all branches of our daily work.

"Prayer is the natural turning of the better self to God, in the attitude of thankfulness, praise, supplication or voiceless desire. 'It must be the spontaneous and almost irrepressible outpouring of the thoughts and feelings of the soul into the listening ear of a present God,' said an earnest thinker.

"To what wonderful depths and heights our prayers lead us when they are thus spontaneous and irrepressible! How well David has expressed the grati-

tude, the holy trust and majestic praise common to every devout child of God. 'The Lord is my shepherd,' is blessed affirmation of supreme trust, the naming of God's glorious gifts, the gratitude for peace, life, love, protection, friendship, all the heavenly blessings of God's presence in God's house. In this wonderful psalm we find, no doubt, no thought of waiting for future blessings, but a grand outpouring of thankfulness for the present. There are no petitions, no supplications, no reserves of praise, but simply the glad recognition and appreciation of the omnipresence and omnipotence of Good.

"It was the same feeling, tempered with a deeper solemnity, that prompted Jesus to say 'Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me,' as he was about to perform the mighty miracle of raising Lazarus.

"Thanks signify the accomplishment of the desire. His request of the Father was granted before he had even preferred it, for he knew the law and realized it —that God is life and knows not death—but the form of words was observed because that makes the law a visible fact.

"Father is the human naming for this divine Love that ever waits for the spoken word in order to be revealed. To Jesus it was the dearest and best name of all by which to address or speak to the one great Helper, Guide, Friend. 'Father, I thank thee,' was often on his lips, and it was to the 'Father who seeth in secret' that he bade his disciples pray.

"In the secret consciousness of oneness with the Father there may be no reservations, no concealments,

no hypocritical bigotry, no thought of self, only a glad going out with all our heart and soul to the Father, a trustful acknowledgment of the Good. This is the attitude of true prayer.

"The devout soul is always praying, because it *consciously* lives with God. There are times of praise, adoration, extolment, when thankfulness is more exuberant, runs over into bursting joy, and times when longing desire carries us into the very bosom of God. We long for comfort, for love, for peace, with an unutterable agony of longing, and are met with an unutterable joy of satisfaction, if we but turn to Him and acknowledge, but an indispensable preliminary to prayer is fasting. The power of accomplishment in fasting and prayer equals a decree.

"The conditions upon which hinge our use of the divine power are, first, 'putting away iniquity'—fasting; second, turning to God—prayer. Then comes the power to decree; then we see the truth of Jesus' promise: 'All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them.' Then we look into the face of the Almighty, and reflect the same power, are able to do a like work, make visible the things of His creation by speaking the word of acknowledgment, that they are already established.

"It was this kind of prayer that enabled the disciples to heal the sick, cast out demons and do all the wonderful works. Failure was simply a sign of unfaithfulness in prayer. 'Oh, ye of little faith!' was the Master's explanatory exclamation.

"Here was a most essential requisite—faith in the Father, who alone is the power; faith and trust in the invisible All. Why do we pray so much with no answer to even our most devout aspirations? Because, like the disciples, we have too little faith.

"The heart-weary mother has prayed for her son, and he still goes the 'broad way that leadeth to destruction,' as she thinks; but for her heart-weariness, which is but lack of faith, he might have been turned into 'paths of righteousness.' With her mind continually burdened with fear, dire forebodings and anxious doubts, she has asked, begged, beseeched the mighty Ruler of destinies to soften the heart of her wayward boy. Thankfulness that God has given to her child the common inheritance to all possible blessings, a pure spiritual nature, the reflection of the All-Good, has never entered her thought to express. Her mind is divided between a conception of good and a conception of its opposite—evil. The result is years of hopeless praying, years of hopeless waiting. 'A house divided against itself can not stand.'

"'Pray, believing that ye have received.' Thus, 'I thank Thee, Father, for the perfect reflection of Thyself in my son. He is whole because he lives in and of Thy wholeness. I thank Thee that Thou hast already done more than I could ask. 'It is finished.' Into Thy hands I commend my all.'

"In this is the simple recognition of the All-Father, His love and His omnipotence. And after this, what? Trust—unwavering, childlike trust. So the burden is truly 'cast upon the Lord,' evil is overcome, swallowed up in the Good.

"With such mighty faith, what a cleansing there would be! what a sincere, glad rejoicing that the true relation between God and man were proven, for faith is the bond between the invisible and the visible, a 'basis of things hoped for, a conviction of things unseen.'

"With what devoutness, then, would we name the needs and aspirations? With what certainty would we assert that we have 'already received?' Not far off in the intangible somewhere, but here, there, everywhere may we find the Good, and 'he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"To dwell in the secret place, in the pure and righteous thought, is to be always under the protection of the Most High. To be able to say, 'He is my refuge and my fortress,' is the grand privilege given to the heir of the King, the heir that has come to the full knowledge of his inheritance and thankfully uses it.

"'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' wrote the wise and righteous James. There is an infinite promise of the fulfillment of righteousness in these words. They contain the key to all accomplishment or all failure. The righteous man is one who 'walketh righteously, speaketh uprightly, stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, shutteth his eyes from seeing evil' (prayer and fasting). The righteous man decrees magnificently and trusts infinitely. He does not approach God like a cringing servant, licking the dust at his master's feet, but like a Prince who enters his Father's presence with the simple statement of his wants, and knowing his Father's

will takes the glorious gift with thanksgiving and praise.

"Is it health he would have manifested for himself or his neighbor? He confidently acknowledges the health, even though he can not see it, the health with which all humanity is endowed, if it would claim its endowment. Is it peace, power, strength he desires, he again goes to the royal treasury. With the right word he climbs the stair of heaven; with the right faith he enters his Father's house, where all things abound.

"The righteous man is of one mind, the divine Mind that works through him. Were all the praying world of one mind, think you a Lincoln would have been martyred, a Garfield sacrificed, or tender little children lost to our sight?

"God is the same forever. There is no inharmony to come from Harmony. Be of one mind; let the divine Mind work through you; acknowledge only the divine creation, and then all beliefs in the opposite of God will be destroyed. The immaculate Christ (Truth) destroys the works of the evil (error) to-day, even as in the far away centuries of the past, 'if so be you let the Mind that was in Christ Jesus be in you.'

"The practical naming of daily prayer is denial and affirmation, denying evil or undesirable conditions, and acknowledging the Good or absolute.

"'Being is the vast affirmative excluding negation, self-balanced and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence,' said Emerson, noting the absolute-

ness of that which is. To become one with this affirmative Allness, is to manifest the affirmative condition of Being.

"Paul says in Titus: 'The grace of God hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world;' and in the next chapter, referring to the same subject: 'This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which hath believed in God might be careful to maintain good works.'

"There is no ceasing of this most necessary process. It is only by denying and affirming constantly that we fast and pray, thus fitting ourselves for the cleansing ministry. It is to 'be diligent in season and out of season,' if we would gain the true reflection from Omnipotence.

> What the sun is to the flower,
> Thou to us art every hour;
> Like the dew on lily's breast
> Fall all blessings from the Best.
> Not alone in day would we
> Turn our faces, Lord, to Thee,
> But through lowering clouds of night
> Would reflect Thy radiant light;
> Thanking Thee for all Thy care,
> May our lives be filled with prayer.

"What an outpouring there was in the silence after this. Such a flood of reverence and trustfulness filled my heart, and instantly it flashed upon me that God requires no outward forms or ceremonies of His children, except they be the spontaneous and involuntary expression of an overflowing heart.

"Kneeling in prayer was first prompted by reverence and not the servile form into which it has too much degenerated. A form is only a sign at best. If there is nothing to prompt the sign, what a mockery it is! Truly, 'the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.'

"Exactly how these thoughts came to me I can not tell, but after the silence I knew by a great and sudden wave of understanding, things that I had never thought of before, and to attempt to tell them would be like trying to catch the sunshine. The hint I have tried to give seems very far from the reality of my experience—but what are words compared to thoughts, anyway! . . . My heart is too full. I know now what 'inexpressible' means.

"Good bye, with love to all.

"MARION.

"P. S. I had just finished my letter when Mrs. Dawn and Miss Singleton came in. They too, had something wonderful in the silence. It seems too sacred to tell, but to you three who are so earnestly seeking the way of Truth, I can say what might seem sacrilege to the thoughtless world. Miss Singleton had realized in those few moments the inexpressible meaning of the Lord's prayer. 'Why,' she said, 'why, if we could realize what it means, there would be no more sickness, sin or death. It seemed to me the very heavens opened, and I looked upon a broad white shining light like a path, only it was broadened and broadened as I looked, till it became wide enough to cover the whole earth. This is to be wherever the

kingdom has come upon earth. Wherever the thoughts are heavenly and pure there the Father is, there heaven, wholeness, health are, and I could realize that the light is here, but ignorance keeps it veiled, so that verily the 'light shineth in darkness but the darkness comprehendeth it not.' Talk of sickness, trouble, sorrow, why, they are nothing! The *light* is here, the kingdom of heaven *has* come, and been here all the time. Jesus knew it, but he had to use language they could understand. He knew if they prayed faithfully in that spirit, bye and bye the spiritual meanings would flash upon them. Oh, how much, how much it means! I can never lose this, for it means unutterable things, and I *know* there is no reality in sickness for I am *well!*'

"Miss Singleton is, or has been troubled for years with heart disease and a slight curvature of the spine.

"It was not very light in the room, and I had not noticed her figure particularly, but as she spoke, her face fairly shone with a heavenly light (I can think of nothing else to describe it), and she was straight as any one! She declared over and over that she was well, but more than all else she appreciated the spiritual uplifting and knowledge that had come.

"Mrs. Dawn had no special revelation to-day, but she seems to be unfolding most beautifully. We talked a long time, and then sat in the silence. They have just gone. How I wish I could see you, but it is late and I must again close. Give my love to Grace and Kate. I am so glad Kate is getting into the light. I felt she would be all right after she begun. Of course, Kate, you will read this, but you will not care, I am sure.

M. H."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Not till the soul acts with all its strength, strains its every faculty, does prayer begin."

—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

"I HAVE always thought a great deal on the subject of prayer," said Mr. Hayden, drawing his chair up closer and bending over to look at his listeners, Grace and Kate, who had called to get the letter which had just been read, and it appears to me," he continued, "that subject has been misunderstood."

"Well?" interrogated Grace.

"Well, we have always been taught to pray to a God who could be informed of our wants and needs, and be induced to change His mind about the method of dealing with them, or be softened in His judgments concerning His children. Now if God is all-wise and all-powerful, why need we so carefully instruct Him? If He is all Love why need we ask Him with piteous tears to bless our sick and afflicted? If He is everywhere present, and no respecter of persons, why need we ask Him to do for one more than for another? As God is omniscient, is He not all the knowledge there is?"

"The great mistake has been to regard Deity as Person, instead of Principle," said Grace, as he paused a moment.

"As God is changeless and eternal, the essence of Love and Life," he went on, not heeding the interrup-

tion, "how can it be otherwise than that we have an influx of this divine Life into ourselves as we acknowledge its eternal and omnipresent existence, realizing the truth of what we say?"

"There the trouble has been," said Kate, taking up his thought, "that we have not realized the divine Presence which we call Truth, because we have not acknowledged it."

"That is exactly the reason, and it needs a constant acknowledgment of the Good to keep us from admitting false beliefs that beset us because of an acknowledgment of the opposite of the Good."

"What then is your idea of the true method of prayer?" asked Kate, much interested.

"More of thanksgiving, as Mrs. Pearl teaches. I like her comparison to the servant and prince. We can not dwell too much on the thought that God is always giving us blessings. They are here, have been from the beginning of all knowledge, and our part is to take them. I often think of that comparison between the earthly and the heavenly Father, given by Jesus, when he said: 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him?' Here is Mabel, for instance. Passionately fond of flowers as she is, suppose some day I should bring her a rare bouquet from the florist's, and with a smile hold them out to her, saying: 'Here Mabel, are some roses for you!' How would I feel if she came with the most pathetic expression of longing and misery in her face, and dropping

down on her knees, should beg me to give her one flower? But instead, like a true child that knows the father love, she would fly to take the beautiful gift and say, 'Oh, thank you, papa!' as she gives me a rapturous kiss, then runs for a vase to hold her treasures."

"Indeed, that is like the true child we all should become, and give thanks for the beautiful gifts of God," said Kate, softly, as if to herself.

"What do you think of the Lord's prayer as it was revealed to the lady?" asked Grace, to whom this part of the letter seemed a little hard to understand.

"I think her revelation far exceeds mine, but I have enough to know that it is as she says: 'We must finally get the inner meaning, but I would uncover the spiritual ideas by clothing them in more spiritual language.'

"It would be a great help if you would interpret it for us," said Kate, moving her chair closer in her eagerness to hear.

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Hayden, as he went for the Bible. "I don't know very well how to word it, but the thought came to me this morning, and became much plainer after I had read the letter."

He read the Lord's Prayer, then gave his conception of the spiritual meaning.

"All-pervading Father-Mother Spirit, which art in all harmony, revered and holy is Thy name. Thy peace and love and righteousness is conceived and realized amid earthly environments as it is in the highest state of harmony.

"Give to us each day the hidden manna, the living word that sustains us, and give us the truth for error as

we in our divine Essence to Thee, give truth for error to those who err against us.

"Leave or let us not in temptation, but preserve us from all thoughts that would dishonor Thee, for Thine is the kingdom and power and glory forever."

"That is wonderful. Oh, how beautiful it all is," exclaimed Kate with much feeling.

"Isn't it," added Grace, "and quite in accord with the passage quoted by Mrs. Hayden, 'what things soever ye desire, that —'"

"Same principle, recognizing the omnipresence of all things good, and acknowledging the gift as already given," interrupted Mr. Hayden, shutting his book and rising to put it away.

"How would you construe the passage where it says, 'with prayer and supplication let your requests be made known to God'" asked Kate.

"Oh, but you have not quoted it all. 'With prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known,'" replied Mr. Hayden, smiling. "It means, continue to ask, and expect to receive and give thanks, not only by word, but by proper use of what you already have. 'If ye continue in my word,' was the condition, so it must be that we continue to ask and give thanks, even if our petition is not visibly answered at once."

Mr. Hayden had some advantage in his study over the girls, for these things had been more or less considered by himself and Mrs. Hayden ever since her recovery, and it was no wonder he could explain so readily.

"After all, how would you apply this way of

praying to giving treatments?" asked Grace. "I am anxious for the practical application."

"Why, it is all practical, as far as the individual is concerned, but the application to others we have yet to learn, though I imagine it is the same. It is simply being negative to false conditions, thus putting them off, and affirmative to true conditions, absorbing them as the flower does the light and heat."

"Well, it is a beautiful idea of prayer at any rate," remarked Grace.

They soon went home, still discussing and deeply pondering the subject.

* * * * * *

"Grace, what do you suppose I did to-day?" cried Kate, breathlessly, as she rushed in the next evening.

"Can't imagine, unless you cured little Tim, the newsboy," laughed Grace, making her guess extravagant enough.

"No, but really, I treated Fannie for a dreadful headache. Of course I said nothing to her, but she was stumbling so over her music, I asked her what was the matter, and when she told me I treated her. In just a few moments she brightened up and said she felt better, and before we got through it was all gone. Wasn't that delightful?"

"Very, and I am so glad. How did you do it?"

"Well, I can hardly tell, but the talk we had yesterday with Mr. Hayden gave me a clearer idea than I had before, and I just denied the headache and acknowledged the truth that she was spiritually well; then waited a few moments and gave thanks that it was so."

"How glad we ought to be for the privilege of reading Mrs. Hayden's letters," said Grace, thoughtfully, as she smoothed her hair and washed her hands.

"Yes, and what a goose I was about it," Kate replied. "I would scarcely take the chance when it was offered, and if it had been any one but Mrs. Hayden, I do believe I should have refused point blank."

"We know so little what is right when we judge in the old way," said Grace. "Now, if I actually hadn't seen that woman cured, and known positively how she was before, nothing would have induced me to spend my time on this, although, from the first, I rather liked the theory."

"Where is my gingham apron?" called Kate, looking in the dark closet where she had hung it.

"Kate, I'm thoroughly reformed, as you will know when I tell you I am perfectly willing to perform the culinary duties to-night, and I will be the cook while you discourse some music for my edification," laughed Grace, as she emerged from the studio with her sleeves rolled back, and the lost apron pinned around her.

"What!" cried Kate, holding up both hands with a mock-tragic air. "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course, and I will show you what a talent I have for poaching eggs and making toast."

The girls were in the habit of dividing their work according to their personal tastes. Kate liked to prepare dainty meals and wash dishes, while Grace preferred to sweep and dust, and arrange things to suit her artistic eye. Each disliked the other's part of the work, so they were well content to have it so divided.

"Go on, now," ordered Grace, "and play for me. I want some music; but, first of all, tell me where the eggs are, and how long should they boil?"

"The eggs are in the tin pail on the third shelf in the closet. They should boil till they are a pretty blue white."

"Very well, now I can dispense with your company."

Kate laughed merrily, and sitting down to the piano, played till Grace called her out to dine.

"It seems rather nice to come home and play lady," she remarked, as she went out where Grace was.

"Well, really, Kate, I was thinking this afternoon that there is not so much difference in the kinds of work as there is in the thoughts you have when you work, and I resolved, that to refrain from certain duties because one does not like them is selfish, and makes a person one-sided. Then I could see no reason why I should dislike to cook, and concluded to try it."

"I believe you are right about the one-sidedness," said Kate, soberly

"I do want to grow into a rounded character, and am just realizing the necessity of doing things that lie nearest us, whether it is washing dishes, painting or scrubbing. If I get so I can think right about things I'm sure I shall like them."

"That is true. I have already noticed a vast difference in my patience in giving lessons. You know some days I would be so nervous and get so exasperated with Fannie Thornton and Jenny Miles, I didn't know what to do with myself, but the last few days I have not

minded them at all, in fact I got along better with Fannie than ever before, and it was just because I kept from thinking she was contrary and stupid."

"Well, that is a practical application of your lesson. I think we ought to apply it to everything we do," replied Grace.

"One of the chief beauties of the Christianity is that it goes into every thought and action," said Kate, thoughtfully, adjusting her hair.

"Oh!" she added a moment later, "I forgot to give you the letter that came today." She pulled it out of her pocket all crumpled and gave it to Grace, who glanced at her name on the envelope and then grew white about the mouth as she hastily put it into her pocket, remarking in an ordinary tone, "It will keep a little longer."

Little was said by either for some time. Grace was preoccupied and Kate furtively watched her face, for this was an unaccountable procedure although occasionally Grace had been affected the same way before.

She insisted on washing the dishes, and was glad indeed that she had it to do, while Kate poured her thoughts into music, feeling that she could best show sympathy for her friend by this, to her, most expressive way.

As for Grace, she waited till she had quite finished her work and then sat down to read the letter. She well knew it was from Leon Carrington, a suitor whom she had rejected on the plea that she wished to be wedded solely to her art. Pride had forbidden her being frank enough to tell him the real reason, cause I

by an impeachment made against his character, by one whom she implicitly trusted as a friend. Her bitter resolve was the result, and while it was true she loved and desired to spend her life in pursuing her art, she had compelled herself to think she loved it best, and so told him it was first choice.

Hers was a proud, deep nature, and rather than admit that she had loved or could love one whom she considered unworthy, she cut the matter short by a decided rejection. It had cost her a mighty effort to come to this decision, and when she came out of the trial, she had lost her faith in all men.

On all other points but this, Grace was sound and sweet in her general disposition, but any talk on marriage she would never tolerate even with Kate.

This was the third letter he had written in the two years since he went away, and as in the preceding, he fervently begged her to reconsider.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Life hath its Tabor heights,
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition
Of love, and truth, and clearer intuition:
Hail! mount of all delights!"

—*I. C. Gilbert.*

"MARLOW, September ——.

GOOD morning, dear ones all! I must tell you a little of yesterday before I go to the lesson to-day. We were not in class, and I staid in my room all day trying to solve the many questions that present themselves to us all, and to claim a little more understanding. Many points became very much clearer after my long meditation in the silence. In the evening I ran down to see Mrs. Dawn, who is several blocks away. We were so interested, so completely absorbed in telling our thoughts and experiences, that it was after eleven o'clock when I arose to go, and then she accompanied me home, only intending to come part way, but as we passed a little low house about half way home, the door suddenly opened and a little girl of ten or twelve years ran out sobbing, 'The baby is dying! the baby is dying!'

"She was going up an outside stairway to inform a neighbor. We rushed into the house and found the frantic mother sobbing and wailing over her baby apparently in the last agonies of death.

"'What is it? Can't we do something for you?' we asked, not knowing what else to say.

"'Oh, my baby, my precious baby is dying! Don't you see? she is almost gone!'

"Indeed, for an instant it seemed the little life had gone out, when, like a flash of lightning, the words came to my inner self, 'There is no death.' 'He that believeth on me shall not see death;' 'I am the way the truth and the life.' 'Treat,' I whispered to Mrs. Dawn, and soon the awful lie was denied by us in the peaceful silence of our own souls; for all consciousness of appearances had vanished as we denied death and its power, till we could *command* the waves of mortal thought to subside and say, 'Peace, be still.'

"It was the Master, the Christ within, who spoke for us, and we were filled with the mighty peace and calmness of Truth that worked through us and was immediately made manifest. The little face relaxed, the eyes lost their glassy stare, the color returned to the pale lips.

"The mother ceased her mourning and gazed at the precious child in awesome silence. The neighbor and the little girl who had come in, stood by in hushed amazement. For a while all felt the presence of the great invisible Power that had wrought so wondrous a work in their midst, although no one knew but ourselves what had been done. Presently the mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief, awaiting the doctor, for whom her husband had gone before we entered the house. We waited till he came, and then quietly slipped out.

"Mrs. Dawn came clear home with me, and we found our thoughts and feelings had been almost identical in this remarkable experience, showing the oneness of truth. It is something we shall never forget, for it was indeed from the very depths of our being we were stirred and thrilled with the mighty Principle.

"This morning I went to see the baby, and found it quite bright and happy, but still breathing a little heavily. The M. D. had left medicine, and of course, they were giving it 'according to directions.' I told the mother something of the Healing, and she readily acknowledged that something mysterious had saved her child's life, because it certainly was dying as much as the child she had lost years ago.

"'After you left last night, the neighbor who was here said like as not you were Christian healers or whatever that is, but she did not believe a word in it, and that it was all nonsense, but I told her I didn't care. I thought you saved my baby, and the doctor said it had grown much better since he came. 'Well,' says I, 'ef you had seen her condition when the ladies came in, you would say she *is* better.'

"'Oh, we won't argue about what made her better, whether medicine or something else; all we want now is to have the child cured,' said the doctor, very kind-like, and I really thought a great deal better of him than I had before, for most M. D.'s think they know everything,' she said.

"I was so glad to find she acknowledged even this much, so I talked a little longer, and explained the necessity of perfect trust in God, and the consequences

of distrust in Him. She seemed very responsive and ready to believe, but then, who would not believe after such a demonstration? I have felt awed and hushed all the morning, remembering the mighty something surging through me. It seems hard to believe that at last my desire to have some grand sign shown me is already fulfilled.

"Mrs. Pearl talked beautifully this afternoon on understanding. I wish you could hear the lectures as she gives them, with all her grace and beauty and impressiveness. Here is the essence of the lesson:

"As we evolve from material to spiritual understanding, we put ourselves more and more into the divine current of Life, Health, Goodness, which is God. The higher our ideal, the higher our attainment. Believing in God as supreme Love, we find it impossible to conceive of wrath, jealousy, revenge, as emanating from or existing in Him, Her or It. As we are filled with love, it becomes universal. Everybody is judged by its tender charity, everything is tinged with its warm radiance.

"As Paul so beautifully wrote: 'Love suffereth long and is kind, love envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth. . . . Love never faileth.' If this be a standard by which to judge the love of men, how much more appropriately might it judge God, who is love itself.

"In proportion as we are freed from the ignorance

and narrowness of primitive, ancient opinions concerning God, we shall rise to broader and tenderer and truer conceptions of Him. To the warm, sympathetic heart, that knows the deepest needs of humanity, the 'mercy that endureth forever' is an established fact of the universal Love. To understand this Love is to be at one with it, to do the works and think the thoughts of Love. It is essential, then, first to understand the law of effort, then faith, then love, then spiritual understanding, which is the goal toward which we all hasten—understanding of all spiritual things, understanding of God, who is all spirit. As we make the effort we receive faith, as we use faith we grow in the power and capacity of love, and love brings us the fullness of all things, even understanding of infinite wisdom. Every glimpse of truth we have ever had, every glorious breath of freedom, is but a hint of what will be when we have 'awakened to righteousness.'

"We gain our knowledge by and through the law of right speaking and consequently right acting. In the Bible, the New Testament especially, great stress is laid upon the power of words. Solomon wrote, 'How forcible are right words.' 'Life and death are in the power of the tongue,' and from St. Paul we hear, 'Hold fast the form of sound words;' and James' admonition, 'Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only,' show that both considered it necessary to speak the word if they would manifest its power.

"But there is another and a holier office given to the word and that is the office of atonement. The original meaning of atone was to 'make at-one, to agree,

to be in accordance, to accord.' To be at-one with a person is to be in such perfect sympathy that the thoughts of both are the thoughts and feelings of one.

"Another illustration would be to say of a chip thrown into the river, it is at-one with the current. In this sense we should aim to be so at-one with the divine Principle that we may say with Jesus, 'I am one with the Father,' for did he not say: 'They are not of this world even as I am not of this world,' and 'That they may be one even we are one.'

"To speak absolute Truth is to come into the true at-one-ment, to be at one with the divine Mind, to realize that Christ the Truth is the atoning power. The Christ is the impersonal Word of Truth which we are to speak, for 'unto us hath been committed the word of reconciliation' or atonement.

"When we think true thoughts and catch true ideas, when we understand true meanings and love true knowledge, we are sustained by the living word which sustains all who speak and live it, because we are truly at one with the divine Word.

"Knowing the meaning of Christ to be Truth, blood to be life or word, and sin to be error, we catch the spiritual meaning of the phrase 'sins washed away by the blood of Christ,' which is, sins or errors washed away by the word of Truth.

"In that wonderful sermon in the sixth chapter of John, Jesus used the term blood as a symbol of his words, and emphatically told his disciples, when they persisted in taking his sayings literally, 'the flesh profiteth nothing, the *words* that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'

"That the Bible writers used the figurative language of those times, must be taken into account when reading points that have been made foundation doctrines. Owing to the ancient custom of sacrificing animals to appease the wrath of God, whom they regarded as subject to anger, jealousy or any human passion, they used figurative language when describing Jesus as the Lamb sacrificed for the sins of the world.

"In one of the inspired moments of the prophet, when he apprehended God as a God of Love, he cried out, 'I have desired mercy and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offering.' It is the knowledge of God, the word of truth, that will save, and the only sacrifice is the sacrifice of self which makes the atonement possible.

"To fast from all selfishness is to keep the true fast, so beautifully described in the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. 'Is it not to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, to break every yoke? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily.' Here is the fruit of atonement, the result of understanding, for understanding God and being at one with God, is in reality the same. As we understand God we shall be at one with Him, and to be at one with God is to be whole, for He is Holiness, wholeness, health. 'If thine eye be single, then shall thy whole body be full of light.' To be single in recognizing the one Mind, one Power, one Creation, is to be filled with light, which is life, which is health, for as the mind, consciousness, becomes illuminated, the body

responds by recording the history of thought upon the visible page or body.

"It is the revealment of God that we seek, and our individual relation to Him. What more is there for us to know after we know Him, for is not He all there really is? He has given many marvelous signs to His children, who must be taught in simple childish ways and the 'still small voice' is ever near, speaking to whomsoever will listen. It is the inner guide, the 'spirit of truth that guides us into all truth.' Then we are 'clothed upon,' we have returned to our Father's house and the feast is spread, the rejoicing has begun.

"For awhile our only conception of power, is in visible manifestations or feelings, but there comes a time when 'to be alone with silence is to be alone with God,' when joy is unutterable, and love the very potency of silence, when we wait with bated breath and let the divine Thought surge through us, when we put away all material beliefs and stand glorified in the 'secret of His Presence.' Then indeed are we baptized of the spirit, and in the silent chamber of our new consciousness may we hear the blessed words, 'Thou art my beloved son.'

"No longer 'Thou shalt and thou shalt not,' but the sweet affirmation of sonship, of daughtership, of the precious benediction of a Father's love. Then glad light rushes into every dark crevice of our mind. We see as we never saw before, we understand as we never understood before, we speak as we never spoke before, we live as we never lived before, because we have been lifted out of the depths of ignorance to the radiant heights of the

Promised Land, because we hear the angel saying as of old, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' Finally, oh my husband, because we have been born again, and so find ourselves within the royal gates, the palace doors open to receive us and the insignia of royalty written upon our faces, for we shall be stamped with the signs of understanding, and know, as Jesus did, 'it is not I, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.'

"Then, as the beauteous sunlight bathes and blesses all the world with its effulgent glory, so will the light of Truth, known as understanding, shine through us and turn pain into peace, sadness into joy, sickness into health, error into truth.

> 'Wisdom ripens into silence,
> And the lesson she doth teach,
> Is, that life is more than language,
> And that thought is more than speech.'

"How I long for this ultimate experience! How I yearn for the fullness of this knowledge now; for the ripened wisdom that shall unlock the doors of my own consciousness, but I know, dear, this will come to us if we are faithful to the few little steps we know, no matter how we stumble and fall in taking them. Oh, that we may reach out to all the world in the sweet ministry of 'peace on earth, good will to men.'

"You say 'there is a rift in the clouds for you, too, and the vague something which sometimes loomed up in your horizon is gone.' How glad I am, no words can tell. What a change there will be! The old past shall be sweetened and sanctified by the new present, and only the good memories shall remain.

"What a blessed comfort in this thought, 'the Lord shall be thy rear ward.' We have nothing to do with the past, for it shall be utterly annulled. The Truth has erased it, and it is swallowed up in the good in proportion as we recognize only the Good. This thought is a great consolation to me when I recall the hasty words I used to say when my temper got the better of me. Oh, that old failing! I hope it is forever vanquished—but there, I must not forget to be scientific, and of course it is not scientific to talk of error in any way.

"Jamie is a dear little scamp, if he *did* try to break the rules and get something to eat between meals by playing prairie dog. It must have been very funny to see him sitting in the attitude of a begging dog, mutely appealing for something, and being obliged at last to suggest that there was candy on the top shelf. Even my heart would have softened for the innocent little trickster.

"Well, really, we must try to give the children the liberty we older children desire and insist upon having in such a headstrong way. Bless my little darlings! They shall realize the absence of fear, the presence of love in their home, which we must strive more and more to make typical of the great Home in which we are all members.

"I feel that they are dearer now than ever. My love is more unselfish, and I can really feel that they are truly consecrated to the Good, because I know how to hold them in the thought of the Good, how to annul the opposite influences and fill their minds with the sweet, pure, ennobling realizations of Love. Meekly I say this, because I know not my own strength, or rather I know not how much divine strength I may recognize and use, but this is the right path, and I earnestly desire to walk in it.

"You know some people say (in their ignorance, of course) that this free thinking breaks up families. Oh, if they could only know, on the other hand, how it strengthens the bonds, how it clears up misunderstandings and falsities, how it teaches us the sacredness of family relations, and brings us into spiritual oneness, which is the only true marriage.

"Spiritual light has come to me on this subject which can not be put into words, but some time you will know what I know, and we shall both be blessed by the knowledge.

"Peace be unto all God's children.

"Your loving

"MARION."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"If thou art worn and hard beset,
With troubles that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

GRACE was in deep perplexity. She pondered her problem over and over, and though in reality she felt more like flinging pride to the winds than ever before, she was not able to formulate or even consciously name her thoughts. A strange, unsettled feeling possessed her. She wondered at herself that she did not contemptuously throw this letter of Leon Carrington's into the fire, as she had the other two, but for some reason did not do so. All night she was uneasy and slept but little. The next morning she announced to Kate that she would spend the day at Rosewood, sketching.

What the trouble was, Kate could only surmise, but wisely held her peace feeling instinctively that now was no time for questions. She was relieved to hear of the prospective recreation, for Grace always came back from these trips with so much fresh inspiration, and renewed enthusiasm.

It was a beautiful day, one of those mild, hazy days of October that seem made to teach humanity some

of its most sacred lessons. Nature is the best of teachers if we know how to read her mystic pages, her many and varied beauties, her wide diversities of expression, her fine subtlety of language, for she is the handmaid of Truth, inasmuch as she holds before our admiring eyes pictures of Truth and its wondrous laws. If we can interpret the pictures, we are wiser and better and happier.

Grace was ever ready to listen to the oracles of nature, but now they held a sweeter message than ever before, and she keenly anticipated the pleasure in store for her as she seated herself in the car and disposed of her sketching materials for the half hour's ride to Rosewood, a pretty little woodland station near Hampton.

She generally walked the mile and a half to the farmhouse in the edge of the woods, where she had made the acquaintance of a kind hearted old lady, who loaned her a great Newfoundland dog belonging to the house, for company in her rambles.

Mrs. Clayland was rejoiced to see her, for it had been several weeks since Grace had called, and she was eager to tell her of the great tree up in the ravine that had been blasted by the lightning, and about the beautiful little waterfall caused by the Cherry Creek freshet.

Grace listened patiently as she rested, and asked questions that she had asked many times before, because it pleased the old lady to tell of all the beautiful spots and dainty bits of landscape in her vicinity. That was next to being the artist.

Prince stood by, looking with intelligent eyes, first

at the visitor and then at his mistress, wagging his tail wistfully as though eager to be off, for he seemed to realize that this was his holiday too.

"Are you ready to go, Prince?" asked Grace, patting the dog on the head as she looked into his great brown eyes.

Prince licked his mouth and pushed his nose close under her hand while his tail wagged violently. "Yes, of course he is. I wish my old limbs would let me go too, but I can't even hobble to-day for the rheumatism has been dreadful the last week," said Mrs. Clayland, as she wiped her spectacles.

Grace hardly knew what to say, for here was just the place for a little sympathy, and yet she must shut her eyes to false beliefs and conditions, so she wisely talked of the beautiful day, the warm air, and what not, while secretly resolving that Mrs. Clayland should be her first patient if she ever knew how to treat patients according to the Christ method. In the mean time, she would give her some thoughts.

While Mrs. Clayland volubly rattled on, talking of all her aches and pains, Grace was doing her best to think of the very opposite statement, that she was well.

At last, however, with Prince trotting gaily in front of her, she began her rambles in earnest. She knew of a beautiful view from one of the hills near by, and slowly wended her way thitherward. The hush and quiet of the place seemed such a relief after the troubled hours of the past night, and as she came to the gentle slope of the grassy hill, she threw her-

self into the soft warm grass, in the shade of a stately elm that stood there alone, and gave herself up to thinking — thinking of the deepest and most sacred problems in human experience.

Prince came and laid himself at her feet. The soft autumn sunshine played here and there upon her form and face through the leaves, while the occasional note of a bird or hum of an insect were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the lonely place. What an exquisite pleasure to lie there and breathe in all this wonderful peace, for it was like a taste of heaven. Far away from all perplexities and cares, she could have lost herself in sweet forgetfulness but for this one theme that would persist in thrusting itself upon her. At last it had resolved itself into the form of a question. Should she or should she not write to Leon Carrington? Might it not be possible she had been misinformed, and that she was mistaken in her hasty conclusions?

Life presented a different aspect now from what it had two years ago. She was more lenient in her judgments, more charitable in her opinions, more softened in her pride; changed more than she ever realized until she began the self-examination on this point. To be sure she had desired to change in these respects, since she had seen a glimpse of the possibilities of Christian life. She had denied all qualities of character in herself that seemed undesirable, and had affirmed charitableness, patience, wisdom, but that she could ever have changed her mind on this subject seemed incredible and utterly inconsistent.

And yet, what could she say to him? She had no

answer, certainly no encouragement. The only thing she could do would be to tell him frankly what her thought and judgment had been, without going into details, and learn the truth of the matter; but that, she would never do. Whatever injury she had inflicted through her silent, erroneous thoughts should be as silently redressed by her best and most generous ones.

Over an hour she lay there, no nearer the solution of her problem than when she began. It was getting late, and she rose hurriedly, shook the leaves and grass from her dress, and opening her sketch book, set to work.

An opening to the left in the woods revealed a view of lovely meadows and wooded hills, clothed in all the gorgeous robes of autumn, with a misty blue haze enshrouding them, and gleams of a silvery river winding through meadow and woodland. She rapidly sketched the outlines, studied the beauteous blending of tints, and wondered meanwhile, what particular lesson she could learn or give by this beautiful picture. Again she looked at the scene before her. Suddenly there came into her mind some lines she had often admired:

> "Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature,
> Oh, the light that is not of day!
> Why seek it afar forever,
> When it can not be lifted away?"

Ah, here was the key. "The peace of Nature," typical of divine peace, "The Light not of day," divine Light itself. How sweet the thought, how precious the lesson; and the divine Peace and Light *are* indeed

forever here. Could she throw such a divine message into her prospective painting? Could she make every form and color, every hint of light and shadow, tell the sweet story, as this living picture told it? Surely, the heart that overflows with an inbreathing of the divine, must be able to teach the common heart of humanity, else what is the use of inspiration?

On her way back to the house, Grace passed the blasted tree, described by Mrs. Clayland, but she had no desire to study destruction or death. It was life, living things, that she would portray. Was there not beauty and grandeur everywhere, hinting of Infinity? Even the noisy and monotonous waterfall now had a message for her as it rushed forcefully on its course, regardless of any and all obstructions.

It was quite late when Grace and Prince returned, much later than she supposed, so that she missed the train and had to wait for the next, several hours later. Mr. Clayland kindly volunteered to take her to the station, an offer she was very glad to accept.

The lamps were already lighted when she entered the car. She slipped into the first vacant seat, but caught a glimpse of a face several seats in front of her that made her heart beat hurriedly and her breath come quick and fast for a few moments.

She resolutely avoided looking anywhere but out of the window, and at the end of her journey quietly but quickly disappeared in the surging crowd.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart with anxious heed,
Where all my searches meet with doubt,
And nothing satisfies my need;
It shuts me from the sound and sight
Of that pure world of life and light
Which has no breadth, or length, or height."

—*A. L. Waring.*

KATE had long ago become accustomed to these uncertain movements of Grace, and was therefore not alarmed at her prolonged absence. She sat in a cozy chair, reading the last letter from Mrs. Hayden, when Grace entered.

"What makes you look so sober, Gracious?" she asked, tenderly, after the hat and sketch book were laid aside and they had settled themselves for their usual chat.

"Oh, Kate, I had a lovely time to-day, with all the beautiful sights out in the country; I wish you could see how much more there is in nature since we have studied Christian Healing," was the evasive reply.

"I think we see more in everything," said Kate, whose curiosity was rather *piqued* by the evasiveness, though she made no sign, "because everything stands for something. It is like the x in algebra, and interesting as the unknown quantity."

Grace smiled a little. She was thinking of a different kind of "unknown quantity."

"Don't you want to hear Mrs. Hayden's letter?" asked Kate, wondering more and more over the *distrait* manner and dreamy absorption of her friend.

"The letter, why, of course; where is it?"

"Here; shall I read it?"

"Certainly."

Grace grew more interested as the reading went on. "That is decidedly the most reasonable explanation of the atonement I have ever heard," she exclaimed at the close.

"Yes, it is reasonable and beautiful I must admit," said Kate, "but when I first read the letter my old fear came back for a moment that possibly it was all wrong, but I remembered my right to an interpretation. That one thought has been more helpful to me than any other, for it has brought such a sense of liberty. Then I looked up the quotation about the 'word of reconciliation,' and I must say it is so perfectly plain I can not see why it has been so overlooked and neglected before."

"Where is it? I did not catch that," said Grace, following Kate's finger as she pointed to the passage in the Bible.

"There is something so sacred in these meanings," resumed Kate, "and if I may only get the truth, I care not what any one says about it. I see now wherein lies the whole misconception or misinterpretation rather. It is in the idea of God. If we conceive of Him as limited to human ways and capacities, as the

ancient Hebrews did, we naturally ascribe such works to Him."

"In other words," added Grace, "we judge God entirely by ourselves. If we are broad and loving in our nature and character it is easy for us to regard God as love. If we are vindictive and revengeful, we can readily see Him as angry and unrelenting."

"Yes, we are so apt to judge the whole world and God, too, by our moods," replied Kate, thoughtfully.

"As Emerson says, 'we see in others what we are ourselves,'" quoted Grace, removing her jacket which until now she had retained in order to get warm after her evening journey.

"Oh! what do you think of what Mrs. Hayden says about marriage?" asked Kate, putting her pencil in her mouth as she held both hands out to assist Grace.

"She doesn't say enough to give an opinion," replied Grace, "but there must be something in her mind or she would not write about it now."

"Her ideas must be very exalted, and I hope to know what they are, for it is a very important question," said Kate, with a casual glance toward her companion, as she bit the end of the pencil.

"Mrs. Hayden decidedly denies the imputation laid to Christian Healing, that it is opposed to marriage, or that it tends to separate families," said Grace, with more interest than Kate would have thought possible a week ago.

"I did not know any such imputation had been laid to it," rejoined Kate, opening her eyes in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, I have heard it several times, but people will talk whether they know anything or not. I am glad Mrs. Hayden mentions it for that is enough to show there is absolutely no foundation for such statements." Grace moved her chair and put her elbow on the table so she might shade her eyes with her hand.

"Why, I don't see how people can say such things; surely the tendency is to draw families into closer bonds of sympathy and affection," exclaimed Kate, in questioning innocence.

"It ought to be," replied Grace, thoughtfully, "and undoubtedly is," she added.

"What do *you* think of this question, Grace?" Kate ventured to ask. At any other time she would not have dared approach the subject, but Grace seemed more pliable to-night for some reason.

"What question?" asked Grace, rousing from her reverie. "Oh, marriage. Well, sometimes I have thought the query going the rounds of the press, 'Is marriage a failure?' a very pertinent one, but of course that doesn't touch the principle itself. That is right and can never be otherwise."

"Most people talk and write as seriously as though it *does* touch the principle."

"That is because they judge the principle by the persons representing it, whereas they should stop and consider that humanity is prone to weakness and often fails to demonstrate its high ideals."

"And it is because of failure they think there is something wrong. Take an individual case, for instance, and there are thousands. If a girl marries unhappily,

she thinks there must be something wrong in the whole system, for she judges everybody's misery by her own," said Kate, secretly wishing Grace would be more confidential, and not so coldly intellectual.

"Then the way to a happy judgment of this question would be a happy marriage, you think?" laughed Grace, with a faint blush, looking up inquiringly.

"Don't trifle Grace. You know I said it all earnestly, and really it is no matter to trifle over, any way."

"Well, that is true, Kate," replied Grace more soberly. "I don't believe anybody takes the question seriously enough. It is certainly the most important of all things to consider."

"Do you think it right to enter marriage for any other reason than pure and devoted affection?" persisted Kate.

"No, I do not. Why do you ask?" demanded Grace rather sharply.

"Because that is the solution of the whole problem. If they would begin to talk about love instead of marriage being a failure, they would get some light on it," a little impatiently.

Grace looked up in surprise.

"I know," continued Kate, "it is because people are mistaken or misled in their reasons for marriage, that it even has a semblance of failure."

"That is one reason, certainly, and another is that they do not understand each other's motives, or have not the patience to bear with each other's faults. We can easily see how misunderstandings can be put away

when there is true love, when we determine to see only the good, and learn to 'resist not evil.' That is one of the strong points in Jesus the Christ's teachings," said Grace with unwonted earnestness.

"I am so sorry people can't see it in the right light," added Kate, regretfully.

"You can have much charity for them, for it is just what you would have said or thought, if you had not studied the matter yourself. You remember how Mr. Narrow influenced you and biased your judgment?"

"Yes, and I see as never before that the 'Truth makes us free.'

> 'He is a freeman whom the truth makes free.
> And all are slaves besides,'"

said Grace, as she reached for the sketch book to look over her work of the afternoon.

"It is no use, she never will say anything, even when she might," thought Kate as she reviewed the events of the past few days. She half reproached herself for allowing anything to take her mind from the one special theme in which at last she had become thoroughly interested. She was eager to learn, to search in all directions for the meaning of things. Slowly the little grain of faith was growing into the mighty tree.

Enchanting Truth so round, so perfect, so beautiful, —no wonder we must reach out in every direction for the knowledge of thy fair signs that we may more correctly and more fully realize the perfect revealment of our own divinity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"What a great power is the power of thought! And what a grand being is man when he uses it aright; because after all, it is the use made of it that is the important thing. Character comes out of thought. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.'"—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

"MARLOW, October——.

DEAR HUSBAND: I was just thinking of you all when the letter carrier came this morning and gave me a welcome surprise, for your letters usually come in the afternoon. It seems too wonderful to believe about the children, and yet I can see it is their implicit faith that makes their words so potent.

"They are doing their part to help too, for every one in the world, large or small helps in greater or lesser measure to carry out the plans of the invisible Good.

"I dreamed of being at home last night, and it seemed as though you were all so happy and busy. You did not see me. Even little Jem was busily engaged in some kind of work. I could scarcely see what it was, but a vague white something like an invisible net was spread between you, and the thought came that you and Anna were weaving something, and even the children had a part to fulfill for they flitted to and fro, bringing something to you with faces so full of light and happiness, I almost cried out with joy.

"When I awoke I was deeply impressed that this was a symbol of united effort in making the seamless

robe of Truth, and the family group represented the members of one body, each with a work to do to perfect the whole.

"No matter how humble our part may be, no matter how childish and incompetent we feel, by doing the best we know, with the ability we have, in all joy and earnestness, we shall be serving the Master and weaving the marvelous robe.

"Mrs. Pearl talked of the mighty power of thought in her lecture to-day.

"Every individual in the universe is inseparably connected with every other individual, and we are, as it were, 'touching elbows' with the whole world.

"How is it done? Simply by thinking and being susceptible to thought. Every thought of the individual helps to make or mar the happiness and health of the world. Every negative thought (and by that I mean opposite the good, which is positive) sent forth, goes into the miasmatic fog of error, and whoever believes in error or the reality of these thoughts, attracts to himself this quality of thought, which sooner or later, makes itself manifest in physical inharmony.

"For instance, one who believes in the reality of sickness and the reality of evil is constantly attracting thoughts that make sickness manifest, but if a knowledge of how to throw off or counteract those thoughts were used, the cloud would be dispelled before it turned into inharmony or sickness.

"This is why we are taught to deny every thought or feeling that is not harmonious or desirable, everything which can not be predicated of spirit. If this is

what makes sickness and sin, truly it is not to be wondered at, for how many are perfectly happy, perfectly unselfish and kind, one single day at a time?

"Suppose one gets up in the morning with a feeling of crossness and impatience; he goes to breakfast, impresses the whole family with his discomfort, and so through the entire day leaves the imprint of his dark forebodings on every person who sees him, besides the untold influence that goes forth to the unprotected world, inasmuch as thoughts go everywhere.

"He retires at night, disgusted with himself and displeased with the whole world. People were unkind and unjust. Even inanimate objects were unusually aggravating. He wasted half an hour trying to untie a knot, hunted for a package of papers which were finally found in their proper place, had a vexing ten minutes with his office key, etc.

"Every impatient thought, word or action was an expenditure, not only of physical force, but a loss of moral strength, and just as surely as the world moves, these thoughts, in their revolving circuit, constantly return to the thinker, 'Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap.'

"Who knows what dark trains of thought his lowering face suggested? Who knows what headaches and heartaches were brought on by the unconscious absorption of his impatience or bitterness? Who can measure the extent of that mysterious burden of depression, so often called 'the blues,' that crept into the consciousness of somebody under the influence of the dark thoughts sent out by this one, of whom perchance they know nothing?

"It is this negative quality of thought that holds the world in bondage. To destroy it is to destroy all inharmony. On the other hand, note the influence of the happy-voiced individual, who comes to us so running over with the joy and beauty of life that we catch the thrilling inspiration of his mood and begin to enjoy the same sunshine, see the same beauty and feel the same happiness.

"One look or one word may often send us off into the most delightful reveries, may inspire us to write a cheery letter, vibrating with love and hope, or prompt us to spend half an hour with one who needs the bath of joy our words may bring. Consciously and unconsciously we lighten the pathway, lift the burdens, sanctify the sorrows of the world by sending out and receiving this subtle thread of thought, so fine in its essence and quality, that any one and every one may feel its strengthening presence.

"It is the negative or mortal thought that produces disease. See how grief bends and breaks the strongest constitutions, furrows the cheek, dims the eye, takes the appetite, impairs the mind. See how anger cankers everything it touches, how jealousy corrodes the thoughts with poisoned arrows, until the body is written over with letters of unmistakable meaning.

"The body is what we may call the thermometer of the mind and registers the quality of thought. Universal beliefs in error find their common expression on the body. Every thought of sickness, sin or discouragement is recorded or bodied forth.

"With all our belief in and fear of evil, sickness and death, we are continually subjecting ourselves to

false and undesirable conditions, until, as Job said, 'Lo, the thing that I feared has come upon me.'

"Fear is more quickly productive of disease pictures than any other kind of thought. Some one has aptly said, 'if the human race were freed from fear, it would be free from sickness,' which is verily true. Even the most learned doctors of medicine admit that an epidemic takes hold of those first who are most afraid, and frequently leaves the absolutely fearless unmolested.

"Why is this so? Because fear weakens the power of mental control, and consequently weakens the body To leave the doors unlocked, and then watch for the thief, is almost equal to having the thief in the house.

"The material scientist says an epidemic has a material cause; the Christian healer says it has a mental cause. Before there is an object to fear there must be the sentiment of fear. Let scarlet fever appear in a community, and every parent will immediately send out the most agonizing thoughts of fear. Where will they go? Everywhere, because thoughts can not be restrained. Their influence goes out in every direction. To the tender children especially, because particularly directed to them. All who have left the door open to fear, though they may be sleeping in their unconsciousness of danger, will be liable to receive these uncontrolled thoughts, and some day when they least expect or fear sickness, it may be upon them.

"So the children, to whom have been directed such thoughts, only prove their susceptibility to them, by picturing forth fear in the form of scarlet fever, or whatever may have been the naming of the error. Anybody manifesting sickness without consciousness of

fear proves passive or unconscious fear, while those suffering sickness through a conscious recognition and fear of sickness are manifesting active or conscious fear.

"There are two departments of mind sometimes spoken of as the conscious and unconscious. The conscious mind is the conscious thought, which is easily swayed or changed. It has an immediate or direct influence on the body as is shown by the the blood that rushes to or recedes from the face at some sudden change of thought. The unconscious mind is the aggregation of past individual and universal conscious thought, and is the character formed, the second nature or instinct.

"As the flesh and bones are more fixed than the ever moving blood, so the unconscious mind is slower to receive impressions, and slower to show them forth. Our bodies to-day are showing a harvest of the thoughts of generations or ages of the past. The person manifesting consumptive tendencies is not only expressing his own conscious thoughts, but is veritably the picture of the thoughts of his parents, ancestors and the entire race, concerning a belief in consumption. Year by year the thoughts of this error have been writing themselves in his face, his eyes, his chest, his very walk and talk and breath. Unless he offsets them with thoughts of absolute Truth, they press him out of our sight. He yields to the belief of death, because he never said no to sin or sickness, because he was at one with the world in its false beliefs.

"'The last enemy to be overcome is death!' reads the inspired statement of Paul, confirmed and strengthened by the Master's never-dying promise, 'If a man keep my saying he shall never see death.'

"There are certain fixed beliefs inherent in every mind which we call universal beliefs. They are often referred to as belonging to the unconscious mind; as, for example, the fear of pain or suffering under certain circumstances will come to the surface of consciousness, proving that despite every feeling of confidence and fearlessness it has not been destroyed, but sleeps in the unconscious mind.

"These unconscious beliefs and fears of sickness are ultimately expressed on the body in different forms of disease, sometimes given one name and sometimes another. The material scientist calls a certain outshowing on the body cancer, the Christian healer calls it the picture of a belief of cancer. In this way disease is always the manifestation of both conscious and unconscious thoughts.

"Special forms of disease are born by constant attention to the thought of disease and their symptoms. It has been stated on good authority that physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are apt to be afflicted with what they have especially fitted themselves to cure. In a medical journal a case was cited not long since of an eminent physician who read before a great convention of doctors, what was considered to be the ablest treatise on insanity ever written. 'On going home from the convention he killed his wife, four children, and then himself, in a fit of dementia.'

"This reveals a startling fact, which might be corroborated by many others, that the body ultimately pictures forth the idea. But the thought is not confined to the individual. It not infrequently finds the most striking expression in some member of the family or in any one under his influence.

"If one man's thoughts so influence himself, family or friend, think of the influence of such thoughts on those who go to him for advice or treatment, those who deliberately place themselves under his inspection and allow themselves to be guided both directly and indirectly by his erroneous opinions. Think of the vast stream of such thoughts going out from all medical colleges, students and practitioners. No wonder diseases increase as physicians increase, as some of the best thinkers of the age declare.

"Not that one class of people is more to be reflected upon than another, for some kind or degree of erroneous thought is held by all classes. Physicians talk sickness and death, ministers preach evil and punishment, the entire race believe in and suffer for sins.

"It is centuries since it was first discovered that ideas were transmitted without the ordinarily accepted means of communication, but to-day it is positively and repeatedly, yes, continually proven that thought transference is not only possible or probable, but an everyday occurrence. To realize that

> 'Thoughts are things,
> Endowed with being, breath and wings,
> And that we send them forth to fill
> The world with good results or ill,'

is to be mightily responsible for what we think. To know that we are verily our brother's keeper, and that every thought makes misery or happiness for the whole world as well as for the individual, is something that should engage our deepest and most earnest consideration.

"All thinking is for the weal or woe of the world that is yet in its infancy of knowledge. As consciousness of truth takes the place of consciousness of error, thoughts become light and beautiful and true with corresponding conditions.

"Let us no longer slumber in the arms of indifference and ignorance, but awake to truth and righteousness. 'Better be unborn than untaught; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.'"

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"Blessed influence of one true, loving soul on another. Not calculable by algebra, not deductible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower.—*George Eliot.*

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Kate as she laid down the letter containing the lesson on Thought. "I didn't know we were so responsible for every little thing that comes into our mind."

"Or goes out of it," said Grace, smiling, as she finished tinting a dainty plaque. "Now we can understand that 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,'" she added rather absent-mindedly.

"Yes, but I think I prefer the wisdom to the bliss. Do you understand this lecture as well as the rest?" asked Kate, again glancing at the letter.

"Why shouldn't we? It is plainly told, and is a natural sequence to the others. I should think it very helpful, and if there really is so much power in thought, it is time people knew it."

"But what of the people who do not know it? Are they utterly defenseless?"

"As long as they believe in the reality of sin, sickness and death, they must suffer from them," replied Grace, picking a loose hair from her blender.

"Then they ought to know how to learn and understand these things, but I could not tell anybody."

"We can solve any problem by going back and reasoning from the premise. If any shock of sin or sickness come over us, we have simply to remember the spiritual, which is the only real creation."

"It is not so easily done though. To-day I met the most miserable looking cripple sliding along without any limbs. I held my skirts aside as he passed, and forgot to even think of him as God's child," confessed Kate, in a regretful tone.

"Anything takes time, and we can't expect to leap into perfection at once, but what did you do after he had passed?" asked Grace, with some curiosity.

"I pitied the poor creature and wondered what made him so."

"That was the very way to keep him in the same condition," said Grace, rapidly mixing some paint. "This last lesson very clearly explains that *every* thought has an influence, and that you help to make the body manifest whatever you think of it. If you think the real and true, you help to make that show forth, if you only think of the external or apparent trouble or defect, and regard it as the real, you are harming instead of helping."

"I can readily see that we may affect ourselves, but it seems hard to believe that we affect *everybody*," protested Kate, incredulously.

"It is because we cannot realize the law of thought transference. I was reading just last week about that. An instance of Stuart C. Cumberland's mind-reading was cited. It was wonderful. And then long ago I read an old book written by Cornelius Agrippa about

it, but I was not very much interested, and did not understand nor believe it at the time, so my memory is not worth much concerning it."

"Then you really think I added another weight to that unhappy creature's burden of trouble?" cried Kate, in sharp surprise.

"It would be best for you to deny his apparent conditions and affirm his real ones, and instead of thoughts of pity, which are only weakening, you could think of happiness and contentment. I truly believe we can learn to think of people this way, if we only catch ourselves for correction every time we think wrong."

"How shall I ever learn to bridle my thoughts?" was Kate's despairing wail.

"By learning to bridle your tongue; I found a splendid text to-day on that very theme. It is in James iii: 2. 'If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body.'

"Why, it tells in those few words the substance of all we have learned in these lessons," exclaimed Kate.

"Only we would never have had sense enough to understand without the lessons," added Grace, with a smile.

"They may be likened to a golden key that opens royal gates," said Kate, going to the piano to play while Grace was putting away her paints and brushes.

A little later Grace went out to mail a letter. As she turned from the post-box, she found herself face to face with—whom but Leon Carrington?

"Ah, an unexpected pleasure, Miss Hall!" he said, extending his hand and warmly grasping the one she slowly held out to him. He looked searchingly into her face, with clear, questioning eyes.

She dropped her lashes and drew back with a touch of the old haughtiness, murmuring something he could not hear.

"May I have the pleasure of a little walk with you?" he asked, suiting his step to hers and ignoring her apparent coldness.

"Certainly. How long since you returned to Hampton, Mr. Carrington?" recovering herself as they walked.

"Only a few days ago. I was called here on business for my uncle, and will probably be detained several weeks." He glanced at her as he spoke, but she gave no sign, only remarking it was a lovely season of the year for a visit. They walked along, talking only commonplaces, until they neared her home.

"Did you receive my letter, Miss Gra—Miss Hall?" he asked, with some unsteadiness in his voice.

"Yes," she replied, shortly. She did not understand herself any more than he did, and was vexed to find it so impossible to throw off her old proud ways, for she really intended to relent enough, at least, to have an explanation, and possibly—her thoughts could never go farther than this, and here she was, in the same imperious way, shutting her better self away from even a fair consideration of duty. These thoughts flashed through her mind while she walked on, apparently with the greatest indifference to either his words or his pres-

ence. But with a great effort she compelled herself to say again, with more warmth, "I received it, and intended to answer before this, but—" She stopped abruptly.

He gratefully caught the morsel she had given, and asked if he might not call the next day.

"Yes, you may come at three," she said, careful to set a time when Kate would surely be out.

At the door they parted, and as she went up the stairs, she wondered more than ever at her hardness, for almost unconsciously she had given up all doubts of his honor as a gentleman. What was it all about anyway? Nothing but a report that he was engaged to a young lady at the time he proposed to her, and on the testimony of a single friend, she had allowed herself to be miserable, and make another miserable, through this foolish pride that she *would* conquer by to-morrow afternoon.

What! would she compel herself to so utterly ignore her own nature? She leaned against the wall half way up the stairway, startled at this revelation of herself. She did not know she was capable of such changes, and yet the last two weeks had greatly modified her opinions in many things. . . . Why should it not be so? If it were right she could be glad, and she reverently felt that it was right to let the Truth erase all errors and right all wrongs. To-night she would deny away every fault in her character, especially pride, deny every obstacle to understanding, and then earnestly ask for guidance, and wait till it came, for this was truly a crisis in her life.

The next day she received her guest with a perceptibly softened manner. The hour was spent in mutual explanations, and the renewal of a more friendly relation on her part, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Carrington, whose perseverance was surely worthy this much reward, but Grace would go no further, although she gave him permission to call again. She must know herself fully before another word on the subject were said. Marriage was a vague and solemn theme, something to be pondered over days and nights and months perhaps, she thought, and said to him.

Mr. Carrington was a man of earnest aim and high purpose, thoughtful, intellectual and cultured, in every way congenial to her, and she was glad to accept his friendship. That he had loved her through all her coldness and neglect, she no longer doubted, which fact was of no small import in his chances for her favor. Finding how absolutely false had been the report that had caused her misjudgment, she was anxious to prove herself at least, a friend.

After he was gone she reviewed the situation. Had she gone too far? No. All was well. She was content. Even if it should end in marriage, for marriage was the highest symbol of perfection and—. What the symbol meant was yet to be revealed, but she already knew that it had a profound and sacred meaning.

CHAPTER XXX.

"The study of Heredity, *spiritual* anatomy and physiology is highest of all. The key to this study is your own soul. Study yourself; gain possession and mastery of your own spirit and you hold the key not only to the heights of liberty, but the key that unlocks imprisoned souls."—*Mary Weeks Burnett M. D.*

"MARLOW, October——.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Gradually the vision broadens and we become more accustomed to the light. It is as though we were put into a beautiful room filled with all manner of lovely forms and dainty colors, flowers and perfumes, where we have groped blindfolded from one thing to another, trying to form some conception of the surpassing loveliness, when gradually the bandage is removed, layer by layer until the whole enchanting scene, radiant with light is revealed to our wondering gaze, showing the vast difference between supposition and reality.

"The light grew clearer than ever to-day, for we had our first practical hint on healing, inasmuch as we were told how to take up a case for treatment.

"We must never forget that we are, and wish to remain as little children, in our desire to apprehend and understand Truth. The natural attitude of the child-mind is one of receptivity and eager interest. Under the guidance of wise parents he will always be willing and anxious to learn more and more, continually growing in wisdom and love.

"Back to the zeal and innocence of childhood we go then, to learn the ever mysterious but ever charming alphabet of Truth, which leads us into the kingdom.

"As we present ourselves in the great school room of life, and take or recognize our appointed place beside the ever present School-master, we learn the letters of the grand knowledge that shall teach us how to read the most learned books, understand the deepest philosophy, the profoundest science, the divinest religion. We would learn the ministry of healing, that will set free the 'spirits in prison;' we would be glad messengers of the gospel of peace. The door to great attainments is faithfulness in small ones.

"There are three kinds or modes of healing. The first or lowest, is the intellectual; the second or next higher, the intuitional; the third and highest, the spiritual. The first only can be taught, the other two are attained by individual development. The first comes by reason, the second by faith, the third by understanding. The first is by argument or a system of reasoning, the second by implicit trust or confidence in the Principle, the third by the realization of Truth and the speaking of the word or perchance, by one's very presence.

"But there is nothing arbitrary about this. The person who never heard of Christ's teaching till yesterday may have so caught the fire of Truth that to-day he stands at the altar a priest instead of communicant, a teacher instead of pupil.

"Many just beginning their study of this method of healing require explicit directions and explanations

of details, in order to apply the principle, feeling that they have no intuitional leadings and can not depend upon the invisible power because they know so little about it

"Wait; be patient; trust. Remember that 'he who is faithful in little, shall be made ruler over much.' You need not learn the rule if you learn the principle, and only so long as you are ignorant of the principle will you need the rule. To use the rule, as the child uses the chair in learning to walk, is to grow strong, and able to dispense with it; to use it as spectacles are used, is to make it indispensable.

"If we can not yet learn through divine ways, let us learn through human ways. The human is inadequate to express the divine, but many nameless hints and light-gleams and sudden illuminations will flash upon the faithful worker all along the way. Words are signs of ideas and ideas are signs of God. When we think or speak true words, we have begun our mission of healing or helpfulness, and from words we go on to the inexpressible thrill of realization.

"We can not tell when we may thus change from the letter to the spirit, can not tell when we come into the exalted condition of a spiritual understanding, and having received the illumination, we are not to feel that we have grown above the use of argument, for it may be necessary to go back to the rule with the very next treatment.

"Above all else must the student of this Truth guard against what may be called spiritual pride. No thought of supremacy or greater advancement

should be harbored for a moment. All such things are clouds that obscure the light as much as other material beliefs.

"To gauge ourselves by that inimitable thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians is to maintain the perfect equilibrium of a loving, charitable heart, that can heal and bless all human-kind, for 'love never faileth.'

"We become, as it were, the cleansed window pane, through which shines the divine light of Truth. Could we always be the cleansed pane, Truth would melt away all error, just as the sun melts the frostwork, but being still in the current of human thought, we must wait patiently for further power to reveal the God-likeness.

"Wrong thought as the real cause of disease, openes new avenues of information; but we continue to explore and discover. Any kind of thought opposite the good is sure to break forth into some form of disease-pictures, and the question is, what kind of thought is it which thus reflects itself upon the patient's body? All error will produce pictures of error. The world's naming of the belief in heredity is the naming of its greatest error, or belief in sin, because that implies all sins of the flesh as manifested in the body.

"Back of all effect is a cause; the disease is the effect, the wrong thought is the cause. One of the great causes of disease is sensual beliefs, the appetites and passions of the carnal man.

"It is error to suppose he is subject to conditions unlike God, the Source. 'He that is born of God, can not sin, because his seed remaineth in him.' Being in

and controlled by the universal thought current, the error of supposition, he manifests it in his condition. Supposing consumption hereditary, he suffers from the supposition; supposing impurities of the blood transmitted through the flesh, he finds it even so. Supposition, false thinking, being at the bottom of all erroneous conditions, we proceed to deal with them as we do with any other errors or lies.

"When we seek for anything with a desire to gain happiness, it is because we hope to gain what our previous efforts have failed to bring us, so the one who comes to be healed by Christian Truth, comes with a hope at least that this will bring the health he has sought in vain from other sources. He has turned in all directions in response to the advice received from this or that one of the friendly advisers, so ready to constitute themselves the body guard of the world. He has tried doctors of every school; he has traveled east, west, north and south; he has plunged into healing waters of all kinds and had all kinds of healing waters plunged into him; he has been burned and steamed and pounded and starved, till he is finally disgusted enough to want something that will not harm if it will not cure, so he drags himself before us with possibly a gleam of hope, possibly the faithlessness of despair, and asks for a treatment.

"And now you wish to know in what a treatment consists; simply in silently telling the patient the truth about himself as God's child, in giving him the principles we have learned concerning God and man, and, with earnest gladness assuring him of his freedom.

For the benefit of the young practitioner, we will give a few directions or suggestive treatments.

"We ask the patient for a statement of his belief, which he is only too glad to give with elaborate and vivid details. We meet every statement with an emphatic mental denial.

"The faithful student who has fasted and prayed (denied and affirmed), is now the embodiment of one vast negative that should wipe out the positive belief of any inharmony. The patient, being in the belief of false conditions, is of one mind with the world, and so reflects the beliefs of mankind. That we may be sure of meeting all classes of false beliefs, we deny for him the reflection of any false conceptions of himself from the race, his parents and ancestors, his friends and associates, himself and ourself, for we are still one with humanity.

"Everybody has a conscious or unconscious belief in heredity, and since it is one of, if not *the* most formidable of human beliefs, we deal with it first as the possible cause of our patient's belief in suffering.

"After he has finished the statement of his condition, we say to him mentally: 'James Martin! Hear what I say, for I tell you absolute truth. Not one word of all this you have told me about dyspepsia is true, because the carnal mind, to which you have been listening, is not subject to the law of God, and *you*, the spiritual, immortal you, are subject to the mind of the spirit which recognizes the spiritual creation, therefore your spiritual self can not be sick or suffer from any inharmony.

"'This carnal mind belief named dyspepsia is not a condition of your real self. The belief of the race, ancestors, daily associates, yourself or myself in heredity and the sensual appetites can not be pictured forth by your body in the form of dyspepsia, because the real you is spiritual and not subject to material beliefs. It is utterly impossible for you, who are spiritual, to be influenced by any thought that is opposite the spiritual, as it is impossible for the light to coalesce with darkness.

"' *You* are God's child, made in His image and likeness, and must be perfect like Him, for His conditions are changeless and eternal. Listen to this glad message that tells you absolute Truth. Realize that as God's child you can not suffer, for spirit knows no suffering. You can not be weak, for God is your strength; you can not fear anything, for God is your refuge and fortress. 'God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of love and of power and of sound mind.'

"' Listen to me!—The 'Truth sets free.'—*Now, you are free.* You gladly acknowledge the truth, and prove it in every thought, word and deed. Like the Master, I say unto you, 'Lazarus, come forth!' Come out of the errors in which you have been so long entombed, throw off the grave clothes of mortal thought, and rise to new thoughts, new conditions, a new life! Rejoice that you are whole, and let the world rejoice with you. . . . It is finished. In the hands of omnipresent Good, in the name of immaculate Truth, I leave you.

"'So may this be established, yea, it *is already*

established. I thank Thee, Father, that thou hast heard me.'

* * * * * * * * *

"This lesson, John, is very hard to report. I find so many questions suggested to my mind, and so many if's and but's.

"Mrs. Pearl desired us each to take up a case for absent treatment, some one we would like to help, and from whom we could hear every day or so, or who would be under our personal notice. I am going to treat a little boy in the house where I board. It is quite a severe case of catarrh.

"I wish you would take a case, too. Just try this form of treatment that I have given. It may not seem clear to you at first, but it is not the words you are to remember so much as the ideas. Get the thought firmly fixed in your mind, and the words will come of themselves.

"You readily see it is using the same principle with the patient that has been applied in self training. First, the denial of all error, and then the affirmation of truth. This treatment is for any chronic condition, and is given twice a day, in the morning and at night.

"Now, I must say good-night. It is nearly eleven, and I really ought to say my denials and affirmations some more, besides giving my patient the treatment.

"With many kisses to the dear ones,

"I am your loving MARION."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition and an affection built before the Throne, which will bear the test of time and trial."

—*Allen Throckmorton.*

"IT seems to me, Grace, you have been touching up your complexion with some of the same paint as that in your roses," exclaimed Kate, playfully, as she inspected Grace rather critically.

"Really, Kate, you must be more careful, or I shall add the sin of vanity to my other faults," answered Grace, looking out of the window and smiling pleasantly, with the least touch of absent mindedness in her manner.

"No danger of that, you dear old Gracious, but if you should say secretiveness, I might be willing to stop," said Kate, boldly, yet hardly daring to look toward the window.

Grace did not answer, but continued looking out of the window for several minutes. "What makes you say that, Kate?" she asked at last, turning around soberly, while the rosy flush crept up to her temples and back of her ears.

"Oh, I don't know, Gracious, only it seems to me you are like a pure white lily bell, and I want to creep into your heart and live in its fragrance, but—" She stopped abruptly. It seemed as though the almost

imperceptible veil of reserve was falling lower than ever.

Oh, why could she not gain Grace's confidence? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind while she stood as if transfixed, waiting for Grace to break the interminable silence. If she had only known it, Grace was nearer to her at that moment than ever before, but with her eyes cast down, she saw not the yearning look on the face of her friend.

Grace spoke at last:

"But what, Kate?" she asked, taking up Kate's words where they had dropped.

"But the petals will not open, and I am left out," finished Kate, determined to be frank.

Grace looked out of the window again, and was about to reply, when a rap at the door startled them both. It was a boy with a note. "Miss Grace Hall?" he said, handing it to her.

Grace looked at the letter and then at the boy inquiringly. "I am to wait for an answer," he said.

"Oh," she murmured, in a dazed way, and hastened to find pen and paper for reply.

"More mystery! I declare, it is getting interesting," thought Kate, recovering herself, as she furtively watched the rosy face of Grace.

"Any answer?" asked the boy as he took the note.

"No." The door was shut and Grace sat down beside the picture she had been working upon, but presently arose and began pacing the room. Kate looked up at her as she passed, but said nothing. She could see that some deep thought was struggling for utterance, and wondered much.

After a few moments Grace stopped beside her. "I wish I might speak freely to you, Kathie, but—" she hesitated, "but it has never been natural for me to be confidential, and —"

She began her promenade again, but presently came back, and drawing her chair close up to Kate, told her the whole story, with long pauses and much hesitating speech.

"And now he is in the city; he — wants an answer. He has invited me to — ride with him — to-morrow."

"Surely, you will not refuse him that privilege?" cried the impetuous Kate, with visions of a romance unfolding in thrilling chapters before her very eyes.

"No, of course not," in a low tone, "but how shall I answer him?" The last was scarcely audible. It seemed almost as though she spoke to herself. With her forefinger she idly traced some hieroglyphics on her lap.

"What says your heart, my Lilybell?" asked Kate, softly, as she caressed the hand that was at liberty.

"'The prisoned bird doth ofttimes sing, but never at the bidding of its jailer,'" was the low reply, with a faint smile, but tearful eyes.

"Poor Lilybell; she can not bloom before her time. I can wait for her to open now, for I am close to her throbbing heart. Wait, dear Grace. Let us sit silently and ask the Father for guidance."

Sweet and solemn moment, when with one accord, they waited for the Spirit to pour out the full vials of love and wisdom. It was a precious time of sweet communion, of giving and receiving the best, a

consecration of self to better efforts, higher aims, holier living; a baptism of strength and peace and lovely thoughts.

Grace had entered upon a new epoch. The past, with its longings and struggles, its loneliness and bitterness, was already fading into the background of memory like some dark, ill-favored picture, and in its place came the present, with its balmy atmosphere and dainty colorings, promising joy and peace. The morning looked fair. How would be the noon and eventide?

Ah, no questioning when you ask the Father's guidance! Have you not asked, dear heart?

Wait till the answer comes. Wait till the soundless message is delivered into your heart's safe keeping. . .

The last beams of the setting sun came through the window and bathed them in its red-gold glory. In her exalted mood, it seemed to Kate like a heavenly vision. She saw Grace glorified with a divine radiance, baptized with a new peace. White-winged angels hovered near, like pure thoughts personified. Every glinting sunbeam seemed a golden shaft of love.

The glory paled into a mellow twilight. The enchanting picture faded, but the essence of its beauty changed into a heart-melody of softened sacred joy. What but music could speak in this hallowed moment?

Kate's very soul would utter itself. She went to the piano as in a dream. Soft, low notes, faint and sweet, breathed of tender questionings and tremulous doubts; then a higher, more triumphant strain of victory swelled the notes that lingered but a moment, ere

a tone of sadness and regret struck the keys, whispering of sacred duty and solemn responsibility. . . . Again the music changed. Now peace and joy thrilled and rippled through the melodious chords. . . .

Dearer than ever was the friendship thus cemented They had been caught up to heaven, as it were, and that which had been bound on earth was now bound in heaven.

"Mystical more than magical, is the communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward. Here, properly, soul first speaks with soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, society, begin to be possible."

They sat till late into the night, discussing and considering all phases of life and its problems.

Kate read Mrs. Hayden's letter, which in the agitation and excitement of the first part of the evening she had quite forgotten. Because of their deep earnestness they were well prepared to catch the healing mood. This experience seemed indeed the shower that most opened the blossom of understanding, and ere they slept, each had taken some poor suffering mortal into her care as a patient. The blessings they had received were already being passed to the waiting neighbor.

It is the deep, unselfish God-love that takes the world in its embrace. To perceive, feel, live the divine Love, is to have broken the old shell of selfishness, when we may begin to send the tender rootlets of being into the ready soil of the universe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The power to bind and loose to Truth is given!
The mouth that speaks it is the mouth of Heaven.
The power, which in a sense belongs to none,
Thus understood belongs to every one."

— *Abraham Coles.*

"Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating —
Our part is to work and to wait."

— *Anon.*

MARLOW, October——.

DEAR ones at home: Your letters were all received this afternoon. Am pleased to know that Mabel is so interested, for it will help her so much in her studies and work. I must begin my daily report at once, as there is not much time before class.

"There was no lesson yesterday, and about noon Mrs. Dawn came after me to go with her and Mrs. Browning, her hostess, to the dentist's, as Mrs. Browning had to have a tooth extracted. We started, treating her all the way with the quieting, reassuring thoughts that allay fear. Before she went in we agreed to hold that thought.

"When Mrs. Browning went into the office, we remained in the waiting room thinking as intently as possible:

"'There is not a thing to fear, Lida Browning, there is no tooth-ache with your real self, there is no sensation

in matter. You can entertain nothing but the One Life. The One Mind thinks, and you are His idea, perfect as your Creator. Good is all, Love is all, Peace is already with you, for you are one with the Father.'

. . . "It was done. The dentist was so amazed that he hardly remembered to give his patient a glass of water.

"'Well, I never knew a cuspidate to come so hard. Didn't it hurt terribly?' he asked sympathetically.

"'Not a bit except when you first put on the forceps,' was her prompt reply as she rinsed out her mouth. . . .

"I need say no more. You can imagine our pleasure at this victory. We never know how little our faith till we see how astonished we are at the demonstration.

"You ask if Mrs. Pearl has explained your queries. A few questions were handed in yesterday, but I had not time to put them in my letter. One that always puzzled us, was: What is the origin of evil? The questions are written on slips of paper and laid on the table. She answers them before giving the regular lesson. When she read this slip there was not a little stir among the fifty eager questioners. 'What is the origin of evil?' she repeated. 'It has no origin,' was the unsatisfactory answer, after a momentary silence. Oh! the blankness of those faces! 'But,' she resumed presently, 'if you ask how *seeming* evil originated, I may give you the ideas that came to me as a solution of that mortal mind question.'

"You know we might ask questions of each other

forever, but unless our thoughts are tinged with the same quality, or run in the same direction, the satisfactory answer to one may not be at all satisfactory to another. In other words, we will not recognize the same phase of truth, unless we are in the same stage of development, so if you are not willing to take my explanation as true, it may be that you are not yet where you can perceive it, or it may be, you require a different illustration to convey the same thought, or, there may be innumerable reasons, but of this one blessed fact be assured: if you hold yourself in the receptive attitude, and sincerely expect to be guided by the spirit of truth, some day the answer will come to you with such irresistible force and plainness that you can not forget it, or ever be in doubt upon that point again.

"It was in this way the light came to me. That question had puzzled me more than all else, and I asked every healer whom I met as to the correct solution. For several months I pondered and fretted over it. At last, in despair, I let it alone, resolving I would not be further troubled. But one day it unfolded itself so clearly and beautifully I was completely satisfied.

"Here it is: Taking the first account of creation, we find man made in the image and likeness of God, given dominion over all things. If we believe man to be spiritual and not material, if we know that spirit *can not* change its character or quality, we must know that spiritually man never fell, but that he *seemed* to fall through our misconception and misunderstanding of appearances.

"Man now manifests what he believes in; his consciousness of truth is not fully developed and he mistakes appearances for realities. Having all possibilities of recognizing only the good, he is perfect. For every mistake that is made he manifests error, the fallen, or rather the undeveloped state. The Truth and Love that he manifests in his life, is the revealment of his God-like nature. In the glimpses of his true self he recognizes his inheritance of power, and in his mistaken conceptions forgets to acknowledge God. He then judges according to appearances, and says things are true because they appear true to the senses.

"The creating principle of life is perfect, but man neglects to acknowledge this divine power in proportion to his selfishness. It is therefore his selfishness that prevents him from recognizing the Good, and causes him to see, name and believe in matter and its consequences; and he thus becomes materially minded, and is known as the 'Adam' in 'whom all die.'

"Adam signifies error, clay, unreality. Christ signifies Truth, Spirit, Reality. If we believe in things that appear to be the creation, we are believing in nothingness, which so proves itself by death and disintegration. If we believe appearances to be the *sign* of the real, we are acknowledging the spiritual to be the all, hence it proves itself by making even the body its sign, manifest life, health, perfection.

"If we cast out all selfishness, pure love takes its place. We must be purified from the beliefs of the world in selfishness and its consequences by recognizing that our 'sufficiency is of God.'

"This was very plain to me, John, and I hope you will find it so too, but if you do not, wait, and as soon as you are ready for it, the answer will come to you.

"The lesson to-day was on deception and personal influences. The whole world has been deceived into believing man is fleshly instead of spiritual, so many false thoughts and beliefs have arisen, which are the cause of all disease and trouble. Universally we are deceived, individually we are deceived, and it is not only because we are making our beliefs visible on the body, but because we suffer from them mentally and physically that it is necessary to discover what they are and cast them out.

"The term deception will cover the mistakes believed and made in ignorance, and deceitfulness will include the beliefs in and expression of deceitfulness. On the second day the patient is treated for the world's next greatest beliefs, which are deception and deceitfulness, and as before, we set him free from this belief, as possibly reflected or absorbed through one or more or all of these five avenues we mentioned in the first treatment.

"Because the world has admitted the first great lie, that the material creation is the true one, or synonymous with the true, we have 'yielded ourselves servants to sin,' hence will see the consequences of such false conclusion, until we deny the lie and affirm the truth.

> 'Oh what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive,'

is a couplet I remember learning long ago, when I was a child, and how applicable it is to this problem of

deception. Truly, it is a tangled web, and the only way to get it untangled is to break off the thread and go back to the beginning where we can truly say, I am created free and perfect and whole in His image, and can not be influenced by anything different from Him.

"This is *always* spiritually true, but if we deal with the worldly beliefs, we find that according to appearances, we are under the influence of our own and every other person's wrong thought. We say of some people, 'how happy I am in their company, how it uplifts me to be in their presence.' With others we feel a nameless depression, a fearful, unhappy feeling, and shun their company. As Emerson so aptly says: 'With some I walk among the stars, whilst others pin me to the wall.'

"Now, in reality, no good ever comes from personal influence, although in the first instance it might seem so. Personal, from the word *persona*, a mask, is only applied to the physical self or carnal mind; therefore we can receive no benefit from the *personal* quality of our friend, but we are benefited and uplifted by his freedom from personality, or in other words by the divine individuality flowing through him and expressed by his benevolence, his love, his cheerfulness, his wisdom. Inasmuch as he is free from personal or selfish thoughts, he is filled and permeated with gifts from the divine Fountain of *all* benevolence, *all* love, *all* cheerfulness, *all* wisdom.

"There is a difference between personality and individuality which most people do not recognize.

Personality only pertains to the physical, while individuality is the term properly applied to the spiritual self. 'There is but one Mind, the Universal Mind, which, if we can lay hold on, will give us all knowledge, wisdom and power,' said Emerson.

"When we can throw aside a belief in personality, or personal influence, we will be free. The negative thoughts sent out by the world have no power over one who has become filled with positive thoughts of righteousness. When we trust wholly to the Good, and become wholly at one with the Good, recognizing the supremacy of the Good, we are free from all belief in miseries or burdens. We breathe purer air, which is invisible but life-giving; we feed on heavenly manna, the true word that is divinely nourishing; we escape the awful bondage of fear, knowing the perfect love that casts out fear. We can not fear any false beliefs or wrong thoughts, for we are so filled with true thoughts, no such falsities can enter our mind.

"Some people talk as though we have great cause to tremble at this awful counterfeit power of mortal mind, but if they would not talk of it, nor fear it as having power, it would vanish as mist before the morning sun.

"The great sin is in admitting a lie. Admit the belief of sickness as a reality and you will see many witnesses to prove it. 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, lest he turn and rend thee,' means make haste to dispose of the lie that will throttle you, if you fellowship with it ever so little. Let us not be deceived, but let us 'awake to righteousness and sin not.'

"Another question, and a very important one, was: 'What is the difference between the different teachers of Christian Healing?' I can best give the substance of Mrs. Pearl's reply by reference to Mrs. Fuller, the healer from Trenton.

"You remember when she gave her parlor lecture at Mrs. Haight's, she said: 'Everything that did not come from her teacher was mesmerism, that it was altogether false, and it was so much of a power that it was indeed to be feared, for there was no telling what its subtlety and cunning would suggest and execute; that no cure effected by it was permanent, but that the patients would sooner or later be worse than before.'

"Oh, dear, I must not rehearse it, for of course you remember how my old headache overtook me when I got home, and how wrought up I was all night. Now I know what caused it, and *now* I know the difference.

"In the first place, these people are taught the pure and beautiful foundation of pure Christian Healing, but instead of holding to their premise that all is good, they begin to talk about people and things that are *not* good, imputing false motives, and giving false power to those who, as they say, are not in the truth.

"If they would only remember that counterfeits can have no power except as it is delegated to them, that unreal thoughts must disappear in the presence of true thoughts, they would not be troubled and puzzled. Adhering to the law, they would recognize and talk about the Good only.

"Ah, John, here is the secret of Jesus' words, 'Resist not evil.' If we resist anything, we recognize

it as something. If we regard evil as an entity, we can not help fearing or fighting it, but if we know it is nothingness claiming to be something, we deal with it accordingly.

"Whoever resists evil or calls evil a power, has not denied the reality of evil faithfully enough. To talk of anything as having power, is to believe in the power and become entangled in its meshes. That explains Mrs. Fuller's remark that she was 'actually afraid to meet one of those false teachers on the street, and always took pains to warn people against them.' I speak of Mrs. Fuller because you know so well what she did and said, that you will understand this explanation better.

"Another remark she made was, that 'this power of mortal mind is wholly ignored by these false teachers, although they secretly use it so effectually and disastrously.' Because they do not talk so much of evil, she thinks they ignore it, while really they silently but earnestly and vigorously deny it, thereby getting a sure control over it. She was taught to call this seeming power of mortal thought Mesmerism, and Animal Magnetism, and after giving it such formidable names, and so mighty a place, it is most natural for her to say that it affects herself and family or her patients, causing them to be slow in yielding to treatment. Thus you can readily see how she accounts for her failures.

"Mrs. Pearl teaches that we can deal with this influence of carnal or mortal mind, by denying for the patient the conscious or unconscious reflection of it

from these five different sources. To the patient who is ignorant of truth, mortal thought has a power, because he has acknowledged it as having power, but in our silent conviction of its powerlessness, we speak the true word that sets him free. The whole secret lies in our own freedom from belief in this false power.

"The name Mesmerism or Magnetism makes it seem like some awful monster, lurking in every corner, ready to devour us, while, as Mrs. Pearl says, we go our way, quietly denying all appearance of evil, proving the law of Good by recognizing only the Good in thought and speech.

"How beautiful this teaching is! and how wonderfully the spirit leads us into all truth. But it can not teach us if we talk error, or deliberately judge others. Never till we are faithful in acknowledging the one Principle of Life will it prove itself the only power over us.

"After the questions, Mrs. Pearl spoke of the third treatment. We treat for everything we might have missed in the first two treatments. Sometimes this is called the sin treatment, for it takes up so many things that belong more or less to everybody, according to the world's belief. A more explicit naming is selfishness.

"Selfishness is the beginning, the mother of all the rest. It reminds one of the seven devils from which poor Mary Magdalen was freed. It is not unlikely these were their names: Selfishness, pride, envy, avarice, jealousy, malice and cruelty. This we deny for the patient through the five different sources, and you can see how apt it will be to touch him, for who is there

of all earth's children that is perfectly free from any of these qualities. With our strong faith in the law and power of the word, we sturdily deny everything that might be the shadow obstructing his light.

"As we go on in this study, we learn the meaning of these outshowings of disease. Every visible thing is the expression of a thought, whether God-given or man-supposed. We look into a patient's face and read or interpret the signs of his thought. Is he selfish, unkind or severe in his disposition, there are the lines and expressions that betray him. Is he lovely, gentle and kind, a nameless feeling of peace and trust steals over us.

"In the moments or times of silence that every healer should seek, there may come something to hint of the truth, some word or text or mind-picture that will teach what no book or teacher could tell, for 'the spirit of truth leads us into all truth,' and the ways and means are varied according to our capacity to receive.

"A mind-picture is a symbol representing some thought. For instance: Suppose while I sit in the silence, there comes to my consciousness a fragment of landscape, a child's face, a storm, a sun. These are ideas symbolized. If it be a pleasant scene, it may be to me a glimpse of the 'green pastures and still waters' that David sang about when depicting the life of the righteous. It would mean peace for my patient. If the symbol be a child's face, it may mean that I must become as a little child in order to be led into the kingdom. A storm may signify that my patient is passing through a crisis of mental commotion, in which case I must use the invariable rule, deny the false and affirm the true.

"On the other hand I may never see a symbol, but some suggestive text may come into my mind. If I were depressed or discouraged, these words might give me new courage and hope: 'Fear not, for I am with thee;' 'wait patiently on the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thine heart.'

"Or I might not be conscious of anything while I am sitting thus in the silence. The answer to my silent question may come to me in the most commonplace way days or weeks after it is asked. Some person may say something that will be the very clue I am seeking. We are not to be anxious or troubled if many questions perplex us, or many problems seem insoluble, but wait, trusting that 'he is faithful who promised.' We must not be wishing for the same signs or powers that others have, but appreciate what is given to us, for faithfulness shall receive its full reward in due time 'if we faint not.'

"No more to day. Love to the babies. How glad I am to know they are so well and happy.

"Faithfully, MARION."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Comfort our souls with love,
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine."

—*D. M. Mulock Craik.*

GRACE looked very lovely, as she stepped into the carriage, when Mr. Carrington called for her. A suggestion of reserved feeling gave an added lustre to her beautiful eyes, and the faintest wild-rose tint in her cheeks made her a fit study for any artist.

She looks like Psyche just awakened. Can it be possible, that with all her charms, she was sleeping, before to-day? he thought as he took his seat beside her, thrilled with new hope.

He drove into one of the broad, quiet avenues that led out of the city and into a country road. "I thought you would like to visit 'The Glen,' and see its autumn dress," he said, as they came in view of the river over which lay the "Glen" road.

"I have been wishing I might go there, before the leaves fell, and this is exactly what I enjoy," replied Grace, looking out over the scene before her with a keen pleasure.

"Perhaps this is an answer to your wish. Sometimes I think our wishes are answered because of their

intensity," said Mr. Carrington, looking meaningly into her face.

"George Eliot says: 'The very intensity keeps them from being answered.'" What gave him the sudden, triumphant certainty that he could bide his time? She had lost all her haughtiness, apparently. He had never seen her in the mood of to-day.

"*Apropos* of wishes," he resumed, "which are properly thoughts, I have two friends in Boston, who can communicate with each other, no matter how far apart they may be. They call it the power of thought."

"Yes, thought transference. I am quite interested and fully believe it," said Grace, glad to have the opportunity of sounding him on this and kindred themes.

He glanced at her in polite surprise. "Indeed," he said, "are you acquainted with the subject?"

"Somewhat; I have seen enough to know it is founded on law," she replied, briefly.

"What law?" he asked, wonderingly, with a slight smile of incredulity lighting his face.

"Mental law, of course."

She then went on to explain to him something of her study of mental healing. At first he was rather skeptical, but on seeing her seriousness, he very soon grew sober and gave the most respectful and apparently absorbed attention. By the time she finished, he was really interested.

"I have often thought that some day there would be more light upon the philosophy of thought, but I was not aware it was so close upon us," he finally said.

"It is certainly much needed now," she replied, looking dreamily at the white clouds floating in the bits of blue above the trees. She was thinking how much it had been worth to her in her trial last night. He noticed the far-away look and wished he might know her thoughts.

What would have been his surprise, could he have been told at this moment how much he was already indebted to Christian Science? for had it not softened the cruel pride that had so encrusted her before? He knew nothing of this. He perceived a change in her manner and even character since he last saw her two years before, although even then his great love had been able to condone all weaknesses, or what others would call weaknesses. To him they were part of her lovableness.

When she so coldly rejected him, unlike most men, he had determined to wait patiently for her indifference to turn into reciprocation. He had recognized but one thing, the simple, supreme fact that he loved Grace Hall. In regard to her, there was and never could be any other thought. Inspired with such love as this, such sublime patience, such infinite hope, is it any wonder he looked into her eyes and read a hint of victory?

The time was drawing near. His two years of waiting surely gave him liberty to ask, and the right to receive. . . . As for that, love, such love as his, had royal rights and it would win its own way when the moment came. He would approach the subject gradually, talking about his coming departure, although he had mentioned that in his note, had even

dared to tell her this must be his excuse for requesting an answer sooner than she wished to give it.

"Oh, what a lovely group of colors!" exclaimed Grace, involuntarily, pointing to a tree decked in the most gorgeous foliage.

"Shall I get some leaves for you?" he asked, anticipating her desire, and descended from the carriage.

Presently he returned, with his hands full of small branches. "They are lovely hues. Is there not something else you would like? I saw some beautiful ferns over yonder," he said, pointing to the spot.

"Will we have time? I *would* like to get out," she exclaimed eagerly.

"Time! 'There's time for all things,' Shakespeare says," laughed Mr. Carrington, as he assisted her to alight.

Grace was in her element amid the speaking grandeur of Nature's hills.

"Have you a sharp pencil, Mr. Carrington? I seem to have lost the one I always carry with me, and that grand oak tree I must have as a model."

He quickly sharpened one and gave it to her.

How beautiful she looked! He delighted to watch every movement of the deft fingers, to study every expression of the beautiful eyes and mobile mouth. He revelled in her beauty, because to him she was the personification of all that was lovely and noble and great. Her character he would have loved just as much had she been plain instead of beautiful, for his ideal was the inward, not the outward beauty, except as the two blended into one, as they did with her.

"You seem to be partial to the oak, Miss Hall. Is there any reason for it?"

"Yes, I am. It is a grand symbol of strength and firmness of character," she replied, still sketching rapidly. "I like to paint trees, for they express so much. Some show such kindly benevolence, with their broad, spreading branches and friendly shade, some are so graceful, with their tall trunks and delicately veined leaves, as though showing a fine, tender nature; while others are stunted and rough, with coarse, thick foliage. I place each one as to character and station, and they teach me many beautiful lessons."

"And they will teach me many after this, Miss Grace."

He wanted to say something more, but she was so innocently unconscious of anything but her work that he must wait for a better opportunity.

Having finished her sketch, Grace looked up. The self-consciousness that had scarcely left her, save these past few moments, now returned with painful suddenness. Her eyes met his, and a vivid flush overspread her face, but she said nothing.

"Shall we go?" he asked, holding out his hand to assist her. His eyes expressed the question his lips could not frame, but she did not see them. They went to the carriage in silence.

The road presently left the woods and turned into a broad country lane. Both had forgotten the proposed trip to "The Glen," but it made no difference. At last the undercurrent of feeling had burst through all reserves.

Mr. Carrington awaited the final answer, and what did she say?

It was the sacred page in a maiden's life that is read but once. . . . . .

Grace had found in her lover a man who was broad-minded and liberal enough to fairly consider these matters from a woman's standpoint. They freely discussed a married woman's rights and privileges, and both agreed that a wife should have an individuality after marriage as well as before. "I desired to express myself on this point before, my dear Grace," said Mr. Carrington, "because to my mind it is a mutual life, and should be a mutual development."

"It is, indeed. I have never looked at it in the right way, till the last few weeks. I used to feel that marriage was degrading rather than elevating, because it seemed as though a woman had to give up so much that really belonged to her, her name, her property, her freedom as an individual. But now I see that true marriage should bring freedom in the fullest sense of the word."

"In love there is no bondage," he replied, admiring her independent thought.

"Yes, but the world has a faint conception of love, the love that saves to the uttermost, and endures forever," said Grace.

"With such love there would be no danger of marriage degrading the individual, no need of divorce."

He spoke strongly for he felt strongly. Any one speaking from the depths of a heart-conviction, speaks with authority.

"The world needs to be lifted to a higher standard on these matters. The subject of marriage is too sacred to jest about, and people in general think it no harm to toy with the word and all that pertains to it with the utmost carelessness."

Grace was more like herself now. She was very happy in the thought that Mr. Carrington understood this as she did, but she was not a little surprised to find herself giving such free expression to her opinions.

"Indifference and laxity is the result of the trifling. My theory is that these things should be sacredly spoken of in the family, when boys and girls are growing up. That is the way my mother did," said Mr. Carrington reverently.

"Yes, the family is more responsible than society, for it makes society," she replied, secretly touched by the allusion to his mother.

She felt more and more confidence in Mr. Carrington. It seemed surprising to find how rapidly her love for him had increased since she gave it permission to grow. She did not realize that it had been a smothered plant before, trying to live without sunshine. Now it could grow in the warmth and brightness of beautiful day.

It was early twilight when they returned. Kate was waiting for her. The joyous light in Grace's eyes, though she tried to veil it, told the story. Kate put her arms about her, saying, as she caressed the rosy cheek:

"Lilybell is bloomed at last."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Be cheerful: wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
* * * * *
Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil."

—*Shakespeare.*

FOR two days no letter came, and then Mr. Hayden received two, which he handed to the girls as he met them on the street the same evening.

"Can you spare them both?" said Kate, holding out her hand eagerly.

"Oh, yes; I am especially engaged to-night, and besides they are better together. I am rather glad for the delay. I was afraid the first one had miscarried," he replied.

The waiting had only increased their interest, and on reaching home they at once sat down to read the the two letters handed them by Mr. Hayden.

"MARLOW, October ——.

"DEAR JOHN: I suppose you, like the rest of us, are anxious to know how the patient feels after such a vigorous denial of the seven evils. It is quite necessary to know what to do at this stage.

"After the treatment for special sins, James Martin comes with bitter complaints that he is worse instead of better. He tells a doleful story of how he suffered

all night; had chills and fever exactly as when he had the ague long ago; how he coughed and choked and broke out with something like measles, and was all the while so vilely sick it seemed as though he was about to die.

"As he is telling his pitiful tale, with perhaps a gleam of hatred, disgust or helpless anguish in his eyes, we are to sit calmly by and very soothingly give him the mental information that 'there is nothing to fear.'

"When he concludes his mournful story, we assure him in quiet tones that there is no occasion for alarm, as we know how to deal with these symptoms. Then, very gently and slowly, with a most self-possessed attitude of mind, we talk to him mentally something after this fashion:

"'There! James Martin, it is all right. Oh, no; nothing has hurt you, nor can hurt you. You are not afraid of anything; you know there is no reality in sickness; you are not suffering any inharmony because of fear or remorse for sin. It can not be possible for you to reflect fear or remorse from your parents, or the race or your daily associates. Neither is it possible for you to suffer from your own fear or remorse, nor mine. Remember, you are spiritual and not material, and can fear nothing. God is your intelligence, and you know that truth is all-powerful. Now, listen! You are happy, you are content, you are filled with blessed peace, 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' You know the Lord is your shepherd. He leadeth you beside the still waters. He maketh you to lie down in green pastures *now*, *this moment*. There is no future to God's

promises; they are in the eternal present. There! James Martin, a sweet ease comes to you, the burden is taken away; you are in the gentle care of Truth, which ever whispers, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Sh—h! Gently the arms enfold you, sweetly peace and love embrace you, and you are at rest; sleep if you like. Softly come sweet words of divine love to your waiting ear, 'fear not, fear not, for I am with thee.' Peace . . . . peace be with you, Amen.'

"This stage is called chemicalization, because our words of truth, dropped into the mind filled with error, produce a fermentation similar to the effect produced by the union of different chemicals. Sometimes the patient chemicalizes after the first treatment, in which case the second and third treatments are omitted.

"When the patient first comes to be treated, he might be likened to a last year's garden. His mind is filled with the roots and rubbish of the beliefs he has sown, and some of them are noxious weeds, deeply rooted in the mental soil.

"Cutting and keen are the words of Truth, and like a burnished plowshare, it enters the unsightly field and uproots everything in its path. We now do not mention sickness, because his mind is so unsetled and his active beliefs of disease all on the surface, so we gently soothe him into forgetfulness of his trouble, and quietly assure him there is no occasion for alarm of any kind. Thus, with the word of peace and assurance we smooth the rough, uneven soil, until it is pulverized and prepared

for the new seeds which are to grow and blossom into fair truth-flowers.

"To deny errors for him who believes so absolutely in them, is to dig down into the unconscious mind and rake up even the memories that are imbedded, hence his symptoms of ague, or measles or whatever beliefs he may have had.

"Because mortality dislikes to be told of its faults and consciously or unconsciously resents such telling, the violence of chemicalization only marks the degree of conscious or unconscious mental opposition, of which the bodily symptoms are the picture. There is no law for chemicalization, for some patients pass through this period without even noticing it.

"Sometimes instead of an excited feverish condition, which requires the soothing quieting thought, the patient is dull and sluggish, perhaps unconscious, as in fainting, spasms or something similar; then vigorous, rousing thoughts should be given — sharp, decisive and emphatic, as when awaking a heavy sleeper.

"When called to treat any one suffering from fever or any acute condition, we give the soothing, or peace treatment as it is sometimes called. Little children may be compared to mirrors, reflecting every thought around them. In treating them it is necessary to make the law—and the true word is always law—that they do not or can not reflect fear or belief of disease from their parents or relatives, taking pains to name each person strongly holding thoughts of fear for the little one. If it is a contagious and dangerous sickness, according to mortal thought, besides the near ones in

the family, deny that any thought of fear from the neighborhood or world can be reflected upon the child or manifested in this belief of sickness.

"Sometimes children are treated entirely through the parents, that is, the parents are quieted and assured of the truth concerning their little one—that it is living in the current of infinite Love, where no fear can touch it, no sickness come near it, no pain destroy it.

"Such cases require frequent or long-continued treatments, or rather long-continued thought of the Good, mostly affirmation, for very little denial is needed to cut the chains of error from a babe. Denial is to be applied more to the parents—the denial of fear.

"If we feel at all doubtful or fearful concerning our work, we are not at one with the divine Love, and must treat ourselves before we treat the patient. Be at one with omnipotent Law, and the Law will prove itself through you. *Know* truth and do not tamely believe it, then you may have marvelous proof of the difference between knowledge and belief, God-like understanding and blind faith.

"Mrs. Pearl very clearly answered the question which was asked concerning the meaning of Bible passages implying eternal punishment.

"There is always punishment so long as we are in mortal belief, but it is only in mortal belief we can suffer, for the spirit made in the image and likeness of God can not suffer, neither know suffering.

"The word everlasting should be translated age-lasting, to give the original meaning. Fire is a symbol of purification, and in the language of ancient times it was customary to use strong figures of speech.

"In the fifteenth chapter of John, wherein Jesus explains about the vine and branches, what could be plainer than his illustration of the dead branches? 'Every branch that beareth not fruit, he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.'

"Every false belief is a branch that beareth not fruit, hence must be taken away and destroyed even as dead limbs are burned. Falsity or evil, being nothingness, can not exist because it is not of the real creation and is necessarily cast into the fire of purification, an illustration well understood at the time, since all the city refuse was taken to Gehenna, a place outside Jerusalem, where fire was always kept for the purpose of burning this waste matter.

"'Every branch that beareth fruit is purged'—that is, if you are a mixture of good and evil beliefs, you will have to be cleansed of the evil, before you can do much with the good. This cleansing process is quite properly named purging. This is what we undergo in suffering.

"'He whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' means the good in us chastens us, cleanses us for the further working of the Good. Punishment, then, there must be, just as long as we believe in, and fellowship with error.

"Mrs. McClaren, a staunch Presbyterian, did not seem satisfied with this explanation, but Mrs. Pearl told her not to let the question trouble her, for if she would do the best she could with what she knew, in due time the solution would come to her.

"In the night it came. After she retired, the question kept pressing upon her so that she could not sleep.

"About two o'clock it seemed as though a great flood of light came, and with it the clearance of the whole problem. The texts on that theme became illumined as it were, and she could see how impossible it is for the spirit to suffer or be punished when it is like God who can not 'behold evil.' She came over this morning and told me about it. I will give you her explanation of Matt. xxv: 31, 32. 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.'

"The Son of man, consciousness of Truth, shall come (be developed) with all glorious thoughts (angels) and judge us in all our ways (nations) and shall discriminate between the false and the true, the evil and the good, then the good motives or good thoughts (sheep) shall coalesce or be set on the right hand with Truth, and the evil or erroneous beliefs (goats) shall be relegated to the left, the negative or no-side, and swallowed up in their native darkness which is nothingness.

"This is the key to the rest of the chapter, and it is in the same line with Mrs. Pearl's explanation, but Mrs. McClaren is delighted that it came to *her*. Now she feels as though a mountain had been lifted from her heart, so great has been her fear that Christian Healing would make her disbelieve in eternal punishment, which she had learned was an incontrovertible doctrine. Now

she realizes that nothing but Truth itself is being revealed to her, and it seems that her heart will burst for joy. This may seem extravagant, but it is just what she said, and after all, you are used to enthusiasm since your wife is an enthusiast.

"Is it not wonderful? I ask myself over and over, and echo answers 'wonderful'! But oh, how ignorant we ever will be, unless we stop and wait for the spirit to tell us what is true! It is ignorance and foolishness that we have to contend with as much as anything else, for it is one of the thickest clouds that hide knowledge. Until we have learned to turn to the hidden fountain of wisdom, we are helplessly bound to error's ways.

"Even after we go forth from a class, and feel that we have been baptized with the spirit, we are afraid we will not be wise enough to answer the world's questionings of our faith, are afraid we may not know just how to proceed with a certain problem, afraid we will be too weak to do the things that come to us to be done.

"'Oh ye of little faith,' says the rebuking Christ within us — 'why doubt your knowledge, when God is your wisdom? Why doubt your intelligence, when God is your intelligence? Why doubt your strength, when God is your strength?'

"As we realize there is but one Mind, and that it is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, the influence of all other thoughts will fade quite away. It is because we recognize the carnal mind whose thoughts are frivolous, vain, wretched or miserable, that we are unsettled and dissatisfied. There can be no founda-

tion, no sense of security, to the one who is continually listening to other than the Good.

"Know all wisdom through the universal Mind, and whoever draws his knowledge by inspiration from this source shall become as one with you, and we all shall be as one with the supreme Mind.

"There is an indelible but invisible stamp of truth marking the utterance of those through whom this Mind is expressed, and the invisible something within us, sometimes called the 'Spirit itself,' sometimes the 'light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' will recognize and appropriate its own. If we keep this judgment faculty unbiased, it will lead us to choose the books we read and teach us how to separate the wheat from the chaff. It is best to read the thoughts of one writer until we understand the root, branch and growth of his inspiration. It is not well to go from one author to another while we are young in the thought, any more than it would be well to take a music lesson from a different teacher every week.

"We must remember that 'he that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine,' and to start out with the Divine will as our guide, as we do when we say, 'God works through me to will and to do,' is to grow in knowledge of all that pertains to the doctrine of the blessed truth that sets us free.

"Never talk of failures, or be discouraged by them, because many times the discouraging outlook is but the prelude to a bounteous harvest. Work with an undaunted faith in the mighty Invisible, knowing that you serve the only Power, are governed by the one

Principle, Infinite Justice, that ever rewards according to service. Doing your best, the Best rewards you.

"Under all circumstances we declare our unfailing wisdom because we ask of the Good. We can not foolishly be led away because judgment to do is always with us.

"This is the fifth stage in the patient's progress, and we treat him for ignorance and foolishness as possibly reflected from the five different sources. Deny that he can be ignorant of the truth, or foolish in believing error. Affirm all strength and courage and steadfastness. He comes to-day with an uncertain ring in his voice. He is undecided as to what to do; is weak and nerveless; can not tell whether he is better or worse. The treatment for strength and courage will bring him back to Truth, and he will brighten and revive under the warm influence of your sunny faith.

"One more lesson! I shall be glad, yet sorry, when it is over. Oh, what an experience this has been! Surely, I shall never be such a weak, impatient woman again. Thank God! Now I know what there is for me in this beautiful world.

"Good bye,

"MARION."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh smile to see
The fair, white pages that remain for thee."

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"MARLOW, October ——.

I SUPPOSE this is the last letter I will write on the lessons in Christian Healing, but I will be faithful as ever, even though I tell it all over again when I see you.

"Everybody looked regretful enough when they went into the class room to-day, but a hundred fold more so when we went out and the good-byes were said. It means so much to us all. We have passed through twelve lessons which may symbolize twelve epochs or stages through which we proceed from ignorance to understanding, and understanding to complete demonstration.

"We have been together scarcely three weeks, and yet so much has been uncovered that we stand face to face with our real selves. All that was conventional has been laid aside in our intercourse, and the best and sweetest and most sacred phases of our lives laid bare, so that we have had a clear glimpse of God's children

as they are, not as they usually appear; and indeed it gives us better courage and stronger faith to go forth into the world again, knowing that the possibilities of one are the possibilities of all, for 'God is no respecter of persons.'

"I know, perhaps better than some of the rest, that we shall be walking in the valleys many times when our eyes are on the sun-crowned heights, but if we can be patient and earnest, our feet shall reach the fertile slopes and sunny grass lands of well attained effort. My experience of the past shall be only a stronger incentive to perseverence in the future, and while it seems human to fall, it is divine to rise, and knowing the divine privilege of proving divinity, I trust God to work through me in my daily effort. So said we all when we left the class room to-day, and with a holy consecration to our new-born faith, we trust we shall ever grow in grace and wisdom as God's children, according to the promise.

"Mrs. Pearl spoke of our method as the science of silence, and told us not to be zealous without judgment, not to speak when silence would be golden, not to act so as to bring reproach upon our cause or ourselves, but remember to 'avoid even the appearance of evil.' She said many in their first joyous enthusiasm and overwhelming conviction would indiscreetly tell people 'there is no matter,' for instance, so eager were they to bring everybody into the sweet liberty of the spirit; but the world not being ready to properly consider the subject, would of course ridicule and argue hotly against such a statement, so that false opinions would

spring up and most absurd practices and claims be attributed to Christian Healing.

"Our system should have a dignified place in the world's opinion, and if we want to help give it that place, we should aim to be living representatives of the principles, maintain a dignified attitude regarding it, and if we can answer any questions pertaining to it, let our answer and manners be ennobling and Christ-like.

"We never argue audibly with unbelievers. Argument kills the spirit of any religion, and the person who desires to prove his position by argument is not ready to be convinced by the spirit. If you are obliged to carry on a conversation with an argumentative person, silently deny all his statements of error, and with calm positiveness affirm for him intelligence, wisdom, and a desire to know truth. In other words, recognize his spiritual self, which is in perfect peace and harmony, and the outward disturbance or inharmony, which is simply nothingness expressed by him, is annulled. Possibly you may seem obliged to submit and listen to him. Never mind. Carry on your silent thoughts scientifically, and constantly think truth. Thus you will plant a seed that shall bring forth beauteous blossoms, excellent fruit.

"Whenever you hear error talked, deny it. This is 'shutting your ears from hearing of blood, and your eyes from seeing evil.' *Any* error must be denied in order to see the proof of its opposite truth.

"If everybody would learn to deny all the slander or gossip they hear, we should soon have a new social

world. Cruel tongues would cease their wagging, timid hearts could breathe again, and fair names bloom in every home.

"This would be the beginning of a much needed reform in the daily press. Poor editors, they are obliged to fill orders, like the cooks and waiters serving the gentlemen and ladies in the elegant dining-room, ladies' *ordinary* and ground-floor *café*. Alas! that the discovery should not be made by everybody, so they could send in different orders. How gladly would the bill of fare be changed!

"But there is nothing more certain to change it, than the little leaven of truth dropped in the highways and byways of daily life. We must 'be diligent in season and out of season,' silently as a rule, but at times audibly, perchance forcibly, for some minds seem so dull and sluggish as to need a startling thunder-clap to awaken them from their slumber of ignorance. Thus some patients that come to be healed must be told sharply and definitely how to think or what to say, for sometimes it is necessary to make them say their own word of healing, they are so completely absorbed in material beliefs.

"We grow more in wisdom and spiritual judgment as we proceed faithfully along our way of scientific thought and living, and thus have an unerring insight into what we shall do and say in order to give to each the healing gospel.

"When we go to church we ought to acknowledge and emphasize every true statement made by the clergyman with our silent affirmation, and as emphatically

deny every erroneous statement, that we may turn the tide of Truth into a broad stream of spiritual uplifting for the whole congregation.

"Should the minister be inclined to speak about the awfulness and power of God's wrath and punishment, we can silently assure him that God is a God of love, not wrath, and tell him he desires to present only the *true* side of religion. Some people might say this would be wrong, to dictate to any one how they should talk, but you will notice that it is not dictation of action, but rather recognition of motive—the true motive of the true self. We have a right to recognize the highest and best of every person. Indeed, we are going directly opposite God's commands if we acknowledge any but the good creation, which is the spiritual.

"What can the spirit, which is perfect, made in God's image and likeness, have to say of God's anger or punishment, when it knows neither, inasmuch as it is pure as the Father in heaven? 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?'

"Not only in the social circle and in the church, but in all kinds of work, in all affairs of business, and above all, in the home, must we thus live up to our principles which soon prove our sublimest theory by our sublimest practice. And, blessed privilege, we do not need to understand all, before we can begin to demonstrate our precious religion.

"We need not worry about the burden of to-morrow and thus drop that of to-day, but only carry that of to-day with the strength that is given for the day. 'Consider the lilies of the field, *how they grow*;' daily

appropriating their portion of sunshine and air and dew, they unfold and blossom, exhale their fragrance, display their matchless beauty, thus fulfilling their appointed mission; so we may unfold and blossom into rare excellence and strength of character. Refreshed by the dew of a pure purpose, nourished by the sunlight of true thoughts, fed by the all-abounding manna—the living word, we soon grow strong enough to withstand driving tempest or boisterous gale.

"Mentally we are quickened, learning to discern the opposing force in ourselves, and meeting it with the sharp sword of truth, lay it low at once. But it requires practice to wield this spiritual weapon; it takes judgment faculty to discover whence comes selfishness that exhausts and weakens; whence comes the material or sensual thought that sickens and wearies, or the jealousy that poisons and embitters the life-forces.

"Faithfully and diligently do we use the word of denial, that sets us and our patients free from these subtle enemies; faithfully and earnestly we affirm all truth and purity and goodness as our portion, as our strength, our refuge, and our defense.

"By the blessed law, when we have thus cleansed ourselves, we become at one with the one Life. We intuitively draw to ourselves the best quality of friendship and give forth the best; we seek the most uplifting and spiritual literature, because it gives us a fresh baptism of spiritual light, which in turn we give to others, so there is a continual receiving and giving, a continual blessing and being blessed.

"'Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends,' said the Master before his departure. Now 'the servant abideth not in the house forever, but the son abideth forever.' We came as servants to be taught. While in our ignorance, we were the servants or inferiors; knowing the Truth we became free, and henceforth are brothers, sisters, 'heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.' We now claim our inheritance, the privilege to enter into the kingdom and possess the land, our royal birthright. In this kingdom are 'hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

"The patient who comes to us must on this day be told of the royal gift of health, and we may say: 'Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you.' He, too, must now become the friend, and need no longer be the servant. When he first came to us he was like a little child that had lost his way. We could not show him the way to the velvet slopes of health without taking hold of his hand and leading him through the thickets and underbrush in which he was lost. So we graciously reached down to him, by talking of things with which he was familiar, of animal passions, of selfishness, of sin. We gently and kindly showed him they were not the true, proved to him that his belief in them had led him off the right path, and talked to him of brighter, better, truer thoughts that led to smiling skies of hope, to balmy airs of peace.

"Each day we assured him of his true inheritance, and now we confidently assert that he is in full possession of it. Now he is ready to believe the affirmation without the denial, because he is convinced that the

affirmations are true, and he comes to us this day with clear, clean eyes, and a child-like joy in his recovered health. We give him the final word, the benediction, the binding assurance of his birthright.

"Realizing as we must ourselves the wondrous truth concerning his real self and all which that implies, we impressively and with the most thrilling conviction affirm for him that only health, strength, joy, courage, peace, satisfaction, can come to him as the child of God, the idea of Mind *in* the power of the Thought that thinks him into being. We assure him that he can recognize and reflect nothing but Good, that he can manifest only the Father whose son he knows himself to be. Nothing but Mind can affect him. He is like a column of light against which no darkness can be thrown; like a true answer to a problem which any number of wrong answers can not change. Spiritual like God, he can only recognize and appropriate what is God-like. Henceforth he knows himself and his Father, knows that whatever he may ask (realize) will be granted unto him. Knows that he must acknowledge the Truth, and he will abide in the kingdom of Good.

"We send him forth with all the blessings he can desire, because we have realized for him the possession of those blessings. Knowing that God is all there is, and that our patient lives, is moved and has his being in God, we point with unerring finger to the sunny uplands of health. He can never more relapse as he will ever walk in the open fields of Truth. We bid him God speed on his journey, and thank God that he has come

into the consciousness of life everlasting, into health and joy without measure. So be it forever more.

"The thought of perfection should be held steadfastly, even though the patient do not manifest health at once. No matter if the cure is not effected in one, two, three weeks, or even as many months, hold fast, with unwavering faith (even if you do not give regular treatments all the time, and it may be well to skip a week or so occasionally), *knowing* that good seed *must* bring forth good fruit; when, where or how, you nor no other may know. Time is unthinkable with God. We are dealing with Principle, not time. We plant the seed, 'God giveth the increase.'

"Do the best you know, and work out your own problems. No one else can do that for you. Jesus gave us the key, showed us the way; more than that he could not do. We must live our lives and maintain our place by our own efforts. It is 'he that overcometh' who receives the supreme gift of eternal life."

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense—
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

—*George Eliot.*

MRS. Hayden's was a joyous home-coming. No sooner was the first rapturous welcome from children and husband received, than in came Grace and Kate, who, in their eagerness to see her, had scarcely been able to let her have the first half hour to her family.

"I think you will have to include us in your family, Mrs. Hayden, for we could not resist the family welcome, said Grace, smiling with happiness, as she grasped Mrs. Hayden's hand and drew Kate close beside her with the other.

"You *are* included my dears. There is but one family you know," was the cordial reply grasping the hand of each.

"What a change in you, Grace—Kate—why, I should hardly know you," exclaimed Mrs. Hayden, after the first excitement was over.

"Grace has lost the cloud of perplexity and doubt,

and Kate the expression of fear," she added, turning to Mr. Hayden with a pleased surprise.

"Didn't I tell you they were both growing beautiful?" was his laughing answer. "But girls," he added, "don't you notice something different in Mrs. Hayden? That is quite wonderful, I think."

"Really, Mrs. Hayden," exclaimed Grace, with wonder, "you are not nearly so fleshy are you? I can hardly define the change, if that is not it, but I noticed something the moment I saw you."

"I have lost something in weight since I left home," she replied, somewhat amused at their looks of astonishment.

"Your figure is so much better proportioned, too," continued Grace.

"And your complexion clearer," added Kate.

"Do tell us what it all means. You certainly look better than I ever saw you," said Grace again.

"I am quite thankful she came home before all resemblance to my wife was lost," said Mr. Hayden, with a hearty laugh, as he looked at each in turn.

"Well, be serious now, and I will tell you something after I have put the children to bed," said Mrs. Hayden, cuddling the sleepy Jem in her arms. Fred and Mabel stood beside her, frequently interrupting the conversation, for they, too, wanted to share the good time with mamma. When Mrs. Hayden returned, she resumed.

"It may seem strange to you as it did to me at first, but I see it clearly now, that desiring, searching and living for right, brings the body into harmonious

expression. If we think truth, we see it expressed in harmony, beauty, symmetry, because the external is the expression of the internal."

"It was particularly by the denial of matter that I lost the superfluous flesh, for since I was too fleshy to be of symmetrical form, it was superfluous and ——"

"Did you know the denial of matter would have such an effect?" interrupted Kate.

"No, not till I heard some of the rest of the class speaking of it, and then I could hardly believe it, but after I understood the theory better, of course it seemed more reasonable."

"It is both wonderful and reasonable too, I think. Why didn't you write something about it?" asked Kate again.

"Oh, there are many things that can be told better than written."

"And many things that can be thought better than told," added Grace, thoughtfully.

"Another lady in the class had about the same experience," said Mrs. Hayden.

"But tell us the scientific reason for such an effect?" contiuued Grace.

"I will, as well as I can. Have you noticed that it is people who are materially minded in their tastes and habits that are apt to be fleshy?"

"That depends upon what you would call materially minded," was Grace's smiling reply.

"I mean those who like what the world calls the good things of life — those who think a great deal of

material pleasures or environments, and find it comparatively difficult to think or realize spiritual things."

"Oh!——yes, I believe that is true, although I have never thought of it," said Grace, slowly.

"Because the denial of matter makes all these things secondary, the effect of the new thought is to make the body more spiritual."

"Of course! Why could we not see it before?" was Kate's conclusive query.

"What effect then, has this denial on lean people?" asked Mr. Hayden, more seriously, for until now he had been inclined to regard this as a little 'far fetched,' as he would have expressed it.

"It does not effect them like the denial of evil, because material things are not so important to them, while they are apt to be pining and fretting about the evils and ills in the world, either as touching themselves or humanity in general. Denying evil and evil conditions would then have the opposite effect, and cause them to gain flesh, or grow into the expression of physical harmony to correspond with the spiritual."

"This is only a higher reading of what we have already learned, and it is lovely to know we may go on indefinitely, ever reading something new," said Grace.

"Now tell me something of what *you* have all been doing?" said Mrs. Hayden, as she looked at Grace.

"Oh, Kate has been doing some wonderful treating among her pupils, and the patients we took up, are all doing nicely."

"Grace is very modest. She doesn't say a word of

how quickly she cured me of neuralgia, or a horrible fit of the blues," supplemented Kate, looking fondly at Grace, who had become dearer than ever since their confidential talks.

"Mr. Hayden has a good report for himself and the children, too, though I suppose you have heard from him," Grace remarked with a smile. He looked rather pleased at her thoughtfulness, but said: "I would rather hear more from Marion. Were there many cures in the class?"

"Several. Mrs. Dexter, the lady I mentioned in my letters as having been a long while under the doctor's care, went home perfectly well, and Miss Singleton also, of whom I wrote. A gentleman who had been in a previous class told his experience. His right arm had been fractured in the army. Orders were given that it should be amputated, but by the intervention of a physician with whom he was acquainted, the arm was saved, though he had never been able to use it much. At times it was very painful. It was so weak he could scarcely lift a plate of bread to pass it at the table. After a few lessons, that arm was just as well as the other. In his joy he told everybody. When the doctors got hold of it, they laughed at him saying if that arm was as large as the other in six months, they would believe there was something in Christian Healing. In six weeks it was as large and strong and sound as the other."

"That was remarkable," said Mr. Hayden, speaking for all. "Did you hear anything about treating animals?" he added after a momentary silence.

"Oh, yes. We may think of an animal as the perfect expression of God's thought, as manifesting the true Life, the same as human beings."

"After all," said Kate, "that is something we ought to expect, for are we not promised dominion over all things?"

"Certainly, and we are not proving our right, till we prove the dominion," answered Mrs. Hayden. "It is a beautiful thought to me, and several of the class told of successful work in this line. One lady had treated a frightened horse, and made him so gentle any one could drive him. It is mostly fear that is reflected upon animals. They manifest thought, even as humanity does."

"I have often noticed horses. They are apt to show the same disposition as their masters. This explains it," said Mr. Hayden thoughtfully. "Why didn't you write about all this?"

"I was afraid it would be too strong meat for you, for I could scarcely realize it myself."

"It seems as though we have had so many wonderful suggestions it will take a life time to understand them," remarked Kate.

"There is no end to the study of Infinity," was Mrs. Hayden's reply.

"How do you account for the *quick* cures?" interposed Grace.

"It all depends upon how quickly one receives the consciousness of Truth. That is the healing process. But there are not very many quick cures, comparatively, though it is the quick cures we should aim for and

expect, for the cure is always in the degree of our realization of the allness of God.

"Another of the older students told of some wonderful absent healing. A lady that had been four years an invalid, and given up to die by five physicians in the place, was healed in three weeks by absent treatment."

"Is that considered as effectual as present treatment?"

"There should be no difference, because we ought to realize that with Truth there is no space nor time. All is the eternal *now* and *here*. Some prefer to give present treatment, especially in acute cases; with others absent treatment seems more effectual."

"I am glad to hear that, for I feel that I can do better absently," said Grace, with a look of relief.

"But tell me," questioned Kate, eagerly, "have all persons the same gifts?"

"In the germ, yes; but all are not equally developed. We enter this study in different stages of unfoldment. Some heal quickly, others slowly; some teach naturally, while others find it more difficult, especially at first. We develop the gift we desire to use by continually claiming it and using it, and bye and bye we shall marvelously prove that we have it. In Love we recognize no partiality, no time and no place, and thus we can truly say all we desire is truly ours."

Grace laid her hand on that of Mrs. Hayden, saying:

"Words can never express our gratitude to you both for your extreme kindness in allowing us to read your beautiful letters, Mrs. Hayden. They have made

life seem entirely different to us." She was deeply in earnest, and her quivering lip spoke more than a volume of words.

"Grace speaks for us both," added Kate, huskily.

"Dear friends," replied Mrs. Hayden, much touched herself, "I am glad, yes, more than glad, that you can speak so of my letters, of which the greatest merit lies in their simple earnestness —." She ceased abruptly, and for a few moments all were silent. . . . . .

It was a silence too full for words. A door had opened—a morning dawned for each of them. The mysterious future verged into the mighty present. All that was grand and noble and tender filled the measure of their aspirations. The world surely might enter into their joy, for their joy surely entered into the world.

Mrs. Hayden broke the silence, saying:

"'Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' Many years have I asked and sought for the kingdom of heaven, but never till now have I found the right knock."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Love is the high consummation and fulfillment of all Law. It casts out fear, discord and imperfection. To minister is Godlike, Christlike. * * * * The law of love reaches down, rules, and overcomes adverse laws which are below itself.—*Henry Wood.*

UTSIDE, deepening twilight of a midwinter's day: inside, a bright grate fire, soft curtains, beautiful rugs and simple but elegant adornings for mantel and wall in this lovely room of a lovely home.

The only occupant is a young woman—young because of the real life of which she so vividly and strongly expresses a consciousness, the only life after all to be expressed, and which, rightly appropriated will and must forever be clothed with the freshness and vigor of youth. The young woman is Grace Hall Carrington.

She sits before the glowing embers in an expectant attitude. She is evidently waiting for some one, and as she waits, her mind seems full of pleasant musing. The three years that have passed since we saw her have ripened her character. We can see that. The unrest and longing which pervaded her whole being in the old days are gone. A poise and calmness of spirit have taken their place. Even her attitude as she sits there with the shadows flickering over her, is full of a suggestive alertness that expresses an awakened life. The forces that had slumbered so long in her being are fully alive to their duty and their privilege. Yes, Grace Carrington is awake, and happy as a wife and woman should be. She is thinking even now of the

richness of effort and opportunity that have been hers in these last years. She had been particularly fortunate in her marriage. Few women have as much to be thankful for as she has in this respect, but then, she waited to find her true womanhood before she found a husband. Perhaps that had something to do with it. At any rate she is satisfied that she waited.

The door bell rings. A moment later she is greeting two visitors. Who but the friends we knew in the old days—Kate Turner and Mrs. Hayden?

"I really expected you sooner, Mrs. Hayden; Kate is more uncertain. One never knows when to look for her; but never mind, we are together again, so come up to the fire and let us get settled for the evening." And Grace hastened to make her friends comfortable.

"Oh but it is nice to get home occasionally," cried Kate with a shrug of pleasure as she looked around the beautiful room and then at the smiling hostess.

"I only wish you would come oftener Kathie. It seems like the old days to have you here," replied Grace with a loving pat.

"I suspect Kate has a bit of news for us," remarked Mrs. Hayden, as she sat down near the fire.

"Indeed," exclaimed Grace, lifting her eyebrows, and tightening her hold of her friend's hand. "And is the momentous question decided, dearie?

"Yes, and I am to report for duty next week," was the reply.

"Good for you, Kathie. I always knew the Truth would make your music heard, and as Professor Beal's assistant it will be heard a long way and to good advantage."

"She is reaping the reward of her trust in the Law," said Mrs. Hayden. "That is the only thing that will make the working sure."

"Well Kate, you have trusted surely, and to think what a proof this is!"

"How you talk Grace! One might think you had never proven it at all, or that your work didn't bear witness to your own trust," reproved Mrs. Hayden, smiling.

"Oh well, girls, my work has been of the silent order altogether, or rather it has consisted more of silence than work. There's no telling how it will show up," was the blushing response.

It had been a standing joke with the three as to how Grace managed her "liege lord," inasmuch as he had never been quite won over to the Healing, protesting that he had no time for such things, persisting in a good-natured skepticism, although strangely enough he believed a great many things when they were presented without the name of "Healing" attached to them.

"Perhaps that very silence is the secret of its showing, for I assure you it shows," resumed the elder friend, who still seemed to the other two, the incarnation of all that was noble and wise.

"Do tell us the way you manage anyway, Grace," begged Kate, with special reasons for inquiring.

"Why my dear, there's nothing to tell unless it be that a bland silence is a good thing to cultivate. There's no use in making so much of a bugbear of these people who seem to oppose, and the best way to lead them into the green pastures is to let them nibble along the outside until they want to jump the fence

and get over in spite of you. Now Leon is really quite hungry to know some things, especially about the practical application of thought to business, but he knows just where and how to find what he wants, so I let him take his own time and his own way."

"Which will end, of course, in his wanting to know all, providing you have the patience to wait", laughed Kate.

"That is a foregone conclusion. I *can* wait, and I will, said Grace. "Besides," she continued more soberly, "I must consider Leon's rights. He should not be forced to a conclusion simply because I hold it. A hot-bed growth, produced by whatever means, will not bear the hardy, healthy bloom of a natural development. He may be slow but he must be true."

"There Grace, you have touched the keynote," exclaimed Mrs. Hayden warmly. "It is freedom people need, freedom to think and act the highest, for everybody has a highest."

"Yes, if they can only keep the channels open for the inspiration of the highest to come to them or work through them," remarked Kate with a gesture of doubt.

"What better way is there to give freedom or open the channel, than to destroy prejudice, put away antagonism and—"

"Either in yourself or others," interposed Grace, "for to hold prejudice or to believe in evil is always an obstruction."

"After all, it all hinges upon the non-resistance of evil," said Kate.

"Yes, one of the first laws of the beautiful Christ-

life, and yet one of the very last to be practiced in my experience. I tell you girls, it is the lesson of non-resistance we most need." Mrs. Hayden spoke earnestly as she always did, and her words carried weight.

"Go on, Mrs. Hayden. If I'm asleep anywhere, I wish you would wake me up," cried Kate, drawing the hassock upon which she sat, close up to the elder lady, and putting one hand in her friend's lap, as she waited expectantly for the answer.

"Well dear, I'm only talking on general principles, and what I have discovered in myself—"

"Please tell us what you have found Mrs. Hayden," said Grace. "We need all the light we can get, and no matter how it may cut, we won't shrink will we, Kathie?" with a loving glance at the latter.

"No, we'll only know and be glad that the hot blaze of truth is melting some more of the dark spots in our range of vision," returned Kate.

"It is only this," began Mrs. Hayden, modestly. "I have been looking my theory and practice squarely in the face lately, and I find them in many things quite widely separated. For instance, I have been saying for three years that there is no evil, while in many cases my actions have carried the very opposite idea, and—"

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Hayden?" cried Kate in astonishment, "who has been more faithful, who more loving, and who more successful in proving the unreality of sickness and evil?

"For one thing then, I have never put away the tendency to pronounce judgments on people or

things, and I must get beyond that before I prove that I mean what I say, when I say there is no reality in evil."

"But surely we can't help seeing the negative side of things," was Kate's remonstrance.

"No, but we *can* help making it positive, and we can avoid fighting against it if we only stick to our first statement that there is but one Law."

"I see what you mean," said Grace quietly. "You mean that we must hold so perfectly to the allness of Good, that no shadow of ignorance can ever darken our vision or our consciousness."

"Yes, indeed, we all see that that is the ultimate," interposed Kate with some warmth, "but when and how are we to reach it?"

"In the first place we must know that the ultimate is always in the Now, and that by holding to our highest statements with that thought, we can rest in the consciousness of the allness of Good as Grace has expressed it. With that consciousness there is no judgment and no resistance."

Kate still looked mystified, "Please make it a little plainer," she begged.

"Well, last summer when I was called to treat Mrs. Hart's child, as you know, the father knew little or nothing of the Science, and when he insisted on having a physician what did I do? Instead of calmly realizing that all the medicine in the world could not hurt Truth, and dealing with his ignorance as I would with his fear, I felt that it would be a terrible thing to countenance such disloyalty, and so withdrew from

treating the case, forgetting that the father's ignorance could not be called disloyalty; forgetting that my faithfulness to principle would be the same regardless of any and all ignorance. In fact my action belied my words that there is no reality in evil."

"But—why, what else could you do?" asked Kate with a puzzled frown.

"I could, or at least I ought to be able to maintain my faith and my consciousness of Good just the same under those, as other circumstances, and so make no resistance."

"Oh yes, I see what you mean," exclaimed Grace suddenly. "You mean that we make *something* of what we declare as nothing?"

"Exactly, Grace. We resist it by thinking it something antagonistic to Truth, whereas we should remember our first statement that there is but one Power. It is the One that heals in every instance. We know that. Why should we stop to combat what other people think or do not think?"

"There! Now I understand you," ejaculated Kate with a brightening face. "It is the One only which acts under all disguises, and—but what would you have us do?" suddenly falling into doubt again. As of old Kate was ever the questioner.

"Dear, I am not talking of persons or laying down rules of action for anybody, but I am giving you my idea of the non-resistance of evil. The question with me is, am I 'about my Father's business.' If I accuse someone of being unfaithful, or if I criticise any methods, means or persons, I still believe in something

besides the Good. Even if I accuse myself in any way no matter how slight the fault, I am recognizing that which I have declared does not and never did exist. You see what I mean. There is no use to multiply examples."

"Oh yes, I see, but can I live up to it? That is the all important question," was the dreamily earnest reply.

"As for that I might say the same, but we are not to look at that side of the question. A safe and I think the very best guide to right living, is to measure every act by the standard of love. Would love prompt this or that thought, or decision or action? It is very easy to decide."

A thoughtful silence fell upon the group. The evening shadows grew deeper outside. The firelight cast long crimson shafts of light into the corners, and flickered fitfully over the faces and forms before the grate.

"I have been learning a lesson too." It was Kate who broke the silence. Her voice was reverential. Her eyes were bright with an inner light. "I have been holding strongly to the name—the name of Jesus Christ—and realizing what it means, and it has helped me more than anything."

"What does it mean, Kate? That is something which is still a little tainted with the old superstitious worship of a personality," said Grace.

"Beware, Grace; that is criticism. Put it away until you know," warned Mrs. Hayden.

"Thank you. Tell me every time," returned Grace humbly.

"Indeed, this contemplation of the name takes one farther from personality or the recognition of mere person than anything else," Kate went on earnestly. "Jesus Christ means God or Truth manifest. Holding the words with that thought, all sense of person, limitation, or time, disappears. Wisdom and power come to fill your consciousness, until the Christ life seems not only a possibility but a real demonstration." Kate paused. Perhaps she had said too much!

But there was no mistaking the vibration of a sympathetic thought, even if the pressure of friendly hands had not reassured her.

"It is wonderful how many ways there are of attaining the same end," mused Grace. "Now I can gain the same state of mind Kate speaks of, by holding to the idea of Law. To me everything is embodied in that, although of course, any great word understood as to its real meaning is an all-inclusive term. But we cannot always live in an ecstasy."

"We should not if we could," said Mrs. Hayden. "We must get beyond that if we ever attain the mental poise that will carry us through everything."

"But I am so weak," murmured Kate. "How shall I ever—"

"There, child, you are doing the very thing that will keep you from growing strong. What right have you to pass judgment on Katherine Turner anymore than on anyone else?" said Mrs. Hayden almost sternly; then suddenly softening her tone she added, "Dear heart, we must not let self judgment or self condemnation creep in upon us to leave

their blight of discouragement or failure. No, the only way is to keep our eyes fixed on the mark of the high calling, resisting nothing, carrying on our lips, success, in our hearts love, in our lives truth. By the outer we judge nothing: by the inner we know all. Personally, that is, physically we are only a part of all external limitation. Individually, that is, spiritually, we are the potentiality of Infinity itself."

"And that means the possibility of true living, which is positively necessary to perfect demonstration," added Grace.

"Yes, perfect demonstration in oneself or in others," said Mrs. Hayden emphatically. "In fact the first, last, and only consideration is or should be true living, or the ability *to be lived.*"

"That is what it amounts to, after all," accorded Grace, "for what is true living but the setting aside of self, so that the great, infinite Life may be established in our action, as a manifest reality?"

Kate rose softly, and went to the piano. Then spoke the mighty Voice through Music, and through that wondrous harmony a consciousness of the perfect Life, with all its power and presence, burst upon these three who were no longer three but One. For that moment they knew and lived only as the One, and in that moment the world received a baptism of blessed, healing tenderness.

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